

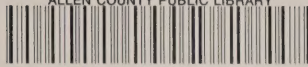
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THE EASTERN SHORE

(of Maryland)

IN SONG AND STORY

A tribute from its loyal sons and daughters
To a pleasant Peninsula

Edited and compiled by

W. C. THURSTON

Salisbury, Md.

Nineteen hundred thirty eight

Limited edition

Of which this is N^o 306

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The Eastern Shore

OF MARYLAND

In Song and Story



"A Pleasant Peninsula"

(Anthology)

Edited and Compiled at Salisbury, Maryland, 1938

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Preface

The Shore is poetically inclined—everybody writes verse. Bartenders, babies and business men, none are exempt. Little children dip their pens in purple ink and write of sunsets on the sea. What can you do with a people like that, full of poetry and the joy of living?

There is nothing to do but let them write, then assemble the material and make a book. Which is what we have done. It is not an unusual book, but it has been written for and about a most unusual place—the dear old Eastern Shore of Maryland.

It was not designed as a textbook for students of good English, nor as an imitation of Carlisle or Boswell. As for commas and periods—colons and semicolons, arrange to suit your taste. If infinitives are split let 'em alone. They are happy as they are, and sometimes, as you may have discovered, it pays to split 'em. If you don't like the book write a better one. The better mousetrap is yet to be made, and the world honors the man who delivers the goods.

No attempt has been made in these pages to go very deeply into the historical subject matter with which the Shore abounds. We have tried to picture this delightful section from another angle—one that we hope will be equally as interesting, and one which, strange to say, has been sadly neglected.

Extensive historical research is a task far beyond our powers, and one which our financial resources will not allow. The history of the Eastern Shore, as a whole, is yet to be written; we have no desire to assume that responsibility. Nothing is more conducive to back-breaking labor than the persistent delving into musty files, and arranging facts and figures in chronological order. Incidentally, nothing offers so little in return.

We have yet to find one volume dealing with the history of any section, State or county, that was not bitterly criticized questioned and contradicted, and the writer called all manner of names by the various street corner biographers, many of whom knew the Captain of the Mayflower in person. Inasmuch as a large portion of history is hearsay, we feel that we have had enough lambasting for one life time, without attempting at this late day to brave the wrath of Mrs. Jones-Jones, whose statement, by the way, flatly contradicts Mrs. Smith-Smith as to dates, events, elections, funerals, bricks from the mother country, and other nonessentials.

To all places and all families that are sacrosanct, we politely lift our hat and make obeisance—rendering unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, but we never promised to write one word of Caesar, his bridges or his barns, and there is no apology for that grave error, grievous as it may appear.

The Eastern Shore is a most delightful land; the one best place, we think, in which to live and love and work. Many sweet singers have lifted up their voices in its praise, and poets have paid tribute to its loveliness in song and story.

It is the hope of the editors that in these pages you will catch some lilt of the melody, and view this garden of the gods from the poetical-romantic side; leaving its venerable and historic monuments to bask in the sun, where they have rested comfortably for so many years.

W. C. THURSTON.

Dedication

Dedicated to the sons and daughters of the Eastern Shore, whose support and encouragement made possible its publication.

If I could write as a poet should,
I'd take the green of the hills;
The waving pines of the quiet wood,
And the music of rippling rills;
All these I'd weave in a verse sublime,
With colors of the morning's glow,
Then dedicate that faltering rime
To the dear old Eastern Shore.

Introduction

About sixteen hundred and ten, when George Calvert, Baron Baltimore, visited Virginia as a member of the company in charge of that colonizing project, we are led to believe that he gave the country north of the Potomac more than casual inspection. He found here a noble bay, indented with numerous, navigable streams, abounding in sea-food; an ideal temperate climate; ample forests; a kind and fertile soil; and, above all, well disposed natives. All this must have deeply impressed this enterprising and far-sighted statesman and made him resolve to make this terrain the site of a colony of his own planning. Here he planned to form a society of free-holders, unhampered by crown or vatican, blessed with freedom of thought and action where life and a living were vouchsafed to every worthy volunteer colonist. Very fortunately, his monarch did not ignore his previous valuable services for he granted Calvert his province and graciously allowed him to write the terms of his own charter. This marked the foundation of Lord Baltimore's bifurcated palatinate.

Alfred Henry Lewis, in his *Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, well describes the American pioneer. I quote from memory,—those who sought a new life in a new world must have been the very best of the people in their respective communities, who realized how they were hampered at home and saw no future for their offspring.

For the persistent and industrious, in the new world was opened a vista of opportunity, a home of contentment, a life unharrassed by the whims of a capricious monarch or heartless nobility where honest worth and perseverance would guarantee a home and the joy and reward of effort. They foresaw, too, the hazards which lurked athwart an unknown pathway to their ambitions: shipwreck, accident, massacre, and exposure of their wives and bairns to bitter hardship; but brave hearts will take a chance when the goal marks success, and their wives added enthusiasm to the new enterprise.

These were the men and women who comprised the early settlers of Maryland, and it did not take long for the welcoming streams, fields, and meadows of the Eastern Shore to become a focus of their attention.

Thither came Huguenots from France, Quakers from England, Puritans from Virginia, and Covenanters from Scotland and Northern Ireland. Political exiles who had been men of rank and distinction in the old world were to find here the haven of liberty.

The overwhelming passion was to own and control their own homes. We can see this passion predominant among their descendants to this day. Were I to select a phase of progress which has distinguished my own people from the SassafRAS to the Pocomoke, it would be the stressing of home and neighbors, and the high tribute to the man who has passed to the great beyond is "He was a good neighbor."

The men on the Eastern Shore, as I know them, after a generation spent in their midst, are candid, plain-spoken, affable, and self-respecting. Its women are endowed with grace, charm, and natural beauty, and the matron who presides at the foot of the table is nice and kind, qualities which mark a beautiful character.

I have changed my skies, but my heart is still stirred with loyal devotion when I recall my neighbors of long ago on the Eastern Shore.

THOMAS H. SPENCE
October, 1936

Acknowledgements

For encouragement, friendly cooperation, and material assistance in many ways, we are deeply indebted to those whose names are here appended. In the pleasant task of compiling this little volume we found loyal supporters in every town on the Shore. For their good will and kindly interest we are sincerely grateful.

James M. Bennett, Salisbury, Md.	Mrs. Howard Melvin—Denton Journal,
Sid Dougherty, the veteran printer of the Times, Salisbury, Md.	Denton, Md.
Thomas W. H. White, Jr., Salisbury, Md.	Miss Merlyn Kern, Denton, Md.
Miss Anne H. Matthews, State Teachers College, Salisbury, Md.	Miss Elizabeth W. Dixon, Chestertown, Md.
Miss Mable Waller, Salisbury, Md.	Mrs. Nell C. Westcott, Chestertown, Md.
Mrs. Ronie B. Venables, Salisbury, Md.	Burton Bostwick, Easton, Md.
Miss Frances Parsons, Salisbury, Md.	William Roger Phipps, Easton, Md.
Elmer F. Ruark, Salisbury, Md.	Frank Ruth, Galena, Md.
P. Dale Wimbrow, Whaleyville, Md.	Vivian Carroll, Cambridge, Md.
Mrs. Clemie Hearne West, Delmar, Del.	Mrs. Jonathan Wheatley, Cambridge, Md.
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Mrs. Clarence L. Long, Crisfield, Md.	Robert L. Swain, Jr., Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Katie M. Quinn, Crisfield, Md.	The Bentztown Bard—The Balto. Sun, Baltimore, Md.

We differ with the Baltimore Sun politically—consistently, strenuously and bitterly. We differ with it daily—hourly and weekly. We'll probably never agree with it on questions of State—political economy, or who struck Billy Patterson, but we acknowledge with grateful appreciation their courteous permission to use anything we wanted from the Sun—especially the delightful poems of the Bentztown Bard. Without the Bard we could not have completed this book. Strength to his arm, and long may he live to sing the praises of the Shore, and bask in the sincere affection of its people.

We are indebted to Miss Anne Matthews, of the faculty of the State Teachers College, for our title. "The Eastern Shore in Song and Story" was a phrase of her coining, but so aptly did it describe our collection of Eastern Shore poems and other tributes to this section, we appropriated it to our own use without permission or apology. Having since made our peace with Miss Matthews, all is forgiven and there'll be no action at law.

For some of the bad poetry in this book we make no apologies. In fact we are rather proud of it. It took skill of a very high order to maim, twist, turn and pervert the King's English as a few of our contributors have done. However, to those who wrote the bad poetry, it was a great accomplishment, and who are we to criticise or change their lines; With reference to our own effusions, they might exclaim "physician, heal thyself."

EDITOR.

List of Contributors

The following contributors have had a hand in shaping the contents of this volume, herein good poetry and bad nestle side by each. The term "bad" is used advisedly—your editor wrote some of it himself. But, dear reader, in the reading thereof if you find your nose taking an upward turn, weight it down with modesty until you can find a pen and scribble your own version of what is good.

When you have finished the perfect rhyme, measured the stanzas and counted the beats, your ego will shrink and your nose will function as before. These contributors have given you their best, read what you like and be chary of your criticism. No poem or prose selection, however crude, that sings the praises of the Eastern Shore can be wholly bad.

- | | |
|--|--|
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| Marjorie C. Wright, Hebron, Md. | Katie M. Quinn, Crisfield, Md. |
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| Lucy Meachem Thruston, Baltimore, Md. | Rev. Roland Nelson, Crisfield, Md. |
| Maria Louise Ellegood, Salisbury, Md. | Steve Ward, Crisfield, Md. |
| Sara Spencer Roe, Sudlersville, Md. | Joseph McGrath, Crisfield, Md. |
| Lorena J. Hitch, Portsmouth, Va. | John S. Holland, Crisfield, Md. |
| Imogene Caruthers, Salisbury, Md. | (Courtesy Crisfield Times) |
| Nell C. Westcott, Chestertown, Md. | Plain Bill Simpson, Philadelphia, Tenn. |
| Elsie Robinson, Courtesy—Balto. News Post. | Sarah J. Whittington, |
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| Margaret Perry, Easton, Pa. | Howard Hammond, Royal Oak, Md. |
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| Ethel R. Raney, Salisbury, Md. | Lewis M. Cross, Greensboro, Md. |
| Myrtle Jackson, Parsonsburg, Md. | History of Caroline County, Selection. |
| Lillian Watson, Salisbury, Md. | Mrs. Mahlor Stanley, Chesapeake City, Md. |
| Rosalind Messick, Hebron High School. | Orvilla Adele Gilpin, Elkton, Md. |
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| Wilson M. Tylor, Easton, Md. | F. Arthur Laskowski, Cambridge, Md. |
| Dr. George W. Jarman, Princess Anne, Md. | "Gath" George Alfred Townsend, |
| Lynn Perry, Easton, Md. | Amelia B. Welby, St. Michaels, Md. |
| A. Everett Williams, Salisbury, Md. | Queenstown News, Queenstown, Md. |
| Ruth Eloise Downing, Salisbury, Md. | Madeline L. de Fries Dion, Federalsburg, Md. |
| Mabel Eugenia Waller, Salisbury, Md. | Frank Ruth, Galena, Md. |
| Thomas W. H. White, Sr., Salisbury, Md. | James A. Higgins, Vienna, Md. |
| Thomas W. H. White, Jr., Salisbury, Md. | S. R. Henry, Mardela, Md. |
| Nathan Cherry, Salisbury, Md. | Glen Campbell, Salisbury, Md. |
| Hazel Elliott, Salisbury, Md. | Mrs. E. A. Archer-burton, Salisbury, Md. |
| Margaret Black, Salisbury, Md. | Mrs. Samuel Schoenfeld, Salisbury, Md. |
| Lawrence Freeney, State Teachers College. | Norris Watson, Salisbury, Md. |
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| Mrs. J. F. Somers, Crisfield, Md. | W. Alford Boggs, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| (contributed) | Lillian Bard, Lancaster, Pa. |

Eastern Shore

DOWN ON THE EASTERN SHO'.

Where hearts are kind and friends are true—
Where the latchstring hangs outside for you,
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where the best of life and joy and mirth
Are found in the finest towns on earth—
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where the old are young and the young are fair,
Where gloom's unknown and grief is rare—
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where the doors are open to all who'll come,
And take if they will—a place in the sun,
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where the sign reads, "Welcome," on every door;
Where plenty abounds and none are poor—
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where Work meets Laughter with jest and song,
And opportunity mingles with the passing throng—
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where the march of progress the long day thru
Is calling "come," yes, calling you
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

To a land so fair—so richly blest,
That the wide world owns it is still the best—
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

Where hearts are kind and friends are true—
Where the latchstring hangs outside for you,
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

W. C. THURSTON.

Eastern Shore—Continued

A DISCOVERY

Distance lends enchantment, and men fare forth for adventure. But one need not travel far on a voyage of discovery. A little journey thru the sun-lit lands of the Eastern Shore was a great adventure. Around and about us are undiscovered beauties—acres of diamonds in our backyard, and always a human interest story.

Across the street is tragedy—darker than any Shakespeare ever pictured. Around the corner is adventure stranger than a tale from the Arabian Nights.

Aroused from my lethargy, I realized that my own town was an unexplored world. The people of the Shore were strange people because I had not taken the trouble to know them. I had neglected to learn the language they speak—and interpret the longings of their souls; thus I began my voyage of discovery.

These are my people; I exclaimed, Their sorrows and joys are mine—their hopes and fears, and their ambitions, are all mine. We are one in spirit—one in that touch of sympathy that makes all men kin. The injunction to “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” means that you should know him as well. And in the knowing you will find much to love and little to hate.

The greatest adventure of all time was the three years’ ministry of Him who was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The darkest tragedy of all history was His crucifixion on Calvary. But when His life is understood, and we learn to put into our everyday lives the eternal truths He taught—then will Golgotha’s hill have become the beacon light of the world.

The Man of Sorrows ministered to men and healed them because He loved them. He loved them because He learned to know them. With Him the great adventure was found not far from the manger that cradled His baby form. The great Tragedy was enacted only a few miles from the shop where he had toiled with His father as a Carpenter.

With these thoughts in mind, I determined to gird up my loins and seek adventure at home. I did not find acres of diamonds, but I found the soul and heart of a people among whom I live. In touching hands with my neighbors, in breaking bread with my fellowman, I learned that “Whatsoever ye seek that also shall ye find.” I found the good and true; even the spirit of the Christ, indwelling in the hearts of His followers.

I found love and kindness—fellowship and good cheer. I found warm hearts ministering to the weak. I found much good and little bad. I found a people struggling upward to the light. I found earnest teachers and loving mothers. I found industrial activity. I found progress—cooperation, and Christian fellowship. I discovered the Eastern Shore.

EDITOR.

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE SHORE—ITS HERITAGE

Upon the banks of the Chesapeake, comprising one of the most delightfully unique sections of our country, lies Maryland's Eastern Shore, universally admired as the jewel of the State. Full of glamour and rich in legends, abundantly endowed by nature, the history of the Eastern Shore is one long epic. Its story is filled with stirring and fascinating incidents. There is something vital about its proud traditions and this something never fails to impress all who come from far and near to see this garden spot for themselves.

It is this background of legends and traditions which gives the Eastern Shore such a warm place in the minds and hearts of all who know it. There is something stirring in the pageantry of its past. No section of America has been more true to basic American principles and ideals. Its influence has, indeed, been borne by the tides to other shores; its prestige has patterned the thought and action of other peoples; its tradition has been in touch with the most profound movements from which our national life has come.

The early beginnings of the Eastern Shore are intermingled with the life and work of one of the most notable characters of Colonial history, the first Lord Baltimore. Created a Baron in the Irish peerage, Cecilius Calvert wrung from the King a grant of land in America to fulfill his dream, an ambition to found an haven for religious freedom; an ambition that was greater in an age when hatreds vied with hatreds in prosecuting human rights. A colony to tolerate faiths, no matter what the circumstances, was plain fanaticism—nevertheless, it was made the basic plan of a strong man.

To be exact, as one should, the heritage of the Shore goes way back to 1623 when "Kentish Isle" was coveted by Captain Claiborne as a parcel of the neighboring Colony of Virginia. And it was the unfurling of the orange and black banner at St. Mary's City in 1634 that heralded the growth of the Eastern Shore.

The small band of Governor Leonard Calvert, with self-sacrificial devotion, the soundest brand of courage, the most human of man's instincts—that of adding to the happiness of mankind—risked limb and fortune that the convictions of Lord Baltimore may be given life and vigor in Maryland. The ideals of the State, born in Mother England, cradled in Southern Maryland, and nourished on the Eastern Shore, are seen as the roots of the State from which have grown institutions, true to the fundamentals of liberty and to the traditions of America.

The destinies of the Colony in their hands, the pioneers of Maryland, alive to the advantages of the Eastern Shore over mosquito-ridden St. Mary's, veered to the outlying regions courageously but earnestly, all the while sowing behind them the seeds of freedom of conscience as they planned for the years ahead, each sharing in the civilizing scheme, and each doing his best toward the creating of a new land in the wilderness. The Shore was to them—the blazers of Maryland—rich in opportunity and quiet in the ways of peace.

Starting with Kent in 1642, county after county quickly took shape. Talbot in 1662, Somerset 1666, Dorchester 1669, Cecil 1674, Queen Anne's 1706, Worchester 1742, Caroline 1773, and ending with Wicomico as late as 1867. Here and there settlements and towns sprang up, conferring practical benefits upon all. Deep Point on Manokin River 1668, New Yarmouth upon the banks of Gray's Inn Creek 1675, and Canterbury in Kent county 1684. Their places were, in the space of time, taken up by Chestertown on the Chester River, Cambridge on the Choptank, Crisfield on Tangier Sound, Easton at the head of the Tred Avon, to be climaxed with the founding of Salisbury in 1732 as the metropolis of the Eastern Shore.

The labor of years was transformed from challenges to triumphs, from achievements to progress and by 1682 the charm of the British Isles was captured with amazing faithfulness on the Shore in form of manors and farms, some spacious and some primitive. Woodlawn, Cherry Grove and Bohemia Manor in Cecil; Huntingfield, Wickcliffe and

Eastern Shore—Continued

Stephney in Kent, Wye Heights, Ratcliffe Manor, and The Anchorage in Talbot; Warwick Fort Manor, Rehoboth and Weston in Dorchester; The Hermitage, Coursey's Neck and Chester-on-Wye in Queen Anne's; Frazier's Flats House, Richardson's Folly, and Skellington's Right in Caroline; Clifton, Beckford and Revel's Grove in Somerset; Cherry Hill, Pemberton Hall and Handy Hall in Wicomico, and Ingleside, Ivy Hill and Beverly in Worcester. Parishes were laid out and churches erected, the image of the ivy-covered churches of rural England, peaceful as a scene from Gray's immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." St. Paul's and Shrewsbury in Kent, 1692; Old White Marsh Church in Talbot, 1658; Trinity Church in Dorchester, 1680; Old Green Hill Church in Wicomico, 1733; Rehoboth Church in Somerset, 1706; All Hallows Church in Worcester, 1739; Frazier's Chapel in Caroline; and, St. Stephen's Church in Cecil, 1692.

As the years sped on, as the Shore became great in numbers, grew in wealth and gained training in political acumen, as it began to divert more of its zeal to the building of Maryland, the settlers of the new generation, one by one, were thrust into a struggle with the forces of the day—not with practical aims but between the immediate and remote aims; and those who overcame them were thrust with the mantle of leadership. Kent produced Ringgolds and Wickes', Talbot the Tilghmans and Lloyds; Dorchester the Goldsboroughs and Murrays; Queen Anne's the Wrights and Emorys; Somerset the Chases and Waters; Caroline the Harcastles and Potters; Cecil the Veazeys and Hollingsworths; Worcester the Decaturs and Dennises; and Wicomico the Handys and Gunbys. From meadowlands, villages, and the quiet cloisters of plantations went forth these men to heed the call of life, to the Halls of Congress, to the fields of battle, to the blackrobed judiciary, entrusted with problems, to guide and counsel America through stress and storm, and placing liberty above life itself. Not only were they Shoremen but the architects of the State as well as the builders of the nation. Here they laid the social and economic foundations and constructed the political fiber of the State. Here they nailed down for posterity in the structure of Maryland the principles of Lord Baltimore, which are as immortal as they were yesterday.

Just so far as changes, vast and far-reaching, transformed the Eastern Shore unconsciously and consciously to a land flourishing with culture and prosperity that reached above the necessities of life, and just so far as these changes worked great impetus upon the setup of the country and the well-being of others, the Eastern Shore dedicated itself to the enrichment of the American civilization.

From Kent Free School in Chestertown, rose Washington College in 1782, proud of the distinction as the oldest institution of higher learning in Maryland and the eleventh oldest in the United States. Far in the woods of Cecil, within view of the Susquehanna, under the hand of Samuel Finley, D. D., grew in 1741 America's oldest preparatory school, West Nottingham Academy.

Before the Revolution reared its head against the tyranny of the Mother country, the Eastern Shore was more English than England, gay and merry; but down deeper, its impulsive force was behind the march for a new order, and its elastic qualities in the fight to conserve and protect the integrity of democratic institutions, and to contribute to the betterment of America that other Americas might grow.

The Eastern Shore is a legend that stirs every true Marylander, wherever he may be on the face of the earth; not because the State once depended on the virility of the Shore, but because it was the blood of its men that baptized Maryland with freedom and the pursuit of happiness.

Keep unsullied the inspiring, if not inspired, heritage of the Eastern Shore, keep alive its glories today and for tomorrow, and perpetuate for generations yet to come all that the Shore was meant to be.

—ROBERT L. SWAIN, JR.

From the Shoreman—
Courtesy of Chestertown Enterprise.

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE EASTERN SHOREMAN

You must have seen the glory die
Where golden sunsets tint the sky;
You must have seen the sunlight rest
On Maryland's fields so richly blest,
Ere you can fully understand
The pride with which this loyal band
Accepts the name—
"Eastern Shoreman."

You must have seen the doors spread wide,
And known the Shore's boast and pride
Is in her hospitable homes, and seen
Her greetings to her guests I ween,
Ere you can understand
The pride with which this loyal band
Accepts the name—
"Eastern Shoreman."

You must have felt the friendly touch
Of friendly hands that mean so much
Of honest interest, and shows
The love that with their life-blood flows,
Ere you can fully understand
The pride with which this loyal band
Accepts the name—
"Eastern Shoreman."

They know; they've seen the glory die
Where gorgeous sunsets tint the sky,
They've seen the ripening fields of grain
That cover hills and lowland plain;
And so my friend, you'll understand
The pride with which this loyal band
Accepts the name—
"Eastern Shoreman."

It tells of living links of love
That rate all sordid gain above;
It tells of hearts they've left behind,
Whom they forever bear in mind;
And so we're sure you'll understand
The pride with which this loyal band
Accepts the name—
"Eastern Shoreman."

Adapted from the "Down-Homer."

Eastern Shore—Continued

HOW IT HAPPENED

A Legend—

There is a legend to the effect that when Adam and Eve had been driven from the Garden of Eden, and the flaming sword forever barred man's entrance into that lost Paradise, God, whose name is Love, was sorry. His great heart softened, and looking with tender compassion upon His erring children—as we look upon erring children today; He resolved that He would build another Eden—bigger and better, fairer and nner than the first.

And God built for the sons of Adam a land of peace and plenty. He surrounded it with huge bodies of sparkling water, and tempered it with cooling breezes. He filled it with fruits and flowers, and traced it with winding streams of surpassing beauty. He covered the open spaces with fields of ripening grain and dotted its hills with forests of oak and pine; then He watered it with gentle rains, blessed it with His love and gave His angels charge concerning it.

When the workmen of the Lord had laid out and completed this second Paradise on earth; when they had rested under the shade of its trees and bathed in its crystal waters; when they had breathed the perfume of its flowers, and spread their wings on its mellow air, they did not know its name.

Pleased with their work—they dipped the end of a rainbow in a fleecy cloud, perfumed it with a rose, watered it with a babbling brook, and left it for all time to refresh and inspire world-tired men and women. Men call this land the EASTERN SHORE.

"MAKE YOURSELF TO HOME."

—Eastern Shore Style—

It's a homely—cheerful greeting
That goes right to the heart;
And you want to keep on living,
And play your little part.
Of course, the chronic grouch—
Who always wears a frown,
Would miss the friendly note,
And the music in the sound.
But who cares for a grouch
With his twisted—bitter smile,
When a "make yourself to home"
Lights up the weariest mile.
And I know of nothing finer
'Neath the blue enameled dome,
Than the God-blest country greeting—
"Make yourself to home."

W. C. THURSTON.

TWILIGHT SILENCE ON THE SHORE.

Twilight shadows hung around the creek,
And hid the marshy shore in deepening gloom;
I could not answer her or even speak—
For something held my throat a silent tomb.
I felt a quietness known to sacred things.
The twilight calm that gives the world to sleep;
I felt the throbbing pain such beauty brings,
And knew myself alone upon the deep.

SARA SPENCER ROE.
Sudlersville, Md.

Eastern Shore—Continued

FAMILY HISTORY OF THE EASTERN SHORE

Taking history by and large,
It is rather dry and musty,
And like the family Bible—
The books get mighty dusty.

So it occurred to yours truly,
In the good old summer time,
To write a little history
And set it down in rime.

When Adam got his walkin' papers,
He had nowhere to go;
There wern't no trains a'running—
And no busses on the Sho'.

God squared accounts with Adam—
And said, "Get out you bum,
And take that woman with you—
Trouble maker number one."

But in His heart God was sorry
That old Adam had to go,
And right there and then was born
The idea of the Sho'.

This is authentic family history—
Which can be clearly proved;
Adam did not lose his Eden—
He and Eve only moved.

Which same reminds us here
Of each Eastern Sho' town,
Not many people know it—
But they're built on hallowed ground.

And the sins you've heard about,
That old Adam left behind
Not a trace of one is left—
So far as we can find.

Thus the beauty of our women—
With their smiles and witching ways,
Date right back to mother Eve
In the good old garden days.

In fact this is a better place
Than the old original plan,
Where snakes went prowling 'round,
And talking like a man.

The first Eden was a tryout,
But God found it wouldn't do;
The soil was good for apples—
But they got Eve in a stew.

So the God of all the mountains—
The rivers and the sea,
Built another fairer garden—
Well known to you and me.

Of course, you won't believe it,
But this is gospel truth,
It is better than the old one—
For it holds the fount of youth.

That's why our sons and daughters
Are the fairest of the fair,
In this land of love and beauty—
And flower scented air.

God smiled when He made it—
And blessed it with His love;
Said He—"There's nothing better—
Over, under or above."

So if we are slightly highbrow
You'll know the reason why;
We're just first family—all,
Here're the facts to prove it by.

Adam was our first granddad,
His wife was grandma Eve,
When others brag of ancestry
We are laughing up our sleeve.

We are still very fond of apples—
And we'll lie a little too,
Which we feel is proof conclusive
That this little tale is true.

And with our Christian virtues—
Kept snugly on a shelf,
There's a lot of natural goodness
That induce to sleep and health.

And we're really not so bad
When you take us all in all,
For we still living on in Eden—
Unaffected by the "fall."

W. C. THURSTON.

Eastern Shore—Continued

Dale Wimbrow

on

"THE GOOD OLD EASTERN SHORE"

We're like everybody else. Our trees and grass are green, our flowers come in assorted colors, and smell in assorted flavors. We get hungry, mad, discouraged, blue, happy, excited, and sleepy like all the rest of our far flung brotherhood. We have blessings, but boast of them less than you'd expect; we have hardships, but bewail them as little as possible. In the main we take what we've got—which means that in the main we've got what it takes.

We have trees, but so do Maine, Missouri, Michigan, Massachusetts, Montana, Mississippi, and Minnesota. We might also transplant palm trees like California, but we will dispense with the Palms if fate will omit the earthquakes. We can even grow oranges, lemons, and limes—under glass. They really look much better in a hot house than in a hurricane.

No digging is required to find our natural resources—they all lie above ground. We have no coal mines; but plenty of warm hearts. Our iron, manganese, lime, sulphur, copper and phosphorous, grows on the surface—only we call it spinach, lettuce, beans, celery, peas, tomatoes, and onions. We have no diamond mines; but did you ever eat diamond-back terrapin? Our people do not need salt deposits—they're the salt of the earth.

We have freezing zero winters and sweltering, humid summers. Thank the Lord for that. At least we don't have to endure monotony. Our skies are not hypocritical—they reflect God's mood and warn when trouble is ahead. We have droughts, but it eventually rains; we have rains but sooner or later the sun always shines.

We haven't any ranches, haciendas, or plantations—Just plain farms—But they raise peaches, pears, peppers, pigs and potatoes. Our fruit may not be prettier than other fruit, but when you eat one of our peaches you immediately know it is not an avocado. And you know why—which is more than you know when you eat an avocado.

Our sea food tastes like food of the sea; and not brine pickled hamburger. Our oysters are not a Western apology; nor our crabs a Pacific Coast atrocity. Our lobsters have biters like any self-respecting lobster should, and not mere wasted, anemic fore-paws from lying too supine in luke warm water over coral sands. The same Marlin, Tuna, and Blue Fish that laugh at the sportsmen off Miami and Palm Beach, chuckle their way up the lazy Gulf Stream to Ocean City—and find the laugh on the other side of their face.

Take one session with beaten biscuit, corn on the cob, sweet potatoes and gravy, home grown fried chicken with cream dressing, green tomato chow-chow—top it off with a slab of gooseberry, blackberry, blueberry, peach or apple pie, and you're ours. Eat one dish of our strawberries and cream; you save up to buy a farm.

Our women are not the most beautiful; nor our men the most handsome—but the divorce court docket is a dusty, musty thing.

If we lack the grandeur of scenic beauty, we have lakes, rivers, and bays that more than compensate. We don't need the majesty of mountains to teach us humility of soul—we've got religion. We don't need catastrophies to teach us the equality of all creeds and races. We've got Swedes, Germans, Negroes, English, Irish, Scotch, Indians, Jews, Gentiles, Catholics, and Protestants—but from the gateway to the Shore where Francis Scott Key got his biggest thrill the Star Spangled Banner still waves.

Eastern Shore—Continued

DOWN ON THE EASTERN SHO'.

White folks say to colored folks—
Down on the Eastern Sho',
"Don't be sparin' of the ham and eggs,
We got a plenty more."

Colored folks say to the white folks—
Down on the Eastern Sho',
"Dis chicken am mighty tender—
Won't you have some more?"

Husbands say to their good wives—
Down on the Eastern Sho',
"Don't buy one hat, get two, my dear,
The milliner'll have some more."

Old folks say to the young folks—
Down on the Eastern Sho',
"Go on honey, and spend your money,
Strawberries will bring us more."

Everybody says to everybody else
Down on the Eastern Sho',
"We can't spend all the money we got,
What's the use of making more?"

White folks and the colored folks
Down on the Eastern Sho',
Enjoy so many the blessin's of life,
They never ask for more.

Here's a tip to the folks outside—
If your funds are runnin' low,
Grab your hat and come on down
To the good old Eastern Sho'.

If you're broke and busted—all of that,
And don't know where to go,
You'll find a plenty and some to spare
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

This 'is the land of milk and honey—
And it ain't so doggone slow;
Automobiles—girls, and fat fried chickens,
We got 'em on the Eastern Sho'.

W. C. THURSTON.

SPRINGTIME ON THE SHORE

When you hear a gentle rapping—
As of waters softly lapping,
Like a friend or neighbor tapping,
Tapping lightly on your door;
When this old familiar token—
By its mystery has spoken,
That the winter's back is broken,
It is springtime on the Shore!

When you hear a gentle humming,
Like soft guitars a-thrumming,
To the tune of "we are coming, coming,
To play around your door;
When a burst of song is ringing
From throats in gladness singing;
When the birds are homeward winging,
It is springtime on the Shore;

When your heart leaps up in gladness—
To forget its pain and sadness,
And make merry in the madness
That is just outside your door;
Then you know without a doubt—
That old winter's down and out,
And with glad exultant shout—
It is springtime on the Shore;

When there comes a peaceful feeling,
O'er your senses softly stealing,
As if vesper bells were pealing
Their music 'cross the moor;
When the lights are flashing clear—
With hope and love and cheer;
And our eager hearts are whispering
That God is very near,
It is springtime on the Shore.

W. C. THURSTON.

Eastern Shore—Continued

HIGH JINKS ON THE CHESAPEAKE

in

THE SCHOONER NETTIE LEE

Sing of the Schooner, Nettie Lee,
that floated on the tide
Commanded by tall Billie North
of long and lanky stride.

This Captain Bill could spin a yarn
from poorest grades of wool;
And when the yarn was finely spun
you felt his canny pull.

The ship was loaded to the rail,
her bowsprit cut the foam;
With hatches soaped and battened down
the captain steered for home.

The mate came back to walk the poop,
his face was glazed with fear;
"A mutiny is brewing, sir,
the sailors all act queer.

"The cook has killed our leanest pig
and swears its curly tail
Has tweaked our compass south-south-east
and caused the winds to fail.

"The carpenter has made a box
no bigger than a mouse
And swears it's larger than our ship
and is a haunted house.

"The bo's'n leans against the mast
and weaves a tale of air;
"He braids the ends of sta'-sail ropes
and calls it Nellie's hair.

"But worst of all, I must report,
the men who climb the shrouds
"Say that the masts have grown so tall
they reach into the clouds.

"What is there, sir, a mate can do
when bucking such a tide,
"Except to stay upon the ship
and ride and ride and ride?

"This morning, sir, the cabin boy
was leanin' o'er the rail,
"And when I thought to make him stir
he held a Mermaid's tail.

"The Mermaid sang bewitchingly,
the boy's eyes were bright;
"And when I thought to catch him, sir,
he dived quite out of sight.

"I saw them rise a hundred yards
or more away from ship;
"She held him tight within her arms
and glued onto her lip.

"And then she sang a siren's song
of coral lips and waves;
"How Mermaids live beneath the sea
in coral tinted caves.

"I swear by yonder dapper moon
I'd have jumped into the sea
"If she had beckoned with her hand
or smiled one smile at me.

"Our second mate has smoked a pipe
three days without an end;
"He says that ships are hatched from eggs
and eggs one cannot mend;

"That our good ship, it smells so bad
of rotten things like slum
"That he must always smoke his pipe
and drink and drink your rum.

"Our windlass, sir, has been reversed
by some unthoughtful clown;
"For when we weigh the anchor up,
we weigh the anchor down.

"What shall I do, good captain, speak—
our ship is in distress!
"Unless we bring our men about,
I fear a fearful mess."

"My barrels of ale, my barrels of ale!"
was all Bill could reply;
"My barrels of ale, my barrels of ale!
I'll bet my weather eye!"

He pulled his hair, he beat his chest;
he cursed the drowsy crew;
And bellowing like a bull he stormed:
"I'll show you what to do!"

Belaying pins, belaying pins
went flying thru the air
Like snow-flakes falling in a storm
on Mount McKinley's hair.

The seamen all were brought about
and not a jib was jibed;
And then tall Captain Billie North
upon his log inscribed:

"This is the schooner Nettie Lee;
in ballast now we sail
"Because the crew, in three days, drank
one thousand barrels of ale."

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Eastern Shore—Continued

THE EASTERN SHORE.

A tribute from the Bentztown Bard

Evidencing his affection for the Shore and its people.

Written especially for this publication.

I know what you mean by the Eastern Shore,
I know what you say when you say 'tis fine;
I know it with love that is more and more,
Like the love one has for an old, old wine.
When they wanted a spot to make their stand,
The spot they chose was our Maryland,
And out of it seeking, their eyes fell here
On this Eastern Shore that is all so dear.

Why, the birds themselves in their flight stood still
On poising wing; and the bees did, too,
And said this land is of God's own will,
The fairest we've seen 'neath His skies of blue.
And the blossoms, wafted in seed and floss,
Fell here and were happy, and day by day
The beauty of life lifted every cross,
And joy came sailing to river and bay.

Culture and romance and figures of time
In history, statesmanship, letters and art,
Of this loved Shore, with its gentle clime,
Have come through the decades to be a part.
The old plantations, historic homes,
Fashions and customs of grace and worth—
Here is the land where tradition roams,
This is the fairest of God's green earth.

THE BENTZTOWN BARD—
(Folger McKinsey)

Eastern Shore—Continued

"THE GOOD OLD EASTERN SHORE"

Dedicated to God's Country by Dale Wimbrow

There's a land and it ain't California,
Where I'll park myself no more to roam;
The people down there now call it "Del-Mar-Va"—
Still to me it's just my home sweet home
So take me to the shores of old Virginia,
Or Delaware or sunny Maryland,
And when you get me there
Just leave me anywhere;
Because I know I'll find a welcome hand.

CHORUS:

On the good old Eastern Shore,
The good old Eastern Shore.
From the ocean to the gates of Baltimore,
Where the good folks stick together
Like the good folks ought to do.
They took the sun from "Sunny South"
And stole the climate, too,
And cherries—(shout)—Hey!
And berries—(shout)—Say!
They've got 'em like you never saw before.
They've got the sweetest peaches there that ever could be found,
They fall right off the tree and then get up and walk around
On the good old Eastern Shore
On the good old Eastern Shore.
They've got so much they couldn't ask for more.

(PATTER)

We're right next door to Dixie,
In Maryland, My Maryland,
And Delaware, too,
I pine for you—
So carry me back—to—

CHORUS:

The good old Eastern Shore,
The good old Eastern Shore.
To the land across the bay from Baltimore
I hate to hear a boaster, but the truth just must be told—
The very dirt we walk upon is worth it's weight in gold,
And farmers—(shout Hey!)
And charmers—(shout)—Say!
They've got 'em like you never saw before.
Now Greeley was a great man,
May his ashes rest in peace,
But if he were alive today, he'd say;
"Young man, go East"
To the good old Eastern Shore,
To the good old Eastern Shore.
That's all there is; there isn't any more

NOTE:—This theme song of the Eastern Shore, a catchy melody, is obtainable in sheet music.

Copyright applied for, July 25, 1926

Eastern Shore—Continued

HERE AND THERE ON THE SHORE

Rambling around the Shore in search of material and subscribers was a delightful experience. There were a few unpleasant incidents, but they happen even in politics. Occasionally we'd meet a Lordly male whose cerebellum was soured, but that was all in the day's work. "This old world we live in is mighty hard to beat, you get a thorn with every rose, but ain't the roses sweet?"

Disclaiming any intention of mixing folklore and legend with commercialism, one of the bright spots of our journey was the Cambridge Bakery. Which, by the way, is not a Bakery at all, but a Fairyland of good things to eat that are not sold for profit. The proprietor is an artist—the dinner table is his canvas, and spread across its snowy surface, in graceful repose are the samples of his art.

The real romance of life lies not with yesterday, but today. Prosaic commercial transactions are tempered with the poetry of living, and the teeming millions to be happy must be fed. All men have to eat; even young lovers nibble a sandwich occasionally, and blue eyed babies—little mites from the Celestial Kingdom, complain bitterly when nourishment is not forthcoming.

Our reference to the Cambridge Bakery is not tainted with commercialism. Our thoughts are drifting back to generous slices of golden brown cake—and something else—until we visualize the sparkling Choptank as a creamy mixture of milk and flour and sugar and eggs crystalizing in a huge collation fit for a King.

Cambridge is a town that takes you to its heart. The most courteous man we met in all our travels was a Cambridge banker. May time deal gently with him and his tribe increase. There was a man—in another town, who barked and bit us twice on the same leg. It was our good leg, too, and the Doctor is still treating it.

Our next point of attack was Easton. Easton that once called itself the "Heart of the Shore." For that statement we hold no brief, (we live at Salisbury) but there are big hearts in Easton, and bright "good mornings" said with a smile. Lo and behold! whom should we meet but an old acquaintance who hitched up his gasoline buggy and took us around to see the folks. Another young man of about 80 gave us his last dollar (maybe he was joking) and then presented us with one of his best books. We have pleasant memories of Easton. The stalwart sons of both Cambridge and Easton were Gentlemen before the Mayflower engaged in the furniture business, and their fine qualities have not deteriorated with the years.

Denton is the unforgettable town. It is full of things historical, old houses and old memories—dear to those who cherish them. Even the river at Denton is old, older than the town itself. But the friendliness of Denton—sweet as the fragrance of new mown hay, is the oldest of all. It came down from the sermon on the mount. The essence of the Master's teaching lives and abides in the hearts of its people; need we say more? We could build a book around Denton, but there are other places to be mentioned, and Denton is not selfish.

Chestertown, has a "Rock of Ages" house, an Eastern Shore atmosphere, and a hospitality that is practical—we were invited out for dinner. Our biggest booster lives at Chestertown—a fair daughter of the Shore who typed two stories for us when we needed only one. Lots of interesting things happened on our ramble thru the Shore. There was a banker at Chestertown who did not talk to us thru a grated window and shuffle his papers while he talked. In the privacy of his sanctum we chatted of the poetry of the Shore, and his name goes down in our book of "immortals."

Centreville received us coolly, told us goodbye cordially, and expressed the hope that we would live to a ripe old age. Approaching 65, with Centreville's prayers, perhaps we can make it.

Eastern Shore---Continued

St. Michaels is a name to conjure with. Democratic and kindly disposed, there is a peace and calm in and about its quiet streets that invites the traveler to linger and chat. There is also a banker at St. Michaels, friendly and human, who is not ashamed nor afraid to open the door of his private office and say "come in." Naturally, the atmosphere of St. Michaels inspires the literary minded to flights of poetic fancy; for instance, "The roughhewn ugliness of things," evolved by a St. Michaels poet.

The Shore has a number of picturesque little towns, each so attractive in its natural setting that one would be puzzled to make a choice between them.

Life in Sunny Maryland began for us at Crisfield. That's where we were initiated into the great Fraternity of Eastern Shoremen—just twenty six years ago. It was a great occasion, and we've never ceased to be grateful to Crisfield for receiving us into full fellowship with the best people on earth.

Pocomoke City is all that any-one could desire. Sentenced to spend the remainder of our days in Pocomoke, we would exclaim with the poet—"God's in His heaven—all's right with the world!" We had a proposal of marriage at Pocomoke, but being busy with the book we forgot the lady's name—and thus, another broken romance. Pocomoke City has two poets, scratch around in these pages until you find their contributions.

Berlin is a fine little city, full of history, romance, haunted houses and many dear delightful people. It has a number of fair women who know their history backward—forward, crossways and before breakfast. But the dear souls contradict each other consistently—continually, weeks days and Sundays. Berlin is strong on history and pronunciation, especially where the name of the town is involved. It has a Presbyterian minister who turns out a new book every month or so; a fine Mayor who encouraged our undertaking, and the second rudest male individual on the Shore. Being a Presbyterian—doubtless the sweetness of his nature was predestined before the morning stars sang together. Berlin has one unusual attraction; on the Harrison plantation is a tree, a scion of the original—by direct descent, from which Eve procured her first party dress; no snakes are in evidence. The demand for leaves far exceeds the supply, but Eve dresses simply these days, and one fig leaf is enough for anybody.

Our fellow poet at Federalsburg would have none of us, and Federalsburg is such a pretty little town! He did not say "scat", but he felt it and showed it; we caught the idea and scatted accordingly. Our Federalsburg sketch was written by the famous LORELEI of the "Rural—Main Street" column in the Federalsburg Times.

Delmar and Ocean City treated us like "homefolks," and furnished their full quota of subscribers.

To the postmasters—preachers and poets in a number of places we were unable to visit, we wrote long letters asking for material, and moral support. A few replied, others did not, but after a few tears we forgave them as we hope to be forgiven. Therefore, dear friends, if you look for a story on Whiteoak Swamp and don't find it, you will know that the Mayor of that placid stream was too busy to send us any material.

But it was a great trip; we had a grand and glorious time. To know the Eastern Shoreman in his natural habitat is a high privilege; to visit his home and break bread with him is a benediction and a blessing. And the women, bless their hearts! Without their friendly assistance our little publication would not have gone over. 'Twas ever thus! To woman, lovely woman, we owe everything that is fine and sweet and good and true in this topsy-turvy world!

EDITOR.

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

I like old things that others do not need—
Old memories on which the heart can feed;
Old friends and broken chairs—
Old books to read;
Old songs to sing—and they are sweet;
Old clothes to wear—old homes that stand
On some quiet street;
The quaint old things—
Like grandma's Bible and old wedding rings,
The time-worn steps of other days—
I love old things!

The fleeting pleasures of today are trivial compared with the cherished memories of the past. Time provides the only true perspective. Our judgment today is warped and biased, and reason is toppled from her throne. But tomorrow we weigh and measure and learn properly to evaluate what seems of so little worth today.

If the future is judged by the past, then the past is irrevocably linked with the present, and the present but foreshadows the future. The milestones along the highway of life—carved from the rock of endurance and sanctified with the blood of martyrs, were erected in the past, yet they are a part of the living, vital present.

Poor indeed is that people who have no past to venerate; no cherished memories to treasure, no shrines at which to worship. Into the valley of death rode the six hundred, but they live today in the hearts of their countrymen. The story of their valor goes marching on.

In the forty eight States of the union are many counties. But each county has a history of its own. Each has its venerable Church—ancient and ivy-clad, filled to the brim with stirring memories of strong men, who, in a new land built an altar to the living God, and defended the right to worship with their heart's blood.

Again, each of these counties has something—carefully preserved, that was peculiarly its own. Quaint architecture—agricultural implements, manufactured products, books, and even prosaic pots and pans. Many of them have broken walls and crumbling chimneys, but around and about them is woven the sentiment of a hardy race—a peace-loving people, who, having put their hand to the plow did not look back,

Provincial, did you say? The story of our country is the story of great sections developing individual characteristics under the pressure of social and economic conditions, and then by the sheer force of local pride and distinctiveness, reacting upon other sections, and thus shaping into unity that complex result which we call national character. The outstanding achievements of the great intellects of the world have been the work of those who loved their home lands.

Would you destroy the Lincoln cabin? Would you take from the English language those immortal lines, "With justice to all and malice to none." Would you take from the Bible that most sublime expression in all history, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Would you erase from Maryland history the story of Francis Scott Key and the composition of the star spangled banner? Would you level the walls of Jerusalem—and take from the Holy Land all its sacred associations with the sweet and ennobling influence it has exerted on the hearts of men? No, you would not! It is only history today, but it is history that is saving men and teaching the great lesson of universal Brotherhood.

How many of us had aught to do with the making of the county in which we live?

Eastern Shore—Continued

We did not lay out its boundaries, few of us have planted its trees. We found it when we came—carved out of the wilderness by strong men and noble women, who have left the impress of their lives upon its buildings, and the work of their hands upon its fields.

They bequeathed to us a glorious heritage. Shall we not tenderly cherish and preserve the relics of that past from which we emerged? We who are writing the history of the future, eagerly turn to the book of the past, and within its sacred pages find wisdom, strength, and a renewed faith in God.

W. C. THURSTON.

TELL THE STORY OF THE SHORE

Take the name (The Eastern Shore) with you,
Take it everywhere you go;
Take its glory, fellow traveler;
Tell the story o'er and o'er.

Take its roads of magic beauty—
Take the beat of ocean's roar;
Take the fields of waving grain;
Fertile gold mines of the Shore.

Take the note of—"Hello, Stranger!
Glad to meet you, come again;"
Take the white sails of the Chesapeake
Beating out to open main.

Take the blessings God has given—
Clustering 'round its fertile shores,
Take the welcome that awaits
Visitors to this home of yours.

Take her peaches—ruby tinted,
Take the strawberries—glistening red,
Take the rose whose blush outrivals
Those that bloom where Caesar bled.

Take the glory of her skies—
Blue as ever skies were blue;
Take her people happy hearted,
True as ever men were true.

Take the witchery of the moonlight,
And the cattle on the moor,
Take the spires of noble structures—
And the welcome open door.

Take the name (The Eastern Shore) with you;
Take it everywhere you go;
Take the glory and the greatness
Of the marvelous Eastern Shore.

W. C. THURSTON.

Eastern Shore-----Continued

ADIOS, GOOD OLD EASTERN SHORE

Land of my ancestors I am loath that we
should part,
And to say farewell most sincerely
I deplore,
For you have kindled burning fires deep
within my heart—
And I have learned to love you,
Good Old Eastern Shore!

Tho' the cold, bleak winter-time may rob
you of your sheen,
Cloak your wealth of warmth with snow,
ice-incrust your shore,
Hide the grandeur of your foliage and
fade its green;
It cannot mar your beauty,
Good Old Eastern Shore!

That beauty so rich and rare that comes
with early spring,
When the whistling Northwind becomes a
Zephyrous score—
And sad, discouraged snow-birds retreat
on quickened wing:
There's naught that can surpass you,
Good Old Eastern Shore!

Altho' winter smiles upon the sturdy
sprouts of wheat—
And other "truck" is safely tucked away
in store,
Spring-time will enhance your farms and
make them more replete—
And by far more bountiful,
Good Old Eastern Shore!

Enchanted Wicomico, majestically
serene,
Seems to whisper legends of ancient
Ind'an lore,
Echoes them among the pines, along
its winding stream—
Then returns them to your heart,
Good Old Eastern Shore!

But the Friendships that you offer,
loyal and sincere,
Enduring Friendships that will cling
forever more,
Make you appear more beautiful and
by far more dear,
Because you gave me Friends like these,
Good Old Eastern Shore!

MARIE L. SHERWOOD
New Orleans, La. 2/11/38

(Dedicated to the Eastern Shore of the Delmarvian Peninsula)

Eastern Shore—Continued

EASTERN SHORE INSPIRATIONS

BY MARGARET PERRY

IVY.

If I could choose from all the plants that grow
The rarest bloom, the loveliest of them all,
The fairest rose, or aster in the fall,
The orchid strange, or crocus in the snow,
The lily of the valley, or a row
Of stately hollyhocks against a wall,
Not one would be my choice. Instead I'd call
To mind the ivy and on it bestow
The accolade of favorite. To see
It drip, like water green, all cool and crisp,
From withered tree, is to behold a sight
So restful and so pleasing that to me
Naught can be fairer. No, not e'en a wisp
Of floating cloud reflecting heav'nly light.

LANDSCAPE.

The night is hot.
A thin mist veils
The wooded outline
Of the farther shore,
While in between
The waters of the creek
Lie calm and listless
And discouraged blue.
Sudden a beam of light
Irradiates the surface
Of the silent water.
It glows and glows
Until no longer
Is there dull blue calm
But stretching far
A vibrant palpitating
Sheet of gold,
Made by the quickening light
Of the full June moon.

EARLY SPRING.

Peach blossoms blooming,
Despite the cold that lingers
To kiss young Spring.

MOCKING BIRDS.

How am I roused from out my sleep?
'Tis call of bird—a tiny cheep
So faint my heart stands still to hear
The joyous note. In panic fear
I listen, lest in dark night deep
The bird affrighted fail to keep
The promise made. A joy to reap!
Such heav'nly sounds break on my ear!

How am I roused!

The bird sings on. With glorious sweep
The pattern grows. From out the steep
Of pine tree old the mate sings clear;
Their voices blend in song so sheer
Of aching rapture that I weep—

How am I roused!

RAIN JEWELS.

The elm tree stands fair
Decked with the jewels of rain.
The myriad drops
Cling to the budding bare boughs
Like precious pearls from the deep.

Eastern Shore—Continued

AN EASTERN SHOREMAN'S TOAST TO HIS WIFE.

If I have you thru storm and stress—
Your hand to guide—your love to bless;
Your smile to light the way along—
Your voice to sing love's sweetest song;
I'll walk with nobler purpose true—
Life's weary way because of you;
Nor ever will the light grow dim
Of high resolve to fight and win.

Bravely I'll face what comes of rue,
My soul undaunted because of you;
If I have you—tho seas be wide,
Tho wind and wave and treacherous tide,
Break o'er me with resistless sweep—
As deep as Fundy's tides are deep,
I'll swerve not from a purpose true,
While chart and compass, sweet, are you.

W. C. THURSTON.

PEERLESS WOMAN

Dedicated to the fair daughters of
the Eastern Shore

Peerless—incomparable woman;
Sweet flower of fair design;
Man forever thy devotee—
Your heart forever his shrine.
Naught but beauty and charm
Could wield so great a power;
Where in Nature's luxuriance—
Blooms so sweet a flower?
Gracious—incomparable woman;
Sweet flower of fair design;
Of the earth a part—to heaven akin,
Both human and divine.

W. C. THURSTON.

THE GIRL FROM THE EASTERN SHORE.

Of all the laughing lassies—
And beauties by the score,
The sweetest—fairest of them all
Is the girl from the Eastern Shore.

Her name? well, it doesn't matter,
But her smile—the brightest ever,
Is a flashing dart none could resist,
So kind is she—and clever.

Her girling grace and youthful charm
Of womanly all-completeness,
Enthralls and holds us one and all,
In the spell of her natural sweetness;

Old fashioned? not a bit of it,
Just kind and thoroly human,
A child unspoiled in the count of years,
With the tender soul of a woman.

Ah, Little girl from the Eastern Shore,
You brighten each weary mile
With the cheering rays of your winsome
ways
And the sunshine in your smile.

W. C. THURSTON.

TO A DAUGHTER OF THE SHORE,

Her voice held healing
In its cadences;
Her smile uplifted
And her touch beguiled.
Perhaps somewhere
She walks in beauty yet,
Admiring angels
Following her steps.

LYNDON HESS,
Upper Fairmount, Md.

Eastern Shore—Continued

ISLE O' DEAL

By GRACE DAVIS VANAMEE

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
I long for you tonight,
I long to see your curving shore,
And that far distant light;
To hear again your lapping waves
Right at our very door,
As oft in fancy far away
I hear them: o'er and o'er.

Chorus

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
I cannot tell you all I feel,
Or all you mean to me;
But this I know,
Where'er I go,
My heart returns to thee,
My heart returns to thee.

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
What joy your waves to ride,
And there with foam-flecked rod and
line
Fish out a flooding tide;
Or maybe at the twilight hour
To find some darkening pool,
And cast for rock, just hoping that
Your luck may bring a school.

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
I know your stormy hours,
Your thunder and your lightning,
And your sudden, pelting showers.
I've sailed your bay with seas so rough
We had to run to port,
But all the same—dear Chesapeake,
Your roughest seas are sport.

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
The tears are near my eyes
When I recall the happy days
Beneath your changing skies;
I know not which I love the most,
Your dawns, or sunsets rare,
But this I know, each passing hour
Is sweet beyond compare.

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
I love you day or night,
For when your Southern sun is high
You are a bonny sight;
But when the moon with silver sheen
Is lacquering your sand
There is no fairer spot on earth
Than moon-kissed Maryland.

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
Your charms are manifold,
But though of sea and sky I've sung
The half has not been told;
For after all the secret lies
In love and friendship dear,
And there's an Island home I know
That radiates good cheer.

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
To your loved Eastern shore
When my kind friends have left it,
I shall return no more;
They gave me of their very best,
A love that hallowed all the rest,
And made that Island home at Deal
In very truth a Land o'Leal.

Epilogue to "ISLE O' DEAL"

O Isle o'Deal, O Isle o'Deal,
Your skies are dark tonight
For she who made you dear to us
Has passed beyond our sight;
No more her welcoming voice we'll hear
Nor see her outstretched hand,
For she has passed the portal
Into the better land.

Seven happy years she gave to us
A royal welcome here;
Seven years she grew to be to us
A friend both near and dear,
And now our hearts are aching
With those she loved the best
And together we are praying
God give her endless rest.

The "Isle O'Deal" was written in 1925 and dedicated to Mrs. May Anderson who was then the proprietor of the Anderson Hotel on Deal Island, Maryland. Deal Island is in the Tangier Sound of Chesapeake Bay, and a part of the picturesque Eastern Shore Section.

The Epilogue to the "Isle O'Deal" was written in memory of Mrs. Anderson on the night of her death, October 18, 1932.

—G. D. V.

Eastern Shore—Continued

FAIR EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND

How often does the little babe
Long for its mother's tender care;
At eve, how welcome is the nest
To the fowl of the sea and air;
The weary man—dying with thirst,
Whose soul once parched,
Now thrives again;
What thinks he of God's all-wise power,
That saved him with a shower of rain?

As a babe longs for its mother's care,
As shelter to the birds of air;
As man to God with soul set free,
So does my heart e'er long for thee,
Fair Eastern Shore of Maryland!

How often do the faint at heart
Long for a day of rest and ease,
In spring, how welcome is the thought—
Of Nature's gift of flowers and trees.
The man, whose sight once failed to serve,
Who lived in darkness, morn till night,
How does he long to worship Him,
Who restored once more the gift of sight.

As the weary seek for days of ease,
As man with Nature's gifts is pleased,
As those once blind, now rejoice to see,
So does my heart rejoice in thee,
Fair Eastern Shore of Maryland!

—ETHEL R. RANEY,
Member of Faculty,
Salisbury Elem. School No. 2.

BACK TO THE EASTERN SHORE

When the subtle charm of springtime
Comes stealing thru the door,
It stirs my heart to memories—happy
memories
Of the dear old Eastern Shore.

I see again the whitecaps break,
And hear old ocean's roar,
Where tossing pines their vigil keep
Down on the Eastern Shore.

A small white cottage, I recall,
With roses around the door;
My happy home of childhood days
On the dear old Eastern Shore.

And when I come to the long trail's end,
Do this before I go,
Carry me back to the land I love—
Back to the Eastern Shore.

There let me rest beneath the soil
Whose name I proudly bore,
And lay my tired body down
To sleep on the Eastern Shore.

By "JIMMY" SNOW
Pennsylvania Military College,
Chester, Pa.

MOMENTS OF PEACE

Weary and worn, I stole a moment to sit on my kitchen doorstep while the evening meal was cooking. Quietly, so unlike his usual boisterous self, my dog came and sat down beside me—resting his head on my knee.

The slanting rays of the setting sun had vividly etched against the gold of the western sky, an outline of the village. It was a beautiful picture. From within the house came the homey smell of cooking food; beside me my dog sat in silent companionship. My weariness was forgotten.

For the quiet hour in which to meditate, and the love and companionship of the faithful dog; for the glory of the setting sun—the peace and calm of the countryside; for the cosy home nestling among the trees, and the tea kettle singing its age-old song, I was grateful. It was one of life's rare moments of peace.

—MYRTLE JACKSON, Parsonsburg, Md.

Eastern Shore—Continued

EATIN' 'ROUND ON THE EAST'RN SHO'.

Eatin' 'round on the East'rn Sho'
Is plumb choc full o' pleasure,
Cookin' down there is one o' the arts,
An' the meals are made to measure.

I like the way they go about it—
Down on the East'rn Sho',
Now take Miss Lindy, gosh, she's cute!
An' her smile says "have some more?"

Berlin—Salisbury—Cambridge town—
Or any o' them pictur' places;
Soft crabs—fish, fried chicken—gee!
Your stomache kicks o' the traces.

I disremember all the names,
But one is the English Grill,
An' darn my cats, if what they serve
Ain't wuth just twice the bill!

Talk about sump'n good to eat—
You ain't had no eatin' a tall
Till you taste that food on the East'rn
Sho',
Winter—spring 'or fall.

Say, man, I'm tellin' you true—
That's the place to feed;
Where you always get your belley full—
An' the kind o' food you need.

Fresh fish—potatoes—Maryland biscuit,
Wait, just let that car go by,
An' country ham and turnip greens
Topped off with apple pie.

An' don't forget—chicken and waffles,
But I ain't halfway thru,
Fresh eggs for breakfast—country ham,
An' lots of other goodies, too.

Writin' a book an' paintin' a pictur'
May be the highest art,
But the grub they cook on the East'rn
Sho'
Gets closer to the heart.

You c'n find them eatin' places
Anywhere 'round on the Sho',
Right spick and span—and neat and trim,
Most anywhere you go.

Watermelons in season, an' cantaloupes
Sweet an' fine;
Just grab a spoon and dig in, boy,
It's good clear down to the rine,

An' when Miss Lindy comes (the waitress)
Lookin' like a sunkissed peach,
You tell her quick—but kindly like,
"Say, Kid, keep out o' my reach."

Eatin' 'round on the East'rn Sho'
Is what makes life wuth livin',
An' this ain't a lot of boost and brag,
It's just a tip I'm givin'.

All right then, if you doubt my word,
Before you raise any shindy,
Just eat a meal at the English Grill—
And swap a smile with Lindy;

Note: this classic was received thru
the mail—author unknown. Presumably
the place referred to is the English Grill—
formerly Thompson's, at Salisbury.

"Here's to the Enemies of the Eastern Shore; may they al'ays sail in leaky
chunks, with choked pumps, tempest tossed, compass lost, moldy bread and windy
head—and on a winter's coast! And as for the man who won't drink this toast,
may he sink at sea in an open boat and be swallowed by a whale and the whale by the
devil and the devil in hell with the doors locked and the keys lost and a blind man
hunting for them. And there may he sit, on a cold stone in the sou'west corner of
hell, with a nor-easter blowing ashes in his face for all eternity! G.... d.... his
soul!"

NOTE: We don't know who penned this classic, and if we did, we wouldn't tell.

Eastern Shore—Continued

I'M GLAD I'M LIVING

ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

I'm glad I'm living on the Eastern Shore;
This second Paradise with an open door.
The beautiful scenery—the weather so fine,
Fashioned, I know, by a hand divine.
It's a fisherman's delight for a record

catch,
And a sportsman's joy that none can
match.

Oh if I were only an Edgar Guest—
That I might find words to truly express
The beauty and splendor around my door,
Of this dear land—the Eastern Shore.

I am glad I'm living on the Eastern Shore,
Where the folks are real, and what is
more,

Where hospitality just can't be beat—
In the old-time style—that was such a
treat.

There's a cheerful greeting—where e'er
you be,

A handclasp strong, and a smile, you see;
From all the good folks, old and young,
With a southern drawl on every tongue.
There's joy in living to love and adore,
This dear old land—the Eastern Shore.

LILLIAN WATSON,
Salisbury;

THE SWEET TATER—SWEET.

French fried potatoes may tempt you,
And such a delectable dish;
Or potatoes au gratin—
Or creamed, if you please,
They all go well with the fish;

But the best of 'em all
When you dig in the fall,
And store 'em away in the bin,
Is the sweet tater grand—
Be it Hayman or Yam—
That would tempt an archangel to sin

When the earth was complete
There was plenty to eat,
Tho mankind was due for a fall,
But several days later
God made the sweet tater,
And that was the best of 'em all.

And down on the Sho'
Where the sweet taters grow,
And the women are lovely and sweet,
The juice of the vine
Might get you a fine—
But you're safe
With the sweet tater-sweet;

W. C. THURSTON.

A TRIBUTE FROM TENNESSEE TO THE SHORE

I come from the hills—where the purple peaks outlined against the sky—salute
the morning sun. Where little children gather flowers on the jagged mountain side,
and love is found in humble cabin homes.

Born amidst the monarchs of the range, I knew the paths across the mountain, and
the rocky road that led to the sunlit valley below. Inured to the rugged life of the
mountaineer, and the labyrinthian trails of the forest primeval, I was happy.

Reluctantly I left my native State to take up a residence in Maryland. But I came—
I saw, and I was conquered. The wide expanse of ocean filled me with wonder and awe.
The wanderlust left my soul—a willing captive. I surrendered to the charms of this
delightful Peninsula, and here I have made my home.

Back in Tennessee the eternal hills are keeping watch and ward over the ashes of
my ancestors—a sturdy home-loving folk who never knew the tang of the sea.

Your State—and mine, have bound me with the ties of love and friendship. Here I
have met splendid women—and strong men who go down to the sea in ships. In this
flower spangled bit of Eden is deep rooted my vine and fig tree.

With Ruth I can say—your people shall be my people and your Gods shall be my
Gods. And when the day's at end—when I have crossed the great divide, if perchance
I am ushered in thru the golden gates, I'll ask the angels to sing in lieu of any heavenly
song—simply "Maryland—My Maryland."

Excerpt from an address delivered by the late "Plain Bill" Simpson,
at Crisfield—twenty five years ago.

Eastern Shore—Continued

LEGENDS OF THE EASTERN SHORE

The story is told that when Mason & Dixon were establishing the famous "Mason & Dixon's line," a little Dutch boy with the outfit swallowed a valuable chronometer. Unable to dislodge it, and suffering no discomfort, he grew to manhood with the chronometer merrily ticking in his breast.

When he married, his wife was curious to know the cause of the constant tick-tick mingled with the beat of his heart. He told her that if she would listen closely, each tick would say "love." His explanation was satisfactory—and they lived happily together for many years.

After his death a faint ticking was heard coming from the depths of the tomb. He sleeps in an old graveyard in Newark, Del., but to this day the ticking can still be heard.

One Judge Whaley of Kent County, accusing his wife of being untrue to him, drove her from his home, denying that he was the father of her infant son. He had no love for this child, but the boy was fond of his father, and when he heard the true story of his parents' separation, he set out to find his mother and prove her innocence. He succeeded—with the result that his mother and father were re-united, and all was happiness again in what had been a stricken home. The years went by, and death called them to another sphere, but to this day occupants of the old house in which they lived, say that moans and sighs, followed by laughter are heard. The spirits of the departed re-enacting the scenes of the past.

Before the coming of the pale face to the Eastern Shore, two Indian tribes—the Wicomico and the Iroquois, lived in what is now known as Wicomico county. Evidently there was enmity between them, but when Winona, daughter of the Chief of the Iroquois, met the son of the Chief of the Wicomico's it was a case of love at first sight. They met clandestinely, as all lovers do, but the old Chief discovered his daughters disaffection, and shot an arrow that pierced the heart of each, pinning them together in a last embrace. The Indians came to pay homage to the dead lovers, and as each passed by the grave, he threw a twig, or small branch on their last resting place. Perhaps the ceremony was repeated from year to year—no one knows, but there is a large mound near Salisbury which is reputed to be the grave of these unfortunate lovers.

"French Joe's" light is still seen on the Wicomico river when it is stormy. According to tradition, an Indian maiden first saw this light from her tent—a huge ball of fire in the sky that slowly disappeared. French Joe, the victim of a wreck was found by her next day on the beach. Utterly exhausted from suffering and exposure, he was nursed back to health by this kindly Indian maiden, and to her he gave his heart—receiving hers in return.

But there came a day when French Joe had to leave, promising to return in a short time. Six weeks after his departure the light appeared again, and his sweetheart exclaimed "French Joe is dead." It was true, but from that day to this the light always appears on stormy nights. The watermen on the Wicomico river can give no explanation for it—other than it is known as "French Joe's" light.

Eastern Shore—Continued

The Shore abounds with these old legends. A large Colonial home in Somerset county is said to be haunted by the ghost of its former owner, who hanged himself because he had killed one of his slaves by harsh and brutal treatment. Tenants are hard to find for this old home, because of the cries that apparently come from the chimney—with a sound resembling “goodbye, goodbye.”

Trappe has its legend of buried treasure, guarded by the spirit of the departed. A Mr. Castleton, leaving for some unknown reason, buried his gold. To his old servant he said, “Jim, you know that I have buried my treasure here; I am leaving, but my spirit will brood above it. If any one tries to steal it, my spirit will appear. All attempts to locate the buried treasure have been fruitless. Lights are seen, apparitions appear, and the treasure seekers are frightened away.

Again we have a story of buried gold. A true story this time—entirely removed from legendary happenings.

A farmer in Somerset county was told by his father, who was on his death bed, that a certain plantation, of which he was over-seer during the Civil War, was the hiding place of thirty thousand dollars in gold. It seems that the owner of the plantation had told his over-seer of this buried money, but failed to mention the exact spot. However, the plantation owner had said that it was buried on a certain tract.

The farmer set about to find a machine of some kind that would be of assistance in locating metals under ground. He enlisted the aid of a young man, who told the story to a friend of his in Salisbury. The man from Salisbury knew some one who had just such a machine; a deal was made, and a day appointed. Two days before the day set for the adventure, the owner of the machine was accidentally killed.

Later, the Salisburian was telling the story to the brother of the man who had been killed. “Why,” said the brother, “I can work that machine.” Another deal was made, another day appointed to search for buried treasure—which, by the way, happened to be Sunday. On Friday evening the house in which the machine was stored burned to the ground. The gold-detecting machine was a mass of twisted metal, and thirty thousand dollars—think of it! still rests beneath the daisies in Somerset county.

It is there today—go and get it if you want it. The tale is straight. The plantation owner confided in his over-seer, and dying soon after, never made any attempt to retrieve the gold. His over-seer regarded it as a trust and therefore would not make a search for it.

Courtesy of the Hebron High School,

—MISS ROSALIND MESSICK.

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Eastern Shoremen are clannish. Any son of the soil will admit it, which is to his credit. "Lives there a man with soul so dead who ne'er to himself hath said—this is my own, my native land." The whole Shore might be likened to a mutual admiration society, but it is better so. "Kind words are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood." Clannishness is more of a virtue than a vice.

The real members of the clan are the adopted sons and daughters of the Shore. They are the ones who sing her praises, and shout her virtues from the housetops.

Speak of kindness—courtesy, good cheer, hospitality, homogeneity, boost and brag, and you have the correct definition of the term "Eastern Shoreman." If brag offends any sensitive ear, we hasten to say that this is the simon pure article.

We have bragged of the Shore for the past twenty-five years, and aided and abetted by her loyal sons and daughters, native born and adopted, we expect to keep it up for twenty-five more. Every dog must wag his own tail. Therefore, go on good people, and brag to your heart's content; everybody else does.

Brag on your town, your neighbors, your dog, your wife and your little ones. Bragging is only a day-dream, and after all, the wonder and glory of life hover around and about our own doorstep. Dream on, oh fellow purveyor of brag and boost, and then go out and make your dreams come true!

THE OLD HOME TOWN

(Yours and Mine)

It is just a homey Country town
That has grown to man's estate,
But we are calling it a city now,
Tho ten o'clock is late.

Our streets are like primeval paths
That ever wind and wind;
But here we know our neighbors
And every heart is kind.

Comes the stranger to our town
To call it, "Home, sweet home."
Some subtle spell has caught him
That allays the itch to roam.

Beneath the shade of noble trees
Little children laugh and play,
And song is mixed with happiness
Each joyous, gladsome day.

We haven't put on city airs
Nor left our smiles at home.
And of all the favorite spots
'Neath the blue enameled dome,

There is no fairer, lovelier place
Than the town we call our own.
This peppy, prosperous, rare old burg,
We know as "Home, sweet home;"

To Uncle Sam and all his folks—
Including "poor relations,"
Our word is this—there's room for you—
Don't wait for invitations.

It is just a homey Country town—
The fairest of all lands—
Where friends are true—and fellowship
Is more than touch of hands.

W. C. T.

Eastern Shore—Continued

MANITOU CALLS

By Wm. N. WILLIS

Proud Nanticokes, Manitou calls us now;
Bids us here no longer tarry;
To the white man's dominion we must
bow;

Leave this great land ours meant to be.
Manitou knows best, so it must be well
That he bids us come to his side,
In yonder happy hunting grounds to dwell,
Where good cheer and plenty abide.

We will never forget this Eastern Shore,
With us even in the spirit land,
Memories will come of the days gone be-
fore;

Before us will come trophies of the chase;
The turkey rustling in the shade,
Wild geese on high seeking a nesting
place;

These from our vision will never fade.

Proud happy warrior, happy hunters we'll
be

In lands beyond the starry sky;
Gracious Manitou has willed it freely;
On his promise we can rely.
Yet still feelings of sadness fill our hearts
As from this Shore we're called to go;
Something fond and dear from our souls
departs,
Which we trust over there to know.

THE EASTERN SHORE INDIANS

Our best account of the early Eastern Shore Indians is found in Capt. John Smith's "General Historie."

Capt. John Smith in 1608, with some twenty fellow adventurers from the Jamestown Colony, set out to explore the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. He gives a vivid account of the Indians they met on the Eastern Shore. On a well drawn map he locates the principal camp sites and gives names to many rivers and regions. He notes particularly the Wicomicoes, the Pocomokes, the Nantaquaks, the Ozinies, and the fierce Susquehannocks and Lenni-Lenape (Delawares) swooping down from the north upon their mortal enemies, the Nanticokes.

The last remnant of the Nanticokes herded themselves together for their last stand on the banks of the Indian River in Sussex County, Delaware, where a small band largely of mixed blood may still be found. Heckewelder states that the main body of remaining Nanticokes migrated north to join friendly tribes in 1748.

Their spirits still haunt our forests and streams,
Their cries re-echo in legendary lore,

They come and they go like phantoms in our dreams,
To roam thru the forests of the Eastern Shore.

WILLIAM N. WILLIS.

There is a tradition to the effect that Indian Town—near Snow Hill was the last camping-ground of the Indian tribes on the Eastern Shore.

It was the custom of certain tribes not to bury their dead, but to place them on elevated stretchers suspended from tall tree stumps. These stretchers were high enough from the ground to prevent the mutilation of the body by prowling animals. Presumably, the dead were also protected from carnivorous birds by guards stationed near the scene for that purpose.

Former generations of Indians buried in mounds. The Pocomokes and Nanticokes were subjects of the six nations. The Accomacks paid tribute to Powhatan.

NOTE: The above is merely tradition, and no claim is made for its historical correctness.

The signed article by W. N. Willis, is, we believe correct in every detail. Mr. Willis is an authority on Indian Lore in this section.—EDITOR.

Eastern Shore—Continued

"CIVIL WAR DAYS ON THE EASTERN SHORE"

By MARJORIE C. WRIGHT

During the Civil War (1861-1865) sentiment on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, a tract of land situated in a country in which abolition in one section and the continuance of slavery in the other had the unfortunate effect of sharply accentuating the difference more or less inherent in the two sections, was, like the factions it separated, acutely divided. There are, even today, remnants of the divided sentiment on the shore. In the home of Dr. E. W. Humphreys' widow, Salisbury, is a large picture of General Lee, which Mrs. Humphreys' mother, a Confederate, sewed in a featherbed in order to hide it from the Yankee soldiers when they ransacked her home. In several other homes, on the other hand, can be found discharges which grandfathers and great-grandfathers received from the Union Army.

It was this assemblage and fusion of differences on the "Shore" which made it truly representative of the social and economic life of the country in the 1860's.

Inasmuch as the Eastern Shore is now designated as the "Land of Milk and Honey," it was, during the Civil War period, just as appropriately termed the "Land of Corn and Whiskey," for at that time corn was the main basis of most food, while whiskey was the beverage consumed for medicinal purposes and for purely personal gratification. Apple-jack and peach brandies and hard cider were also found in abundance along with the corn and rye whiskey.

Chief among their foodstuffs were corn pone, corn cakes, corn fritters, berries, fish, pork, and fowl, both tame and wild. When visitors came, fried ham and eggs were considered a good repast, while cheese, which was brought to the plantation from Baltimore about twice a year, was a luxury which shocked the neighbors.

There were few delicacies, and flour bread was never served more than twice a week. Single families were forced to buy flour and mackerel by the barrel because they were rarely obtainable in smaller quantities. Food was cooked almost wholly before the fire-place in ovens, in iron pots suspended on cranes over the fire, and in the "spider and lid."

Most people lived near a river or a pond and raised ducks and geese as well as pigeons, chickens, and a few turkeys. Water was obtained chiefly from open wells or springs.

Coffee was bought green and roasted before the fire; prior to the invention of the coffee mill it was brayed in a vessel known as a mortar with an implement called a pestle. Corn and wheat were occasionally pounded in a like manner, but more often they were ground at a water mill. "Lunch" did not exist until after the "Yankees" added it to our vocabulary; meals were simply called "breakfast," "dinner," and "supper." Likewise, there was no "afternoon"; it was "morning," "evening," and "night."

One, moreover, finds the dress of those days quite interesting and quite different from that of today. The direly uncomfortable but truly fascinating clothes of the fairer sex were indeed conspicuous. The tightly laced corset over the proper seventeen inch waist was rightly called a "board," for it was an intricately woven garment of heavy steels. Over the corset was worn a mass of stiffly starched petticoats which extended the twelve-yard hoop-skirt to such a degree that ladies rarely saw their petite feet which were protected by yarn stockings and high-laced shoes. Over the thick and long suit of hair was worn, on Sundays, a kind of bonnet called a "shaker," made of straw with a curtain, and on week-days was worn a "slat" or "sunbonnet" made of calico or gingham.

In summer the men wore ill-fitting suits of flax web and in winter of hemp web, which, previous to its wearing, was dipped in the pond to be brightened. A little later

Eastern Shore—Continued

their trousers were "Kentucky jeans" which "wore like iron." Paper and celluloid collars were also included in every gentleman's wardrobe. The cloth for most of these garments was corded and spun into webs at home; that worn by the negroes was coarse as tow-sacks, while that worn by the whites was a small degree finer known as fustian.

Cooperative marketing was unknown in Civil War days on the Eastern Shore, for there was little exporting or importing. Of the few imports, eggs were shipped in barrels or hogsheads and packed in oats or straw, which was also sold by the merchant.

Transportation, even to Baltimore, was entirely by water; the record-holding speed of the steamboat was a round trip from the lower Eastern Shore to Baltimore in a week. The northern part of the "Shore" enjoyed the railroad before the southern, for in 1860 there was only one short track in the latter section. It was the Delaware line from Delmar to Salisbury. In 1860 its construction was interrupted by the Civil War, and it was not extended to Cape Charles until after the close of the war. With the exception of the telegraph line through Salisbury, which carried many messages from the Yankees to the Confederates, there was little communication on the "Shore." Mail was brought on horseback or by steamer about twice a week, while a weekly paper was received every Saturday night or Sunday morning. Yelling from the woodpile was the common method of communicating with the neighbors.

Few towns boasted of lighted streets, and in those few, light was furnished by means of lamps burning sperm oil or candles and hanging from high poles.

The crude farming implements, then considered efficient, consisted of the "Minor Harding Plow," a cultivator with wooden brakes and a fluke, the common hoe, rake, and fork. Oxen were used in the fields to a great extent.

Industry, as we know it, did not exist, the principal occupations being farming, wood-cutting, hunting, fishing, and trading on a small scale. This absence of large business does not infer that the people were dull or lacking in initiative, for they were truly a thrifty and industrious group who strived to make their homes comfortable.

The houses were built according to no architectural plan, but extra rooms were added where and when it seemed necessary, a fireplace being added with each room. The handmade furniture was made of pine hewn at home. In the homes of the wealthy there was fine English furniture, but such dwellings were uncommon. On the beds were wheat or straw mattresses, featherbeds, homespun yarn blankets, and patch-work quilts.

Each farm had its milk house, which was embedded two or three feet deep in the soil in such a way as to allow the water from the spring or pond to cool the butter, milk, or cream. Here, too, was found the ice house, which was also underground and insulated with sawdust, and ice cut from the frozen stream in winter was packed here for future use.

Education was still in the primitive stage. A school-teacher was simply required to be able to teach reading, writing, and a little ciphering. Both teacher and pupils had much to combat, for the poorly constructed one room was, as a rule, too well ventilated with large cracks and holes. Co-education did not appear until after 1867. There were a number of private schools and at least one military academy in the northern part of the "Shore."

Medicine also was in a rudimentary state. If a man became ill, his arm was bound and a quart of blood extracted. This was not practiced on women, for it was believed that their offspring needed the blood. Midwifery was a common practice, and women "died like flies" of child-bed fever. Medicines such as molasses and sulphur, rhubarb and other herbs were found in every home. Warts were "talked off" by local magic workers.

Eastern Shore—Continued

One hears much concerning the superstitions which were so prevalent during these days. Perhaps the most prominent belief was that women should not visit on New Year's Day. If one made his exit by a door different from that by which he entered; if he dropped a knife; if he sailed on Sunday; if he began a new task on Friday; or if he met a negro shortly after leaving home, he was destined to have ill luck.

In 1861 there were still many remnants of colonial society on the Eastern Shore. The horse and buggy, the carriage used in those halcyon days of yore—both were characteristic of the Civil War years, which though years of war, were not exactly unhappy years on the Eastern Shore, as there was no immediate danger in the neighborhood.

By vessel, wagon, and oxcart people flocked to the fairs which were a combination of everything, social and commercial in the district. There the young Shoreman saw his first foreigner, usually the Italian, for there was no foreign element on the "Shore."

In 1860 formal cotillions were the rage throughout the countryside; parallel to the cotillion was the barn-dance, where the piano and fiddle played the newest music—"Shortnin' Bread," "Turkey in the Straw," "Goin' Down to Polly's," and "Branberry Cross."

The little town was the popular rendezvous of the country folk on a Saturday night, and a fight or two, to liven up the evening, was not uncommon. In fact, the little son usually asked his father returning from town: "Pa, who 'fit?"

Then there were camp meetings and revivals with much shouting and many testimonials. Corn-huskings, taffy-pullings, and quilting parties where "Garden of Eden," "Star of Bethlehem," "Tree of Paradise," and "Plantation Belle" quilts were carefully made—all these gatherings helped unite the country folk and spread the gossip of the neighborhood and the latest news of the war.

On many of the ox-cart rides the people encountered the gypsies who camped throughout the "Shore" and told fortunes.

Such was the life of the common Eastern Shoreman in the 1860's, a life which, though seemingly dull to us, was stimulative and productive, establishing on the "Shore" a precedent of superstition, amusement, pacific progress, and prosperity.

Reference: "The American Guide"—Federal Writers' Project.

Personal Interview with: W. C. Thurston, L. Irving Pollitt.

Civil War Contemporaries:—James Wright, Mrs. Josephine Humphreys, and Mrs. Alfonso Dix.

NOTE: This essay won for Miss Wright the "Old Home Prize" of the Hebron High School.

POETS

Dreams are theirs and hunger—cold;
Aspirations, love untold.
Music throbbing softly sweet
In each heart's tempestuous beat.
Calm and storm, the keenest pain;
Sunshine, clouds, and April rain.
Peace is theirs, and sorrow, too;
Morning light and hope anew.
Toil is theirs, and recompense—
In dreams fulfilled—
And joy intense

W. C. THURSTON

Eastern Shore—Continued

BROTHERHOOD

I recognize no caste or creed
No distinction of race or clan:
If they be sons of our Father-God
I meet them all as man to man.
That which is true brotherhood
Would take no thought of hate or spleen;
The very humblest may walk today—
With contrite heart and clean.
What are power and place—and noble birth,
When God above—the Christian's code,
Shall judge man by his worth?
One dressed in rags might nearer be
To Him who reigns above,
Than those who scorn the rank and file—
And glibly prate that God is love.

W. C. THURSTON.

For this beautiful tribute to the Jewish people, we are indebted to Elsie Robinson's "Listen World," column—King Features Syndicate—Baltimore News Post.

It is reproduced here as a fitting testimonial to that little band of patriotic Jewish citizens, who are good Eastern Shoremen, good neighbors—good friends and 100% Americans.

If America is the "Promised Land," and the Shore a miniature Garden of Eden, it is natural that the Jew should find here a Haven of Peace and a "House of Refuge."

Tho it is borrowed copy—the editor makes bold to incorporate it in these pages as a slight token of his affection and esteem for an ever widening circle of tried and true—Jewish friends.

EDITOR.

"THROW OUT THE JEWS?"

So they're going to dissolve all the Free and Masonic Lodges in Germany, rewrite the ritual and drop the Jews? Wonder what they're going to do about Jesus of Nazareth?

But he—Mr. Hitler would undoubtedly retort—was the Son of God; not a Jew.

That is as it may be. But even so, Jehovah's seed was cased in flesh that came straight from the House of David. And the gentile face that bent above the manger on that starry night was a Jewish face. And the kindly, calloused hands that taught a stripling boy to use hammer and plane and saw were Jewish hands. And the little home, where the candles burned on the Sabbath night, and the white light of a splendid tradition flamed throughout the week, was a Jewish home.

Yes—even more!

Thirty-three years He was to live, and of those years only three were spent in ministry. But those few months have left their mark on all the world. And why? Because He was the Son of God? Yes; but also because He was the Son of all His earthly fathers—of Abraham and Moses, David and Solomon, valiant old Isaiah, brooding Hosea, with a face like a thin bright flame. He was their son, as well as the Son of God. They broke the trail His feet were to follow. They reared the temple His hands were to serve. They lit the torch that blazes now throughout all Christendom.

"Throw out the Jews?"

Eastern Shore—Continued

But it was Jewish wisdom that gave that first Christian His knowledge of men and life.

And it was Jewish tenderness and love of justice that made Him despise the cruelty of Rome, the viciousness of His own corrupt Sanhedrin Machine.

AND IT WAS JEWISH COURAGE—BLOOD HERITAGE OF ALL THOSE TORTURED, DRIVEN SOULS WHO HAD GONE BEFORE—WHICH GAVE HIM THE STRENGTH TO DIE FOR THE THING HE LOVED AND, DYING, GASP: "FATHER FORGIVE THEM: THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!"

I am not a Jew. But I am a Christian. And for all that Christianity means to me or to the world I must be grateful not only to that young Jew of Nazareth, but to all Jewry.

For, while the rest of humanity worshipped its little mud idols with obscene rites, lusted and looted like the jungle beasts which they were, the Jews took the law from Sinai, built the Altar, kept the Faith.

Through desert exile, through incredible persecution, still the candles burned. While the power that was Egypt scattered like her desert sands, and the glory that was Rome sprawled, a putrid corpse, in her stone gutters, the Jews, without wealth, without power, without a nation, still held on. And today our civilization rests on the traditions which were taught that little Hebrew boy in the shabby home of a Jewish carpenter.

Corruption and conniving amongst Jews? Where isn't there corruption and conniving? What race has a monopoly on that? But against that record, put this—What race has given to the world such beauty, such song, such vision, such sensitive communing with the Eternal Mysteries as the Jew?

AND WHERE IN ALL THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF CHRISTENDOM, CAN YOU FIND A SETTLEMENT WHERE THE HOME LIFE OF THE JEW DOES NOT SHAME THE HOME LIFE OF OTHER CITIZENS?

"Throw out the Jews?"

It can't be done. Thank God it can't! For the Jew is more than a man of certain faith or certain blood. He is a symbol—the Sign, made manifest in flesh, of a dream which has filled the heart of man since God first breathed His fire into a lump of clay. And as long as our hearts shall grope for beauty and order, for love and law, the Jew will go on—until at last there is no Jew and no Gentile, only all Sons of God.

ELSIE ROBINSON

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IF WISELY CHOSEN

Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends—come, let us read.

JUST GOING ABOUT

I read
In a book
Where a man called
Christ
Went about doing good.
It is very disconcerting
To me
That I am so easily
Satisfied
With just
Going about.

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE EPITOME OF HOSPITALITY

Near Pittsville—on the road to Gumboro, lived Benjamin Farlow. Mr. Farlow, a hospitable soul, became slightly annoyed at being called up at night with requests from passing travelers for lodging. Therefore he caused to be erected a special wing, or room, in which he placed a light, a bed, food, and a jug of rum.

For many years that room was open to all belated travelers seeking lodging for the night. No charge was made for either food or lodging.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

The late Dr. Edwin E. Tull of Princess Anne, was an avowed agnostic; he took violent issue with all sects and religious bodies, and died in that belief.

A part of the farm on which he lived had formerly belonged to an old mission, a branch of Somerset Parish, probably dating back to about 1738.

Dying suddenly, the Dr. was interred on the site of this old mission—as proved by the old foundations upturned when his grave was dug; thus the Dr. all thru life, entirely at variance with the Church—was buried in consecrated ground.

We are indebted to Dr. George W. Jarman, whose farm adjoins that of Dr. Tull, for this story.

ANTIQUES—

Antiques abound on the Eastern Shore—everything is antiquated but the Shore itself. That is always new—forever changing—a shifting panorama of unending loveliness. Spring and summer, fall and winter, nature is busy making new pictures—changing her setting, carving new frames—and continually creating new forms of bewildering beauty. Speaking of antique shops, what delightful places they are! Crisfield, Snow Hill, Easton, Salisbury, Chestertown, all have antique shops. In one corner grandfather's clock ticks out the time, in another corner is the bed that George Washington did not sleep on; under the sofa is a genuine Strad, made in Germany and brought over on the Mayflower.

STRAY BITS OF GOSSIP

Picked up here and there

The most fun we have in life is talking about our neighbors—and ourselves. Rambling thru the Shore we picked up a few choice bits of gossip, which are herein set down for your delectation.

* Dr. Sartorius at Pocomoke City says that Dr. Sartorius is the best fisherman in Worcester County. (The other Doctors are good fellows even if they can't catch fish.)

Gene Maddox opines that Wilfred Ross (Snap) of the same city, is a gentleman—a scholar, a good fellow, and a good Mayor of a great town. Far be it from us to contradict our elders.

Crisfield has two Chambers of Commerce, Senior and Junior. The city water will relieve any form of stomach trouble. It has a new spirit—a new vision, and a determination—due to Chamber of Commerce activity, to shortly reach out and annex Princess Anne, Fruitland and Salisbury.

Eastern Shore—Continued

PLACE NAMES ON THE SHORE HAVE A RHYTHMIC QUALITY

I found in traveling down the Eastern Shore last week that I was passing through many places whose names had often attracted my attention in the columns of the weekly papers—names based often upon ancient traditions, or names inspired by some plainly local characteristic—like Rockawalkin, for instance, and Tyaskin, and Mardela in Wicomico. In Wicomico County, too, there is a Quantico, White Haven, Hebron, Riverton, Nanticoke. Somerset county has an Oriole.

Queen Anne's county is not to be outdone by any of them in the matter of place names. It has such beauties as Ingleside, Busic, Crumpton, Marydel, Wye Island, Wye Mills, Sudlersville, Dominion and Barclay. Kent has Rock Hall and Still Pond, Betterton, Worton, Millington, Kennedyville, and to go back to Wicomico I found also Fruitland, Bivalve, Mount Vernon, Gumboro, White Haven, Powellville and Double Mills. Many of the counties have names that duplicate each other; there is a Double Mills in Talbot, for instance, and a Hebron in several of the counties.

Of course, in Dorchester one strikes Vienna almost first of all because of the tang of romance in its name; but there are other place names there that are rather interesting, such as Hurlock, Secretary, Madison, East New Market and the like; though when I want euphony and lyric ring I go back to Kent, where I find Fairlee, for instance, with its liquid sibilance.

And now I am bound to Kitzmiller!

BENTZTOWN BARD
In Baltimore Sun

SPRING ON THE EAST'RN SHO'.

Has you seen spring come to de Eastern
Sho',

Wid de yaller jonquills dancin,
Shinin gold-like ever-wich-a-way you look,
An de tulips struttin sassy, an de crocus
peekin shy-like,

An a sorter smilin at you from every little
nook?

Has you smelled de purple lilac,
When de sun am jes a showin.

An de rain has fallen gentle in de night?
Seen wisteria bendin graceful on de wall
aroun de garden?

You kin travel fur and not see sich a sight!
Has you listened, settin lazy,
On de sunny side de wall,
To de robin red-breast, chirpin low and
sweet?

As de sun gits wahm and wahmer, an your
haht swells up inside you,
You kin jes see spring a rompin down de
street

I feels sorry for dese youngstahs
What thinks dey has to roam,
An go off to furrin pahts to settle down;
For when de spring time calls em, I know
dey craves dey home,
An to loaf aroun de streets of dis heah
town.

You kin have de hills in summah,
When old Sol am hittin hardes,
You kin likewise choose de mountains in
de fall;

But I'se heah to tell you, Honey, an dese
ol eyes has seen a passel,
Twell you've seen spring come to de East-
ern Sho'
You a'n't seen no spring at all.

LORENA J. HITCH,
Portsmouth, Va.

SPRING

I have no time for trivial words—
The air is filled with the song of birds.

Along the open country road
The hidden sparrow sings his ode.

The bluebird, perched upon a wire,
Has notes that rival the ancient lyre.

The redbird sways upon the reed
And sends his call across the mead.

I should not wish to lose by talk
The music heard throughout our walk.

SARA SPENCER ROE,
Sudlersville, Md.
(Random Notes—Detroit News)

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE BENTZTOWN BARD—

Dedicated to Maryland's Best Loved Poet

If you're grouchy in the morning,
And the task at hand is hard,
Those stirring spring-time melodies
From the cheerful Bentztown Bard,
Will scatter the clouds that hover
About your troubled head,
And the hours—looming darkly,
Will be diamond tipped instead.

For words with sunshine sprinkled,
And comfort, love and cheer,
His pen has never failed us
For lo this many a year.

Some day—may it long be distant,
The flash of a snowy wing,
And the voice we love—in a fairer land—
A sweeter song will sing.

Then up from the Shore the flowers
Will come with words of praise,
A sorrowing people's tribute
To the beauty of his lays,
And down in "Ole Virginny,"
Where men revere his name,
There'll be buds and blossoms fragrant
With the story of his fame.

Now, in the joyful springtime,
When there's music in the air,
Place on his brow the laurel wreath—
Our poet beyond compare.
Here's luck to you across the miles,
And stressing our true regard,
The great big heart of the Eastern Shore
Sends love to the Bentztown Bard,

W. C. THURSTON.

WHEN THE BENTZTOWN BARD CAME DOWN TO THE EAST'RN SHO'

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir:

The Bentztown Bard was homesick—
Homesick for the East'rn Sho'—
So he packed his bag and locked his desk
And left Miss Baltimore
For the sights and sounds,
The rivers and streams
Of the dear old East'rn Sho'.

An' such a time you never saw—
The wires were gayly hummin'
With the glad news in every town,
"The Bentztown Bard is comin'."
The P.-T. A. and the Lions Club
Put their heads together,
For a welcome that would warm his heart
In any kind o' weather.

I'm tellin' you 'twas a scrumptious time
When the Bentztown Bard came down
To the East'rn Sho' and made a speech
And sort o' visited 'round,
With a handshake and a smile.
For the good folk in our town.

An' this is our word to the Bentztown
Bard,
Best loved on the East'rn Sho':
Whenever you can, come back again—
Come down from Baltimore—
To find a smile on every face
And a welcome at every door.

W. C. THURSTON.

Salisbury, Md., April 5.

ONE GOOD FELLOW TO ANOTHER

A columnist for thirty-one years on the same paper! That is the record of the Bentztown Bard and it is little wonder that his faithful fans turn out to greet him in person when the rare opportunity presents itself as it did this past week for Eastern Shoremen. And we little columnists who struggle with our weekly work marvel how any one can keep up the pace day in and day out with never a dull, tired, discouraged note creeping into his lines. Well, it is that type of Rock-of-Gibraltar person with which this sorry old world is blest, that makes easier going for the rest of us. They are the ones who can and do give the words to "stiffen up our backs" and we owe them a big debt that can only be paid by stiffening up our own backs and passing on the word to the next one who needs it. Among any list of occupational classifications I don't believe the classification of "back-stiffener" is given, yet who shall say that it is not a mighty noble and important occupation. And the Bard ranks high in that profession.

NELL C. WESTCOTT,
Chestertown Enterprise.

Eastern Shore—Continued

CALM ON THE CHESAPEAKE

The bay spreads out to yonder misty shore
Without a ripple on her breasts,
Nor flush of whitecaps 'long the tidal flow,
Nor curling wave with snow-white crest.

But silver streaks, and darker breadths
Of blue, and here and there a gleam,
As if the sparkling sun flashed back
From jewels bosomed in the stream.

Across the sweep of blue lie boats becalmed;
Their white sail mirrored in the deep
Shine in the distance like the wings
Of giant butterflies asleep.

Down by the line where sea and sky are one,
Their curling clouds close huddled lie;
As if the Master painter—whites and grays are done—
Had lightly drawn His brush across the sky.

LUCY MEACHAM THRUSTON,

A MARYLAND ROAD—

Onward and outward the white road beck-
ons,
Out where the shadows lie;
Thru fertile fields of ripening grain—
Under the arching sky.

A silver ribbon that lightly holds
The hills in a soft caress;
A shining path thru enchanted lands—
Created at man's behest.

Flashes of light and cooling shade
That lighten the heavy load;
A vista of beauty—a work of art—
Such is a Maryland road.

W. C. THURSTON.

LAND OF THE EVERGREENS

Here's to the land where the evergreens grow,
In the summer's sun and the winter's snow;
Here's to the land where the oyster thrives,
Where the terrapin crawls and the wild duck
flies;
Where the crabs abound in Chesapeake
waters;
The pride of Maryland's sons and daughters;
Here's to the land where skies are bluest—
Home ties are strongest—hearts are truest;
Here's to the sweetest land I know;
The dear homeland—the Eastern Sho'!

MARIA LOUISE ELLEGOOD,
Salisbury.

Mr. L. M. Kaplan of Salisbury, had gone
along for years and never had a bit of
trouble; then one day he bought an auto-
mobile.

Sign near the High School:
"Pedal Extremities Artistically lubricated
and Illuminated for the Infinitesimal Re-
muneration of Ten Cents per Operation."

Eastern Shore—Continued

EASTERN SHORE GIRLS

Why do people love the Eastern Shore? What is that intangible something that grips and holds the visitor from far or near? So far as we know the secret has never been divulged. It has been attributed to blue skies and sparkling waters—the fields white with harvest, and white ribbon roads that lead to enchanted spots. But these were all wrong. Perchance if there was one who dimly realized the real reason, modesty—a marked characteristic of the Eastern Shoreman—forbade that it be told.

But the time has come to speak out in meeting, and tell the world that the charm of the Shore is the Eastern Shore girls. There, the secret is out! You may have suspected it before, but here in plain black and white we write it down that he who runs may read, and woe be unto him who dares take issue with the truth we have revealed. One has only to see these girls to have all doubts dispelled.

Who could depict their youthful grace and charm—their sweet wild ways—with smiles that break and ripple over faces fair as summer flowers? Not we. If the unbeliever still doubts—let him come and meet Virginia, Florence, Nettie, Dorothy, Isabel, Hazel, Alice, Grace, Mildred, Pauline, Jeanette, Ruth, Ardis, Nancy, Aline, Evalyn, Bernice, Elaine, Beatrice, Bernese, Merrill, Mamie, Maud, Helen, Iva, Ida, Ann, Gertrude, Meredith, May, Frances, Elsie, Julia, Juanita, Josephine, Marion, Peggy, Bobbie, Marietta, Elizabeth, Margaret, Laura, Madeline, Caroline, Louise, Elva, Louella, Hilda, Edith, Aleine, Esther, Mary Jane, Sarah, Eunice, Willye, Katherine, Alma and many others whose faces are just as fair. Their last names? Oh well, that is a different matter. These are all Eastern Shore girls, representing the finest womanhood in the world.

And what if they do smoke their cigarettes, take a glass of beer occasionally, and wear queer little hats perched on the back of their heads—or rakishly leaning over the right ear! Those minor quirks of conduct in no wise reflect on their natural charm, nor mar the purity of their sweet unsullied womanhood. Bless their hearts, all of 'em! With dimpled cheeks and smiling eyes, any man's heart is safe in their care. Soon they will all marry and settle down to live happily forever afterward. And maybe in the years to come, some sprightly little miss will dig this book out of the basement—or bring it down from the attic, and exclaim "The idea of anybody raving about grandmother like that!"

PROGRESS AND PLENTY

A number of Eastern Shoremen own automobiles. Sometimes the garage is larger than the dwelling, and occasionally the automobile is larger than the garage. In that event, the dog sleeps in the garage and the car roosts outside.

◆

Idle hours mean empty pockets; if you want money you'll have to go out and get it—the world will not bring it to your door.

J. Cleveland White

Selfishness is the cohesive power that holds the molecules of humanity together.

L. M. Kaplan

Eastern Shore—Continued

THE EASTERN SHOREMAN

If there's anything that happens that is
really worth your while,
If there's anybody doing anything to make
another smile
If there's anybody helping to move the
world along,
If there's anybody righting any kind of
human wrong,
If there's anybody setting times and places
in a roar—
You can bet your bottom dollar he is from
the Eastern Shore.

If there's anything that cheers you with
its comfort and its glow,
If there's anything that helps you to
develop and to grow,
If there's anything that's singing all the
day of light and cheer,
If there's anything that holds you to the
beautiful and clear,
If there's anything of good in our dear
old Baltimore,
You can bet your bottom dollar it is from
the Eastern Shore.

If there's anybody praising some woman's
charm and grace,
If there's anybody crazy over an old time
mother's face,
If there's anybody dwelling on the right-
eous and the sweet,
If there's anybody bubbling over things
we have to eat,
If there's anybody speaking of a land of
charm and lore,
You can bet your bottom dollar that he
means the Eastern Shore.

Editor's note:

The author of this beautiful tribute to
the irrepressible Eastern Shoreman is un-
known to us. However, we strongly sus-
pect it was the Bentztown Bard. Whoever
it was, all honor to his name!

THE LAND I LOVE

I am part and parcel of all that is
Of the land in which I live;
I am flesh and bone and heart and soul,
And all that a man can give

To the city, the county and the State
In which he makes his home;
I'm a son of the soil and here I'll stay—
Nevermore to roam.

I am one with all that buds and blooms,
I'm fellow to the trees,
I'm one with the flowers and grassy slopes
One with the birds and bees.

I'm one with the forests and fertile fields,
And the winding little streams;
My pulses throb with her vibrant life;
I am part of her hopes and dreams.

I'm a son of the soil—whose fruitful yield
Is a gracious gift of God,
I am root and branch and all that grows
From the sun-kissed mellow sod.

I am fruit and flower and bud and tree,
And loyal to the very core;
I'm one of the Clan—you may have
guessed,
I'm from the Eastern Shore

W. C. THURSTON.

OLD MARYLAND ROADS

Old Maryland roads in my memory dream
And with me their vine-tangled borders
ride;

Wherever my roads, by desert or stream,
Old Maryland roads in my memory
dream.

Her laughing waterways glance and gleam,
All her vagrant perfumes drift at my
side—

Old Maryland roads in my memory dream
And with me their vine-tangled borders
ride.

The dreaming roads of my Maryland go
To bless the roads where I ride or rest—
Where the orderly elm-arched streets
drowse slow

The dreaming roads of my Maryland go;
And their fall-flaming sumac and maple
glow

Pass the swamp's gray moss, past the
pine's tall crest—

The dreaming roads of my Maryland go
To bless the roads where I ride or rest.

MARY DAVIS TODD, (A Marylander)
Fort Brown, Texas.

For this exquisite bit of verse we are
indebted to "Interludes," a delightful
resume of Maryland poetry, formerly pub-
lished by William James Price, Baltimore,
Md. Editor.

Eastern Shore—Continued

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

Crisfield feeds the King of England—

Kent County is the oldest county on the Shore—Wicomico County is the youngest—and departs herself accordingly.

Charles J. Truitt, former editor of the Times, was the youngest editor in the State and the youngest historian.

The prettiest baby on the Shore—except yours, is the editor's grandson.

Two women on the Shore are said to be responsible for their respective husbands being elected to office. Names on application.

The best bootlegger on the Shore lives in Worcester county.

The biggest liar on the Shore lives in Salisbury.

The finest woman on the Shore lives in Berlin.

The best coon dog on the Shore is owned by Judge Johnson.

The biggest fish ever caught got away.

Mrs. Jones—never mind the town, said to her husband—

"Night before last you came home yesterday,

Last night you came home today,
If you come home tonight tomorrow,
I am going home to mother."

Where grit and muscle are needed—

Where brain and brawn are found.

You can bet on an Eastern Shoreman

Being the first man on the ground.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF THE OLDER CHILDREN

"There are only two of us," said George Kennerly, when honest men was the subject of discussion.

Profits and poverty are twin sisters

L. M. Kaplan

History is only a brass plate which we consistently polish in order to see our own reflection.
L. M. Kaplan

Life is just one automobile payment after another.
W. C. T.

Life is a shifting panorama of rainbow tinted dreams that never come true.
W. C. T.

To destroy any man make him feel important. As soon as he begins to feel his importance his brain shrinks and his head swells.
L. M. K.

Religion in its fullness simply means right living.
Dr. Hamilton P. Fox

The man who is a slave to John Barley-corn has a pint bottle mind. Selected

History is a glorification of crime at its worst.
L. M. K.

Man can't change anything but himself, and that's the hardest job he has to do.
W. C. T.

Signboard on the Eastern Shore—

This is God's country—don't drive like hell!

Great men change their minds—their wives make 'em.

It takes two to make a bathing suit immodest—one to wear it and one to look at it.

One sweet thing to another—"Are you going to return my book on etiquette, or will I have to come over there and lam you one?"

"Dear Lord", prayed the fair young co-ed at the State Teachers College, "I don't ask anything for myself, just give mother a son-in-law."

Heard at a P. T. A. Meeting: "I had rather have him say 'I ain't seen' if he ain't seen sompthin' than to have him say 'I ain't saw' when he ain't saw nothin'."

Eastern Shore—Continued

FAITH AND AN OPERATION

The party who told this story positively refused to state whether the Doctor involved was Dr. Dick of Salisbury, or Dr. Norris of Crisfield, but he did vouch for the truth of it as herein related.

An old colored woman was being prepared for an operation. As they rolled into the operating room, the old lady inquired—"Doctor, is you a Church membah?" "Yes, I am." "It's a membah, too. Doctor, can I pray?" "Yes." "I'se gwine to pray out loud." "Go to it," said the Surgeon; and this was her prayer—"Lawd, dis is Tildie, I's in the horspital, up on the foth floh in de operatin' room, gwine to be op'rated on. The Doctor's gwine to op'rate on me. I h'ar he is a good Doctor, an' I trust him—but, Lawd, I wants you here to strengthen his knees, and guide de hand dat holds de knife; yours truly, Lawd, Amen!"

The operation was a success.

TALL STORIES

In the old days bicycle riding was great sport. Bicycles had no brakes in those days and sometimes ran away; especially when going down hill.

Descending a long grade a Gentleman's bicycle got beyond his control; noting a path that veered to the right he managed to steer his recalcitrant bike up the steep incline that led to a cottage on the hill. Still going at great speed—he noticed a large board resting on the edge of the roof sloping gently to the ground. Up this board he went, climbed the roof and rolled down on the other side. As he came bouncing down on that side it so happened that the old lady and her daughter were shaking out a large rug—on which he landed, bounced once or twice, and then rode on around the house and continued his journey without losing his seat or his dignity.

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

There is an old superstition to the effect that rats can read. Drifting down thru the years, it finally became an accepted fact that if one was troubled with rats, and would write them a polite note, requesting that they take their departure, the rats would very obligingly do so.

The story gained credence in Salisbury, and one dear woman, whose home was over-run with the pests, decided to take action. In pursuance thereof, she penned a brief note to the rodents, asking them to vacate the premises. She suggested as a new location that they move over to Mrs. B.'s home. Mrs. B. by the way was a former neighbor with whom she had had some difficulty.

Lo and behold, in a few days every rat was gone. The cats had to be fed with raw meat and fresh fish, or they would have left also.

The sequel of the story is quite interesting. Several weeks after the departure of the rats, a neighbor called who lived close to Mrs. B. "By the way," she remarked, "Her house has suddenly become infested with rats; they run all over everything". Mrs. A. smiled and said she was sorry.

We had this story at first hand from Mrs. A. herself, who is perfectly willing to vouch for its authenticity, and it is passed on to our readers for what it is worth.

If rats bother you, well, here's the story, and Mrs. A. says she will stick to it.

Berlin

Berlin traces its beginnings back to a tract of land called "Burley," granted to Colonel Stevens in 1677. J. S. Purnell and his wife, in 1834 built Burleigh Cottage, a stately and roomy edifice surrounded by a mass of shrubbery, and shaded by beautiful trees. Burley Cottage, as it is still called, contains many interesting relics of the Colonial period, and is now occupied by the grand-daughter of the original owner.

An old sketch of the town reveals the fact that the country around Berlin was trodden by the first Europeans that ever entered what was to be the Colony and State of Maryland. In common with her sister towns, the section around Berlin abounds with historical data, far more than this brief sketch will allow. According to Prof. Harry S. Covington, now deceased, Verrazanno, an Italian navigator, landed in Sinepuxent Bay in 1624, and called the country "Arcadia," because of the beauty of its trees. His ship—the Dauphine, preceded the Mayflower by ninety seven years.

At South Point, the end of the Sinepuxent Neck, lived and died the regicide Major-General Edward Whaley, a cousin and officer of Oliver Cromwell, and one of the Judges that brought Charles the First to the block. After the restoration, Whaley fled with a price on his head to New England, finally settling near Berlin on the Sinepuxent Bay. He was known as the "Gray Eagle," of the seaside, and his descendants still live in Berlin and Whaleyville.

On what is known as the "Decatur Farm" Commodore Stephen Decatur was born. The old house in which he first saw the light of day is still standing.

Of legend and tradition in and around Berlin, there is no end. Ghost stories are still heard, and the colored Gentleman hurries home at night when his way leads past the graveyard. But ordinarily Berlin is a quiet and sedate little city. The pioneer spirits of the past sleep peacefully beneath the moss-covered stones that mark their last resting place. They were all good men and true, but no glorious past has ever produced two finer characters—and none more beloved, than the late Dr. L. P. Bowen and Dr. Charles A. Holland.

Dr. Bowen was the poet of the Shore, and no man has sung her praise in sweeter verse. He was God's Nobleman.

Dr. Holland, who was living when these sketches were begun, was the typical conscientious physician, with broad sympathies and a heart of gold, who gave his life that others might live. "Greater love hath no man than this."

As this is written another man—made in the image of his Maker, is lying upon a bed of pain. He, too, sacrificed many years of his life in unselfish service to his "Buddies." Berlin remembers her illustrious dead—she is proud of her past, but she is not ashamed of the tears that were shed for her beloved Dr. Holland.

The soul of a city is the heart beat of its people. Berlin is filled with tragedy, and romance and self sacrifice, and over it all broods the spirit of noble womanhood. But that will not be history until tomorrow. If ten men could save a city, there are two women in Berlin—tender, compassionate, and pure of heart, whose splendid lives could make amends for all its sins—past and present.

Berlin vigorously protests any connection whatsoever with the capital of Germany. The stage route leading from the Virginia counties thru Maryland, and what is now Delaware, had their stables for changing horses on the Burleigh Plantation. There a blacksmith shop was built and the little town started. It took the plantation name of Burleigh, which in time was abbreviated to Berlin, retaining the accent on the first syllable.

Berlin—Continued

EASTERN SHORE GRAVEYARDS

Oh, the epics and elegiacs and lyrics and threnodies of the Eastern Shore graveyards! Ossian might well sing here again his songs of Morven. Breathe it in—the filial poesy, for its humanizing and uplifting. We need relief from the material, the selfish, the humdrum. We need our dead! They make heaven real and close. This is the true poetry of life—the rhyming together of the past and the present and the future. Thus the soul gets its refinements and its pinions.

The old plantation graveyards where lie the murmuring dead,
Where moved the slow procession and the sundered heartstrings bled
Where rose the supplication and the hymns of love and faith,
And preachers talked of heaven and the triumph over death.

The old plantation graveyards where in the solitudes
The plaintive spirit of past days still like a presence broods,
And floats about the scene like mist that lights and disappears,
The friendships of the fathers and the loves of vanished years.

The old plantation graveyards the owners passed away,
The waving wheat and silking corn in our ancestral day,
And then the tread of strangers, where low the coast wind moans,
The plowshare grating ruthlessly above dishonored bones.

The old plantation graveyards—it can not hurt the dead,
The hurt is to the living, the finer instincts fled;
The voices of the hoary past, the treasures of time,
The badge of immortality and of sentiment sublime.

Excerpt from Dr. L. P. Bowen's Makemieland.

POEMS

Poems are not made to order; they are not on tap like water. No poet—however great, can call at will and have them answer “here.”

At times they crowd in like children trooping home from school. Again, all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't coax one from its hiding place in the cosmos. Inspiration—moods? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. The critics are all wrong. Poetry is not an interpretation—it is the inner man, the overflowing of some little fount that bubbles in his heart.

With the greater poets it is a rushing torrent, like the waters of Ladore, plunging madly and merrily on.

With those of lesser talents it is but a tiny stream trickling down from the unseen heights, but just as surely finding its way to the great sea of life. It is a shallow stream and ships may not ride upon its bosom, but in the dark it sings—even sweeter than the great rushing river.

Both have the same mission—both are serving to fill some part in the divine plan. Epic, classic, or simple rime, each has its place, and each in a far land on a fairer shore, may be welcomed by the great Poet of the universe.

W. C. THURSTON.

Berlin—Continued

THE PASSING OF SUMMER ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND

'Neath the density of late foliage,
The shadows darkly lie;
The sunshine falls more golden,
And we hear the cricket's cry;
By and by the leaves are drifting,
Drifting into heaps of gold;
Heaps of gold and crimson beauty,
And the summer's growing old.

Growing old but lingering still,
Rarest days of gold and blue.
Reflected in the laughing waters,
Are their beauties mirrored too,
Laughing waters warm, inviting,
In the Indian Summer haze;
How all beauty loves to linger,
In this land between the bays.

Weeks pass by. Pines are tossing,
Along the coast the billows foam;
And the twinkling hearthfires lighted,
Cheerfully invites you home.
Gunnars dreaming of the wild fowl,
And the sporting days once more,
Cold rains sweep across the marshes,
Summer's gone from the Eastern Shore.

LUCY CUTRIGHT,
Berlin, Md.

BOOKS

From the prolific pen of Rev. I. Marshall Page, pastor of Buckingham Presbyterian Church, Berlin, Md. two delightful books have made their appearance with the past two years. The first is "Old Buckingham by the Sea, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland." A most engaging sketch of Presbyterianism in this section.

It also contains a great deal of subject matter relating to the early history of Worcester and adjoining counties.

Mr. Page was a great admirer of the late Dr. L. P. Bowen, that lovable old Gentleman—whom many of us had the pleasure of knowing. He quotes Dr. Bowen as saying that the secret of his long life, as told to one of the Professors at Johns Hopkins, was summed up as follows—"I refuse to worry, I am in love with God's great outdoors. I will not impose upon my stomach, I always look on the bright side of things, and I have boycotted all Doctors and their miserable drugs." To which the Professor replied, "Dr. Bowen, you should live forever."

Mr. Page's second book "The life story of Rev. Francis Makemie," is dedicated to Dr. L. P. Bowen.

The secret of a long life is keeping busy. When Mr. Page has completed another book, which he is very likely to do, he will be younger than he is today. The Shore is greatly indebted to him for the two excellent books he has written. Both are a valuable addition to the Americana of this section—and both should find a place in the library of every true Eastern Shoreman.

EDITOR.

Berlin—Continued

THE HOUSE OF FRIENDLY HANDS

(The Cedars,

Down in sunny Maryland where soft sea breezes blow;
Tucked in between broad lawns of green—
On the famous "Eastern Sho'."

Is a restful spot—romantic, where beauty greets the eye;
And happiness it seems, dreaming her golden dreams—
Blest it as she went by.

A wistful something lingers on the flower laden air;
Recalling other days of blossom bordered ways,
When men were true and women fair!

Serene among its setting in a grove of noble trees,
Is a home of simple beauty—a shrine of love and duty;
God give us more of these!

Shouts of childish laughter that make it sweetly human;
A mother's crooning song, a handclasp that is strong;
The graciousness of woman!

Dignified—impressive, but beneath the arching dome,
No place is quite so fair—nowhere a charm so rare
As this aristocratic home.

Of that something 'round about it—nameless if you will;
Friends who come to stay, say the house was built that way—
Each room with love to fill.

Enchanting and alluring, you're captive to its spell;
It can boast of high estate, but what makes it truly great
Is not for me to tell!

Untouched by worldly vices—it knows no foolish pride;
It nobility it lives, and to mankind freely gives
A welcome, true as it is wide.

Down in sunny Maryland where gentle zephyrs blow,
Is the house of friendly hands—the fairest of all lands;
We know it as the CEDARS—on the "Eastern Sho'."

W. C. THURSTON.

Harrison's Nurseries at Berlin occupy quite a unique place in the community. One of the largest industries of its kind in the world, over 400 varieties of trees, plants and shrubs are grown.

On reliable authority it is stated that one may find among this amazing assortment of native flora a scion of the original apple tree that bloomed in Eden. However, Mr. Harrison desires to make it known that the purchaser must furnish his own snake.

Thru many transplantings, it is understood that the apples have lost nothing of their original flavor.

Berlin—Continued

PALS & COMRADES

He drifted in from old Kentuck'
With a face like rainy weather;
But som'thin' about the lazy cuss
Made us pull together.

I scribbled bits of trashy verse
For printing at his shop;
A partnership of type and talent,
Till hard times called a stop.

He'd always take a little drink,
I smoked a good cigar;
But that didn't matter, we pegged along
Without a jolt or jar.

When business went to the bow wows,
We hit the road together;
One of poet—two of tramp;
Broke, and birds of a feather.

I took the lead and acted boss,
He trailed along behind,
But he read my verse, which naturally,
Revealed a splendid mind.

We shared our trouble and our ties;
Our shirts and shoes and hose.
Fifty-fifty, I said to him,
O. K. says he, fifty-fifty goes.

He was just a plain and ornery chap,
But square as God could make him,
If now and then I damned his soul—
'Twas proof I'd never forsake him.

Sometimes he'd hit the bottle,
Sometimes he'd rush the can,
But six foot two of that lanky frame,
Was square-jaw honest man.

Some day we'll hit the pike again,
Dependin' on the weather;
And fifty-fifty, fast or feast,
We'll pull along together.

I doubt if you would like him—
His manners might offend;
But take it from me, he's six foot two
Of comrade—pal and friend.

W. C. THURSTON.

Dedicated to

CARL RATCLIFFE

(with the Eastern Shore Times, Berlin, Md.) Born in old Kentucky. Long a resident of the Shore. The roots of his family tree go back to the first settlers of Maryland.

He is the Editor's friend—
A Gentleman by birth,
A printer by trade—
The kindest—straightest man
God ever made.

OUR HERITAGE.

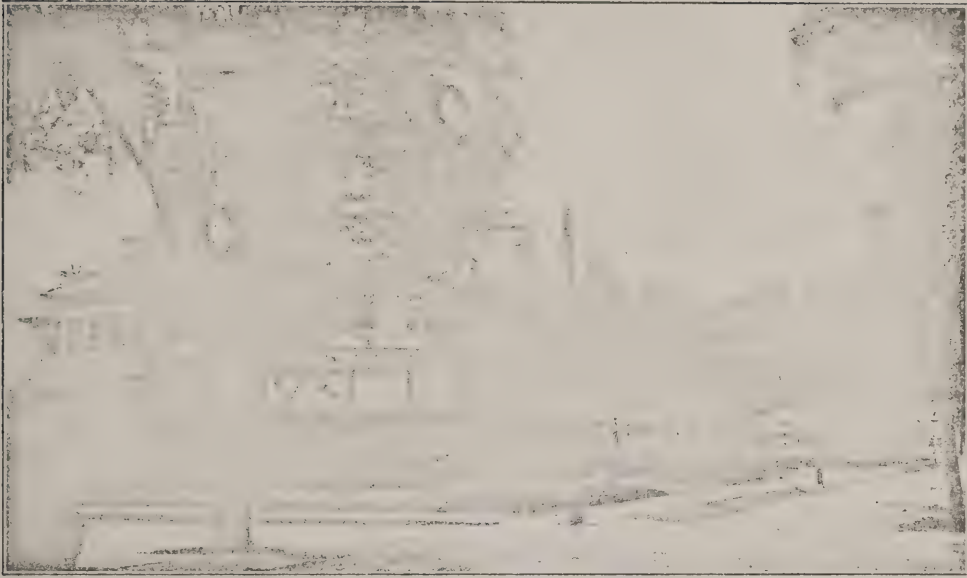
Only 32 years after the discovery of this continent by Columbus in 1492 another Italian voyager, Verrazzano, anchored his caraval Dauphine in Sinexuent Bay. Thus 84 years before the chivalrous John Smith appeared at Jamestown and 96 years before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth, our own Eastern Shore was greeted by Europeans.

The first American Indian mentioned in History and in an act of hospitality, welcomed the Explorer. Thus too, long before William Penn distinguished himself by his fairness with the Aborigines, perfect concord began and continued between the Peninsular Whites and the Redmen. The hospitality of old Eastern Shore is no new thing.

It is little known that our beautiful Maryland coast was the first to be visited from Europe and that they with enthusiasm recognized its attractions. In his Journal the Voyager tells us that he "called the country Arcadia because of the beauty of the trees." Thus it became the Namesake of the most charming Province of ancient Greece, sung by the poets as the home of Nymphs and Goddesses.

DR. L. P. BOWEN.

Cambridge



THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Cambridge, the county seat of Dorchester Co. situated on the lovely Choptank river, is one of the oldest cities in America. Its inception dates back to 1684. An Act authorizing the building of the Courthouse on the site where Cambridge now stands, was passed in 1686. The original settlers were highly cultured people. To Cambridge came those who sought asylum from the persecution of European tyranny. From sunny France they came, and from old England as well as Scotland.

Followers of the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Marlboro lie buried in the old tombs of the ancient cemetery. As Gentlemen and Gentlewomen—they lived and loved. Warriors who were famed thruout the civilized world lived and died in the Cambridge of the past.

They were gallant, chivalrous, cultured and hospitable; and they left behind them descendants who have kept themselves true to the illustrious traditions of their forebears. Viewing the Cambridge of today one can easily vision a past in which old rose gardens figure. Old fashioned rose gardens and old fashioned girls, courtly Gentlemen beseeching the favor of the next quadrille of some beruffled dame attired in hoop skirts.

HERE'S TO ANOTHER THIRTY THREE!

For thirty three years the Bentztown Bard's pen has enlivened the columns of the Sun. Thirty three years the poet laureate of the Shore!

Cambridge—Continued

ON THE CHOPTANK—

White sails and chugging steamers
That ply the peaceful bay,
With twinkling lights of red and green
To mark the right of way.

Friendly trees that shade the streets—
Immaculately clean;
And flowers that twine their tendrils 'round
Broad lawns and green.

The rhythmic hum of cars enroute
To north and south and west;
The honest workman homeward bound
With merry quip and jest.

The spires of Churches gleaming
Against a sunlit sky;
The friendly spirit and ready smile
For the stranger passing by.

The laugh of happy children
Tripping home from school,
Where "rule of three" is taught by love;
Truly a golden rule.

White waves that break in whiter foam
Upon a sandy shore,
And sturdy seamen unafraid
Bending lightly to the oar.

But finer still than all of these,
Where the whitecap breaks and foams,
More beautiful than sea or sky—
Are the homes, the happy homes.

Homes that crown the quiet streets
Where little children play,
And strong men own their treasures there
When comes the close of day.

Cambridge, bright city by the sea!
Where every home is a castle strong,
And the murmur of the rolling deep
Is sweet as an old-time song.

W. C. THURSTON.

Taking into consideration the ancestor worship that prevails in certain sections, one is moved to ask what would happen if some of our ancestors could come back and meet their descendants?

Cambridge—Continued

A KAYSIDE IDYLL

By "Gath"

Basking on the Choptank pleasant Cambridge lies
In the humid atmosphere under fluttered skies,
And the oaks and the willows their protection fling
Round the court house cluster and the public spring.

There the streets are cleanly, and they meet oblique,
Forced upon each other by the village creek.
Winding round the ancient lawns, till the site appears
Like a moated fortress crumbling down with years.

Round the town the oysters grow within the coves,
And the fertile corn fields bearing yellow loaves;
And the wild ducks flying o'er the parish spire
Fall into the graveyard when the fowlers fire.

There the old armorial stones dwellers seldom read;
There the ivy clammers like the rankest weed
There sometimes the Cambridge lawyers scale the wall
To the grave of Helen loveliest of all.

Even here the fairest of the little band
Strangers call the fairest girls in Maryland,
Like the peach her color ere its dyes are fast,
And her form as slender as the virgin mast.

Like a vessel gliding with a net in tow,
Up the street of evening Helen seemed to flow,
Leaving light behind her and a nameless spell
Murmured in the young men like an ocean shell.

Made too early conscious of her power to charm,
Still unconscious ever love of men could harm,
Voices whispered to her: "Beauty rare as thine
Princes in the city never drank in wine."

"Hide it not in Cambridge." Cross the Bay and see
How a world delighted hastes to honor thee,
Seek the fortune teller and thy fortune hear;
There is empire yonder; there is thy career."

Oh, the sad ambition and the speedy dart!
He, the fortune reader, read poor Helen's heart;
And a face created for a hearthstone's light—
Fishers tell its ruin as they scud by night.

Whisper, whisper, whisper! leaf and wave and grass;
Look not sidewise, maiden as you pass,
If you hear a restless spirit as you pray,
'Tis the voice that tempted Helen o'er the bay.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

If the passing years pay tribute
To the good deeds you have done,
The laurel wreath of victory
Will be yours at set of sun.

Cambridge—Continued



In the Parish of Dorchester is old "Trinity Church," which is described in the following part of this chapter.

THE OLD CHURCH

In a picturesque spot on the Little Choptank River and on the narrow creek to which it has given its name, stands old Trinity, known until the middle of the nineteenth century as "The Church in Dorchester Parish," and familiarly known to the present generation as "The Old Church."

So long ago was this ancient little edifice built that all record of its date has been lost, the most diligent and careful search having so far failed to throw any light on the subject.

In the year 1690 there were already in existence in the colony of Maryland thirty parish churches and many "Chapels of Ease."

We find from the colonial records that the Old Church was situated at "Dorchester Town," as the inhabitants of this Parish were instructed to worship at Dorchester Town, upon the division of the county, and the inhabitants of Great Choptank Parish to worship in Cambridge, where the use of the Court House was given for divine service, until such time as it should be convenient for them to build their church, which they did not do until 1696 or later, as in that year Mr. Philip Pitt and other vestrymen petitioned the Assembly for the privilege of building a church, which was granted them.

Tradition says that this and other early churches were built of bricks brought from England, but a close searching of the records fails to bring to light any verification of this oft-told tale.

There is every reason to believe that the bricks were made by the English brick-makers, who were brought into the colony and who were contracting for bricks as early as 1649, in which year one Cornelius Canaday made an agreement to make and deliver to Mr. Thomas Cornwallis twenty-eight thousand bricks within two years.

An old red velvet cushion, which bears the stamp of royal quality, is said to have been sent over by Queen Anne for a prayer cushion in this early church. Indeed, tradition goes so far as to claim that the good queen knelt on it at her coronation. It is certainly the exact shape and size of those used on such occasions.

There still remains one large silver communion cup, inscribed "To the Church in Dorchester Parish," which bears the English Hall marks of long ago.

Cambridge—Continued

The other pieces of the service have disappeared. There is no mention made in the church records of the presentation of the communion service, and while tradition says it also was presented by Queen Anne, the Hall marks indicate a period later than her reign.

Standing like a sentinel among the graves of revolutionary heroes, is a beautiful monument. Deep cut in its shining side is the following inscription—

“Erected to Dr. Thomas King Carroll by the people who held in loving remembrance his fidelity to duty, his untiring devotion to his patients, and his heroic self sacrifice in a time of pestilence. “I was sick and ye visited me.”

Born at Kingston Hall, Somerset County, Md.
August 31st, 1821.

Died at his home—Walnut Landing, Dorchester Co., Md.
January 9th, 1900.

OLD TRINITY

Oh, hallowed spot beside this quiet stream,
Where 'neath thy ancient shade I come to dream
Of bygone days when these, thy children sought
The peace, that only Thou, Oh God, hast taught.

Beneath these weathered stones where now they lie,
Are souls whose glorious deeds will never die,
For Thou, oh God, gave unto them the light
That never dims, nor let them falter from Thy sight.

Within the walls of this, Thy ancient shrine—
Hushed by Thy sacred presence, Oh Lord, divine,
They found like us that peace and sweet tranquility—
Thy gift, oh God, to those of true humility.

F. ARTHUR LASKOWSKI,
Cambridge, Md.

TOAST TO AN OLD HOUSE

Here's to old houses
Patient and wise
Under the guarding
Pitying skies,
Under the blessing
Of sunshine or rain,
Here's to old houses
Who wait life again.

My faith sustains—
What e'er befalls I know 'tis best;
I do my part—God does the rest;
Each day the burden's lighter.

Cambridge—Continued

CAMBRIDGE HAS THE SPIRIT

Cambridge has the spirit
Of the Maryland way of life—
Contented and with valor
To confront the daily strife:
For there beside her river
With the singing beauty born
She wears the smile of patience
And she hears the voice of morn.

All around her lie the harvests,
And the meadows, and the peace
Of the lovely Dorset country
Where the flocks and herds increase:
Cambridge has the spirit
Of the Maryland way of love—
And her waters shine in glory
As the stars shine down above.

Her avenues of homesteads,
Where the trees are so divine;
Her touch of Maryland beauty
And her taste of morning wine:
Cambridge has the spirit
Of an old town born anew
To the progress of the moment
And the principles so true.

—B. B.

"HERRING TIME"

Herring time is here
And 'pon the placid Chesapeake,
Nets are dipt—then pulled to trap
Each wary silver streak.
Later comes a Kingly feast,
With corn cakes on the side,
But not till after each vendeur
His priceless ware has cried.

"Herrin' man's about,
Herrin' n' no trout;
Herrin' man's around,
All the way
From Herrin' town."

EDWARD SNEAD,
Cambridge, Md.

THE EASTERN SHORE

Oh, land o' mine, that lies 'tween bay and sea,
That land of smiling fields and flower decked lea,
With sparkling creeks and beauteous sun-kissed bays,
Oh, land o' mine, that home of boyhood days!

Oh, land o' mine, where first I learned to toil,
Before, I plunged in life's stern, ruthless whirl,
You taught me strength to hold head high in life,
But, land o' mine, how bitter's been the strife.

But, land o' mine, when work of life is done,
And soon I'll leave behind that which I've won,
There's one one more boon I'll ask—and then no more.
Oh, land o' mine, 'tis you to see, my home—The Eastern Shore!

F. ARTHUR LASKOWSKI,
Cambridge, Md.

All sorts of things happen on the Sho'. Unexpected things, nice things, glad things, the most surprising things; and nobody grows old or goes hungry unless he wants to.

The Charm of the Eastern Shore cannot be put on paper; it is too elusive, too subtly sweet to be caught between the pages of a book.

Cecilton

The absence of Cecilton subject matter is deeply regretted. Being old and lame, it was well nigh impossible for us to visit the town in person. Of course, barring the lack of transportation facilities, walking was good, but these Eastern Shore roads are so long. Borrowing a few stamps, we wrote to this one and the other one, begging piteously for something about Cecilton. Perhaps they will reply in the early spring, we haven't heard from them yet. In many places civic pride has been run down and killed by an automobile; which may not be true of Cecilton. We hope for the best.

However, there are several items to the credit of that picturesque section which will serve for an example to the other counties. First, we have in our possession a highly prized volume—The Poets and Poetry of Cecil County, edited by George Johnston, and published at Elkton in 1887. We know of no other county on the Shore that has a similar volume. The book also contains a brief biographical sketch of Folger McKinsey—the Bentztown Bard, but we wouldn't dare print it for fear of revealing his age. We might say that he was born in Elkton, and his first published poem was "Satana Victo", written in blank verse. The book is filled with good poems—many of them are nationally known and have been reprinted from time to time. No, we will not lend it to anybody, not even to the Pope. It is a part of our Americana—one of the treasured volumes of a small library, which constitutes our sole wealth. It has survived the usage of fifty years; any assurance that the Eastern Shore In Song & Story would live that long, would comfort our declining years.

Maybe some time, when the tide's at the flood, when the wind's in the east, and all's right with the world, we'll build another book—All about Cecilton and Cecil county, and fill it with prose and poetry from the pens of her talented sons and daughters.

There is also a history of Cecil county, but that volume is not in our collection. Having so little material on the subject, makes us rather curious to know more about Cecil and the good people who write such good poetry. The next time we build a book folks, we'll come to Cecil first, and after the rivers and trees, the old homes, and the old traditions have been properly treated, what's left over in the way of space will be devoted to the rest of the Shore.

DOWN THROUGH CECIL

It looked like Sunday morning as I came
along today
Through lovely Cecil county into Kent-
land's fields of May—
The sun so brightly shining and the hills
and meadows fair
In the kiss of whispering beauty in the
balsam-laden air.
Below the old Elk river, after Elkton came
the spell
Of hylas in the marshes—they had lots of
news to tell.
How the soggy fields are dying for the
plowmen who await!
The music of the tractor swinging through
the barnyard gate.

So I waved to wood and water, waved
to every lovely stream,
Bohemia and the Sassafras—and then the
Chester's dream:
The Chester by the old wharves of the
Chestertown that lies
'Neath the spell of Kentland beauty and
the kiss of springtime skies.

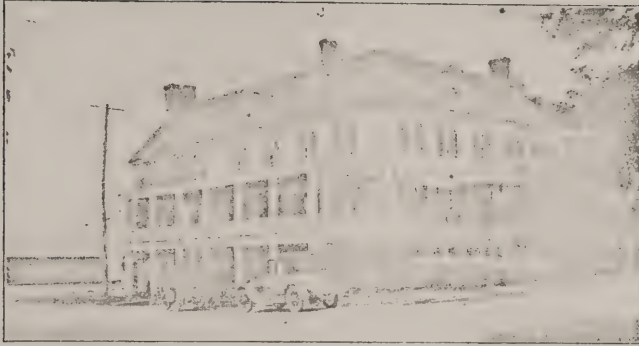
—B. B.

Every moment some fresh wakening of the
life of field and glade
Seemed apparent as I traveled, and my
heart was unafraid.

Oh, it sang, and in the singing came such
echoes one can meet
In the memorized lanes of beauty o'er the
leagues of winter wheat.

All the little towns seemed waiting for
some magic to come back
With the spring's abundant promise down
the old familiar track;
Chesapeake beside the water of the old
canal, and then
The Cecilton that gave us memory's greet-
ing once again.

Chestertown



Old Custom House

Tread softly, stranger, lest you wake these heroes of a far gone past, who were of Chestertown. They knew her and were a part of her in days of "taxation without representation," in the days when the British Goliath sought to deprive the Colonial David of his rights. Battleships were built here with which naval victories of importance were won. Customs were levied here by the British government, in direct contravention of the rights of the American Free Man.

The custom house built in 1694, still stands, along with many of its architectural contemporaries. The old buildings reminiscent of the past are carefully preserved. The Chester river is probably one of the world's most beautiful waterways. Chestertown rests like a jewel on its verdant banks. Stately old oaks shade the quiet streets and lend dignity to an almost perfect setting. Here was located one of the first free schools in American Colonies, and from the one in Kent county sprang Washington College—established in 1782.

Chestertown was a place of importance long before it was laid out in 1706. When the Custom House was built the site of the present town was made a port of entry for Kent county. In 1695 it was decided to remove the Kent county Courthouse from New Yarmouth, where it had been built in 1679, to a site on the Chester river where Chestertown now stands. In 1706, the town, then called New Town, was laid out and covered a grant of land known as Stepney, that had been left to the Wilmer family by Miss Tilghman who died in 1688.

In 1774, like the people of Boston, the inhabitants of New Town staged a Tea Party, when they boarded a boat at anchor in the harbor and threw all the tea overboard as a protest against high taxes. In 1780 the charter of New Town was revised and the community given the name of Chestertown.

Prominent among its old buildings are the Palmer house—the oldest house in town, the home of W. W. Hubbard, built in 1762, and the Kent News building, erected in 1827.

Chestertown was originally designed to be the "Baltimore," of the colonies—the chief port of entry of the realm of the Calverts.

Chestertown—Continued

PARADISE

When the first true picture of Eden
Was painted in panel of gold,
The tale of its wondrous conception
Remained thru the ages untold.

E'en He who had fashioned the garden—
Who did its perfection direct,
Left never the slightest suggestion
Where one would its presence suspect.

The picture in all its rare beauty
Was finished with consummate skill;
Awakened the laudable comment
Of laymen and critic until

'Twas a theme indelibly written
On tablets, and graven on stone,
As a treasure released to the future
With name of the artist unknown.

For ages man's futile endeavor
Has remained unceasingly keen
To discover the model as pictured,
But none have located the scene.

Which the Master with infinite wisdom
Had chosen for actual worth,
As the promising, bounteous Eden—
Most salubrious part of the earth.

Now, I've thought to unravel this mystery
By noting the similitude
Of the painting to scenes which acquaint-
ance
Has led me at last to conclude.

That grandfather Adam meandered
The paths I have frequently trod;
Knew the same Lordly gift of fruition
I've known from the flora and sod.

The hills everlasting still flourish
With flowers—with fruitage—with vine,
And I'm glad father Adam has left me
A part of this Eden as mine.

Its grandeur, its bountiful acres
Replete with the need of mankind,
Is the model, indeed, for the picture
Of course, by the Master designed.

So this wonderful picture of Eden
Was painted, no doubt, as I've said,
From the scenes with which I'm familiar—
From scenes which never misled,

The judgement of alien or native—
They all with ecstatic consent,
Are sure that the Garden of Eden
Was really the county of Kent.

FRANK RUTH,
Galena, Md.

LITTLE MARYLAND ROSE

Oh, my little honey, she's a-playin' all the
mornin'

Down where the trumpet-creeper grows,
Scarcely takin' heed of her old Mammy's
warnin',

Dancin' on her bare little toes.
Racin' in to dinner—such a lovin' little
sinner,

When the noon-day saw mill whistle
blows,

Teilin' where the fairies hid, chirpin' like
a katy-did,

Mammy's little Maryland rose.

Ches'peake country's in the gloamin',
fishin' boats are homin'

And the sun is sinkin' 'cross the bay;
Shadows fallin' kinda creepy, bed-time
comes, she's sleepy,

After such a busy, happy day;
Comes a-snugglin' to her Mammy, tired
little Lambie,

"Mammy, please unbutton Baby's
clo'es,"

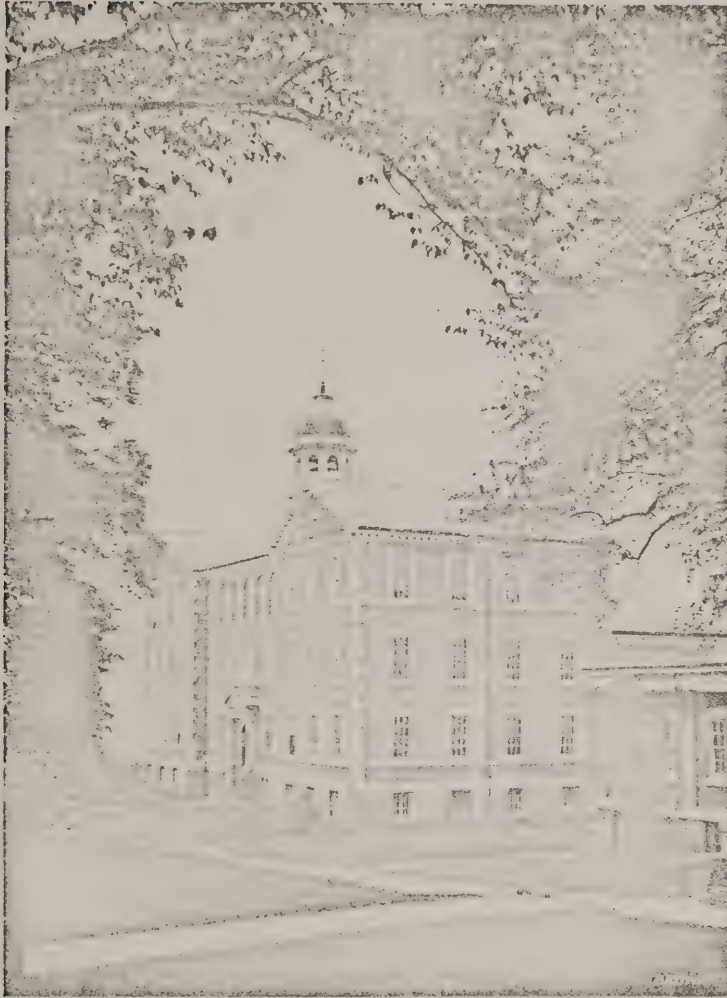
Soon she is a-dreamin', all the time she
is a seemin',

Just the sweetest thing that Maryland
grows.

NELL C. WESTCOTT.

The native Eastern Shoreman is a great booster—especially of the Eastern Shore. If his tendency to boost is a weakness nobody holds it against him. That every knock is a boost is the oldest lie in creation. The way to boost is to boost, and that is all there is to it.

Chestertown—Continued



William Smith Hall—Washington College
(Established 1782).

HONORABLE HISTORY AND TRADITION!

Washington College is the oldest college in Maryland; the eleventh oldest in the United States. Many great men and women have gone through its halls in the 153 years of its life. Great names are linked with its foundation—for example, George Washington, who gave it his name and active support.

Among her alumni, Washington has counted United States Senators, and Congressmen; Governors, state legislators, great jurists, ministers and bishops in several denominations, military heroes, college presidents and professors, scientists, captains of industry, leaders in all businesses and professions.

An unbroken tradition of more than a century and half has given Washington College a unique and a noble history.

Chestertown—Continued



Gymnasium—Washington College

"The College is an integral part of Maryland. It is builded into its inmost fabric. It is an indissoluble part of the history of the state. Its graduates today are in the halls of the national congress; in both houses of the legislative assembly of Maryland; at the bar and on the bench; in the pulpits of the leading denominations; in places of honor in the Army and Navy; in commerce and in industry; in state and county educational administration; in college and university faculties. This is the Washington College ideal, as it was my privilege to define it on another public occasion a year ago; at which time I said:

"Our training of youth must be not alone for the present as we know it, nor yet merely for their generation; but more largely for the future—even in the far distance—as we have reason to believe it will be. The masterful administration of the unforeseen must be the measure of our greatest success.

"These are human and vital beings who compose this College body. They must not be content merely to live in the future; they must control it. For it is certain that the common denominator of all trainings, educations, and professions must without fail be intelligent citizenship."

—PRESIDENT GILBERT W. MEAD.

THE SMALL COLLEGE

"Sometimes I think the sun of promise never shines so brightly as through the plain glass windows of the small college, and the moonlight of association never sleeps so sweetly as on the narrow, dusty paths of small-college learning. What is Oxford but a collection of small, even tiny, colleges? The state universities are noble department stores. The small colleges are 'gift shops.' After all, a boy or girl who goes to college can read only one book at a time, listen to only one teacher at a time, learn only so many facts in a day, whether the college be large or small."

—Washington College Bulletin.

Chestertown—Continued

THE STORY OF KITTY KNIGHT

We were passing through the pretty town of Georgetown sometime ago, and there, perched on a hill was the Kitty Knight house. It is now used as an Antique shop, a very fitting use for that historic relic. "Oh tell me the story of Kitty Knight," said one so I am going to tell it to you just as I heard it from one who in her childhood knew her and who lived near her.

Kitty was a very beautiful woman and her proud father took her up to Philadelphia when she was eighteen. The Continental Congress was assembled there that winter, and in spite of the War of the Revolution, everything was very gay. One evening at one of the balls, George Washington came up to her, as she stood surrounded by scores of admiring young men, and said, "I want to see the young lady who is setting all my young officers crazy," and then and there she danced the stately minuet with him. It was something that Kitty never forgot and to the end of her life she would love to tell her listeners of that great winter. But the war was over and then another war was being fought with England about our rights on the high seas, the war of 1812. Admiral Cochran of England with her fleet was anxious to get into Philadelphia so he sailed up the Sassafra River, hoping to find a way through there. Then he spied the little village of Georgetown nestling among the hills, "Go," he said to his men, "go and burn every house there. His men went to obey his command and soon the peaceful scene was changed to a scene of burning houses and fleeing women and children. But when they came to Kitty's house she refused to stir. "If you burn the house, you burn me with it" she said. And so she stood her ground. The men, who did not fear to face a cannon's mouth, did quail before her flashing eyes and queenly bearing. So they went back and told their commander. "Are you afraid of a woman?" he said. "I will go myself." And so he went. But when he encountered Kitty he, too, held back. "Leave this house standing," he called to his men. Then turning to Kitty, he laughed and said, "When the war is over I will come back and marry you."

Kitty, of course, had many admirers, but her sharp tongue drove many away. Colonel Spencer, handsome and well born, sought her in marriage and Kitty loved him very dearly. In vain the Colonel's friends warned him of her violent temper. She was sweet and docile with him. But one fateful day when she was expecting her lover a servant did something to displease her very much. So she emptied the vials of her wrath upon him not hesitating to use oaths. Alas, a horseman came riding up and heard the fair maiden.

He turned his horse's head and rode away again, so thus did Kitty lose the man she loved.

And so she lived on, in the old house, until she was over ninety years. She grew very penurious in her old age. To the last she retained her flashing black eyes and her fiery temper commanded and was obeyed. It has been many years since then, but as long as Georgetown stands on the shores of the Sassafra, so long will the story of Kitty Knight be told to passers by.

CHESTER RIVER ATTRACTIONS

The Chester River Yacht & Country Club at Chestertown is probably the only exclusive Eastern Shore Club in the nine counties. With 150 members, all from the Eastern Shore and Kent County, the Club is housed in a commodious building on the Chester river, and a fine golf course invites the devotees of that sport to try their skill. The Club is affiliated with the American Power Boat Association and the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association.

Chestertown—Continued

THE ANN McKIM

By NELL C. WESTCOTT

If I had the skill of an artist
I would paint a picture true
Of a pioneer ship of long ago
That sailed the Chesapeake blue.
The Ann McKim, oh, the Ann McKim,
The first of the Baltimore clippers,
Begotten was she of a master mind
And adored by all the skippers.

Picture her white in the morning light
With her snowy sails all set,
Or darkened against a red, round sun,
A glorious silhouette.
Skimming the bay with gallant ease
To the sea, full-rigged and trim
And rounding the treacherous Horn with speed.
The beautiful Ann McKim.

Riches she bore from foreign lands,
The chanteys must have been gay
As the sailors neared the great home port
Far up the Chesapeake Bay.
Once the pride of the merchantmen,
She sailed to the earth's farthest rim,
Now all that remains is the memory
Of the beautiful Ann McKim.

The Ann McKim was the first American clipper, in fact she was the first clipper ship of all ages, built to embody both speed and cargo capacity. Although she sailed the seas for a dozen years after she was launched, in 1832, outsailing all the vessels engaged in the China trade, it was not until 1844 that the first real clipper with the long hollow water line and the sharpening of the forward body and the stern was built.

No one had ever attempted to reproduce the lines of a small swift vessel in a large one, until in 1832 Isaac McKim, a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, commissioned Kenard and Williamson of Fell's Point, Baltimore to build a ship embodying as far as possible the lines of the famous Baltimore clipper brigs and schooners. This ship, named in honor of the owner's wife, was the Ann McKim, of 493 tons register, a large vessel for those days. She measured: length, 143 feet; beam, 31 feet; depth, 14 feet; and drew 17 feet aft and 11 feet forward. She possessed many of the striking features of the Baltimore clippers of that period; namely, great dead-rise at her midship section, long easy convex water lines, now free-board, and raking stem, stern-post and masts, and was really an enlarged clipper schooner rigged as a ship. Her frames were live oak and her bottom was sheathed with red copper imported for this purpose. The flush deck was fitted with Spanish mahogany hatch combings, rail, companions and skylights. She mounted twelve brass guns, and was equipped with brass capstan heads, bells, etc., and carried three sky-sail yard and royal studding sails. She sailed in the China trade for a number of years, and upon the death of Mr. McKim in 1837 was purchased by Howland and Aspinwall of New York.

The Ann McKim, from the fact that no ship had ever been built like her, offered an object of considerable interest in the maritime world, and it is certain that during the years following her appearance, more determined effort was made in the United States to improve the model and sailing qualities of ships. She ended her days under the Chilean flag.

Chestertown—Continued



OLD FRIENDS' DAY AT ST. PAULS

Quietly the people move out into the Churchyard, and then comes the social phase of the gathering—greetings renewed, smiles and bows and the courtly graces and amenities interchanged as young and old commingle in gladness of the happy and auspicious occasion.

BENTZTOWN BARD,
In the Baltimore Sun.

THE TREES OF OLD ST. PAUL'S

NELL C. WESTCOTT

Massive oaks, whose great wide sheltering
arms

Tower above the ancient ivied walls—
Two hundred years or more—one half
their life

They've breathed a blessing over Old
St. Paul's.

Before the church was built those trees
were old

And like a faithful priesthood they have
served,

Through generations passed and turned to
mold

Yet, never from their mission have they
swerved.

Within this church, the prayers have
never ceased,

Tradition lives—no transient people
these,

The oldest parish names still live today,
Descendants worship here beneath the
trees.

A venerable shrine is this: the trees,
The church, the holy dead beneath the
sod

And over all there rests a sense of peace
As though touched by the loving Hand
of God.

TO AN OLD HOUSE

It is a pleasant thing to step inside
A house where age is but a friendly ghost
Who greets one with the portals swinging
wide

And wears becomingly a perfumed host
Of memories. A ghost who goes unseen
Yet I have felt her brush across my way
To leave behind her, as within a dream,
The coolness of a long forgotten May.
And I have heard her steps upon the
stair—

A fairy sound of one forever young—
And I have heard upon the empty air
The whisper of a song that she has sung;
She would not go, she does not ask re-
lease—

She holds the magic of a distant star.
Perhaps today, I'll thank her for my peace
And leave a rose within the empty jar.

JOYCELYN BRANHAM,
Chestertown, Md.

Chestertown Enterprise,
Old St. Paul's, Kent County, 1693.

Chestertown—Continued

PLANTS THAT GREW IN COLONIAL GARDENS

American Holly	Honey Locust	Sweet Bay
Red Cedar	Beech	Pomegranate
English Yew	Cucumber Tree	Smoke Bush
Irish Yew	Southern Magnolia	Lilac
Tree Box	European Linden	English Ivy
Bush Box	American Elm	Cross Vine
Colonial or English Box	Weeping Willow	Periwinkle
Mimosa	Sweet Shrub	Virginia Creeper
Red Bud	Crape Myrtle	Figs
White Dogwood	Courtesy of Easton Shore Nurseries, Inc.	
English Hawthorne	Easton, Md.	

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, MR. BARNES!

Young couples seeking a divorce—and disgruntled employees considering a change, should meet Mr. John W. Barnes of the Chestertown Transcript. His record is 67 years as an active employee of the Transcript.

In 1875 George A. Hanson, of Radcliffe Hall, Kent County, began to write his "Old Kent" which was published serially in the Transcript, and Mr. Barnes set the type by hand. In 1936 a revised edition of this book was republished by R. H. Collins & Sons, the present owners of the Transcript, and Mr. Barnes was there to lend a hand. 61 years had elapsed since he set the type for the first book. Showing slight traces of wear, at 82 he is still considered a "good printer."

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED

A certain thrifty housewife in Kent county was making wine—just a little for the stomach's sake. She threw the fermented pulp out in the yard, where it was eagerly gobbled up by a flock of hungry turkeys. Lo and behold, when the lady looked out every turkey was prone on his back—dead to the world. Thinking her turkeys were killed, she immediately plucked all their feathers—still thrifty, saving what she could, and threw the dead turks down the hill. Next morning every turkey came walking home with not a feather to his back. The turkeys were merely drunk. Winter was coming on—turkeys bring money—so the lady was forced to make red flannel jackets for 29 turkeys in order to protect them against the frost of autumn. No fatalities were reported.

THE ECCENTRIC MR. WICKS

In the good old days—maybe forty years ago, maybe longer, a very eccentric individual named Tom Wicks kept a general store in Chestertown. For some reason he refused to take out a trader's license, and the city fathers refused to let him sell his merchandise. Not at all abashed, Mr. Wicks hired a clerk, opened the store every morning at nine o'clock, closed at three and enjoyed himself immensely.

Once he treated his attorney to a cigar, but refused to let him smoke it in the store. He took his meals with a colored woman because the rattle of spoons in the restaurant annoyed him.

The Sho is full of surprises; something doing every minute by the clock. Even the weather has a habit of changing its mind, and the darkest morning will give way to a beautiful sunshing day that makes you glad you're living.

Crisfield



Crisfield Harbor at Noon

"On February 10, 1663, 'Emmesox' (Annessex) containing 300 acres was surveyed for Benjamin Summers."

That tract is still partly within the city limits. "Summer's (Somers') Cove" is mentioned in early records, including "The Life of Joshua Thomas", published in 1823.

About 1845, the oyster industry began to flourish in these parts, and hence a greater settlement around the Cove (that section north of the Jersey Bridge here). An old map which I recently saw, showed the storehouse of Michael Somers, at the mouth of the Annessex River, about two and a half miles toward Tangier Sound, from the present steamboat wharf, and called the settlement "Somers' Cove." At that time, however, mail coming here was directed to "Lankford's Store" which stood near the present water works.

In 1866, when the railroad lines were extended to the village, the postmark "Crisfield" was first used. Crisfield was incorporated in 1872. Petitioners for charter were William "Delaware" Holland, Edward Tawes, Thomas Riggin, Col. Thos. S. Hodson, and Dr. Gordon T. Atkinson. The last-named is the only surviving member of the group.

William P. Horsey, now 83, brought mail to Lankford's Store from the end of the mail route, when a lad. Mail was dispatched to and from here by horseback to Roachville, near St. Peter's Church, two and a half miles from Lankford's Store.

JOSEPH McGRATH.

Artistically etched against the blue waters of the Annessex river, Crisfield possesses a certain natural charm that makes it especially interesting to visitors.

Here one meets again the Ancient Mariner, and listens to his story. In and about its environs are found some of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in the State.

Its lack of ostentation, the simple but adventurous life of its fisher-folk lends an indefinable charm that captivates and holds the most sophisticated traveler.

Unique in many ways, it is a Mecca for those who delight in exploring odd corners of the earth and reveling in scenes of rustic beauty.

For the disciples of Isaac Walton, Crisfield is a dream come true. Its waters abound in fish. Tangier Sound offers one of the finest courses in the world for yacht or motor boat racing. A straight stretch of fifty miles with no detour or stop signs on the way.

Another striking feature of this delightful little town is her $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles of shell streets. Crisfield began in the water and grew out to solid ground. Originally the home of the

Crisfield—Continued

Red man, Indian relics abound, and thrilling stories are told of buried gold, and "sure-nough" ghosts that haunt the fine old mansions of ante bellum days.

Only shipwrecks and the tragedies of the sea mar the quiet life of those excellent people. Hospitable and kind, to the stranger they extend a hearty welcome. Of Crisfield it has been said that there is no other place just like it in all the forty eight States.

It is full of human interest; rich in tradition, and filled with much that is unusual and alluring. Unspoiled by the rush and roar of modern life, it pursues the even tenor of its way.

Known as the seafood Capital of the U. S. shipments of the luscious Tangier oysters have been made direct to Buckingham Palace, England.

Its menfolk go down to the sea in ships and return at nightfall to the comfortable homes that dot the countryside.

They have what gold could never buy—peace, contentment, and rugged health.

EDITOR

OUR BURIED TREASURE

In Memory of Lorie C. Quinn, Jr., who passed away three years ago, on May 29th. Buried in St. Paul's Church Yard, June 1st, 1931.

Where gray seas crimson with the dawn,
And mountains rear their summits cold,
To greet the Sun-God hastening on,
Men search for Pearls and Gold.

But in this quiet shady spot,
So dear to misty human eyes,
Where sleeps the dead, by some forgot,
Our buried treasure lies.

So little of earth lies here between,
Yet we shall always seek in vain
The touch of gentle hands that mean
The solace of our pain.

And we shall never cease to miss
The cheery voice, the smiling face;
The gentle hand-clasp, and the step
That seems to echo yet, through space.

Three years have gone, oh son so dear,
We miss you every night and day;
We cannot think of you as dead,
But that you've only gone away.

The Robins in the tree tops sing,
The gentle breezes whisper low;
The sun and showers of pulsing Spring,
All nature seems with life aglow.

And still upon this grassy sod
Where pale leaves scatter year by year,
Our tears must fall; oh tender God!
Our Treasure's buried here.

Mother and Father.

Crisfield—Continued

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

I came from the billowy Chesapeake
When her waves were a-dance in the spring,
My sail was one of a thousand sails
That skipped like a gull on the wing;
I rode from the Prairie's dusty face,
When the lone star paled in morn;
I left my hoe in the fragrant earth
Alone in the Kansas corn.

Who savest his life shall lose it,
'Tis a part of the infinite plan;
My life was lost in the fields of death,
And now I am God that was man.
I came from the roar of the mill and shop,
From the swirling smoke and the grime,
My face was streaked from the furnace heat,
My hands with its iron slime.

I came from the mine and the lumber camp,
From parent, and wife, and the maid,
From blood of my blood that was dearer than life,
I came with a smile unafraid.
Who loses his life shall save it—
From the carnage of war flaming red;
I am a nation's living soul,
I am—the unknown dead.

DAVID L. QUINN, Crisfield, Md.
Reprint from Crisfield Times.

MISS CRISFIELD

The sweetest girls in all the world
Live down on the Eastern Shore,
But the sweetest of these—
Pay attention, please,
In office or shop or store,
Is the Crisfield girl
With form petite—with sparkling eyes
And shapely feet,
And a manner so doggone—dazzling sweet,
That you forget your town and street,
When every little dear you meet,
Is just the sweetest of the sweet.
These Crisfield girls—
Bobbed hair or curls,
Lord knows my head just whirls
And whirls;
I may be old—my feet are flat;
My hair is gray—I have no hat,
But gee, my heart goes pitty-pat,
Whenever I see those damsels sweet,
Those Crisfield girls with form petite
Come gayly tripping down the street.

THE MAN FROM MAINE.

Crisfield—Continued

LEGEND

A West Indian trading schooner arrived in Somers' Cove, and the Captain and the crew, frightened almost speechless, managed to stammer out a strange story. It was a little after dark when they came near Tangier. What was their surprise to see several campfires burning where the British had camped years before. The blaze lit up the deserted and dilapidated forts. But not a living soul was in sight. The sailors thought it strange at first, and a moment later the absence of human beings took on the aspect of the supernatural. For clear and strong on the air came the sound of many voices in song. When the vessel came closer to the Island the voices suddenly hushed and the fires were suddenly extinguished like so many candles in a draught. Then a band began to play. The music became louder and louder. In horror the sailors realized it was coming nearer the ship. Then above the music they were able to hear the sounds of a bugle, the beats of a drum, and the shuffling footsteps of a marching army. The Captain and the crew were almost petrified with fear. Straight on the water toward the ship the vast, invisible army marched. But it passed on by, and finally the shuffling of footsteps was lost in the moan of the wind. Nevertheless the band, though faint, could still be heard until the vessel was almost to Somers' Cove. A week later another freighter landed a terrified crew, who told precisely the same story.

It was not long before every mariner dreaded to pass Tangier Island. The British settlement was haunted. Each evening after dark the graves opened and the dead British soldiers rose. Campfires quickly appeared. Around the magical fires the invisible soldiers gathered and lustily sang martial songs. At a certain time the fires vanished as suddenly as they appeared. The soldiers fell into line. Then amid the playing of bands, the tapping of drums, and the blasts of bugles, the phantom army marched over the bay straight toward Baltimore.

Excerpt from "The Unpolished Diamond" by R. Nels.

The Unpolished Diamond is a novel built around the life and times of Joshua Thomas, the "Parson of the Islands;" The British fleet anchored off Tangier during the war of 1812, and the British soldiers were camped for a time on the Island. Parson Thomas predicted the defeat of the British forces at Baltimore. Mr. Nel's book is a stirring narrative of that turbulent period, in which Joshua was a central figure. Whether or not the ghostly figures of the defeated British still haunt the waters of the bay, we are not in a position to say.

THE EASTERN SHORE—

The angels smiled upon it—
For it lay so peaceful there—
They filled with air with perfume
From the rose and lilacs rare,
They mirrored the lakes with silver,
And sprinkled it o'er and o'er
With stardust from the skies—
Down on the Eastern Shore.

They bathed it in golden moonbeams
With colors of every hue,
Then draped the rivers with lilies,
Where the Chesapeake lies blue.

And when at last 'twas finished,
And lacking nothing more,
They knelt in silent prayer
Before the beauties of the Shore.

I know not when the call shall come,
When I have run my race,
But I know what e'er befalls me—
I'll cherish this dear old place,
And thus my prayers ascend each day
To knock at heaven's door;
And when my spirit leaves the flesh—
May it ever roam and still call home.
This dear old Eastern Shore.

STEVE WARD.
Crisfield, Md.

Crisfield—Continued

MYTHS & STORIES OF OUR FOREFATHERS

We often wonder what was here before we came. From tales told, which have passed from one generation to another, we learn many interesting things of facts about the people who lived in this part of the country before the white man came—for this land of ours was once the home of the Red Man. We still find their arrow tips or darts and other stone weapons buried in the mud near the banks of the streams.

A story is told of the early settlers. Among them was a minister who won the fairest princess of the tribes and married her, according to the white man's customs. Their descendants still live in our midst—on the same spot where the tepee or wigwam once stood, and adhere to many of the traits of this almost forgotten people.

Another story is as follows: The long winter was drawing to a close, when, one day, there came to the home of one of my ancestors, an Indian Brave, in all his painted glory, with staring eyes—sunken, like two dark pools hidden in a forest—reflecting only too well the untold story of hunger. Pointing over the frozen river, which he had crossed, to the banks of the wooded shore on the other side, he made his host understand by signs and with the usual guttural “ughs” that all his people were without food and were starving. He was asked to enter, but he sadly shook his head and again, by signs, told that he must return at once to his people. Food and drink were supplied. He refused to eat until a sleigh, drawn by oxen, was filled to over-flowing with ground corn, salt meat and cider. Then, he partook of the food, and guided the white men back to his village. The river had been ice-bound the entire winter. No food from the waters could the Red Men get. Their corn had given out and the deer had fled—so was the story he told—as they plodded along through snow and over the ice to his people. The tribes were found huddled in groups around their campfire; squaws with their papooses, braves with bow and arrow—ready for another fruitless hunt. When they saw the food and drink, they began one wild dirge as it seemed, and circled 'round and 'round their fires in a dance to their gods. They were left in a state of ecstasy.

Not long after, this same “Brave” came back to the door of his “Palefaced” friend, and with a smile that is so seldom seen on the face of this stolid race, threw into the room of his benefactor a wild turkey, touched his forehead, as a sign of partially repaid gratitude, and then departed.

Years passed by—then came slavery. Many sorrowful stories are told. One especially, (in the minds of all mothers) what seems most brutal, was the selling of a small child from its mother. A whisper went from home to home that there would be an uprising among the slaves; that they were armed and were going to attack the whites during the night. As soon as the report reached the county officer, all slaves were searched, and their little huts, which dotted the plantations, as well—only to find a few farm implements. The report grew out of a slave girl's treachery. She had tried to stir up strife among the slaves by telling them that they were to be sold and sent far into the South. After learning that there was no foundation for the report, in punishment for her act, her child was put on the block and sold. Her mind went blank, and she could often be heard crooning a lullaby to her lost babe:

“Look up at me, honey!
Jes' one li'l smile.
Dey calls you pic-a-ninny,
But you'se mammy's li'l chile.

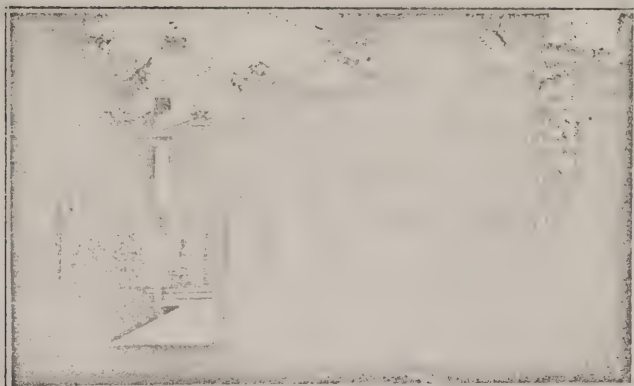
“I lubs to comb yo' knotty head
An' polish yo' brown skin,
An' see you eat de melon
‘Till de rind am thin.

“To me you'se jes de lubly
As de white folks ober dar,
An' when dey goes up Yondah,
We'll travel jes' as far.

“He'll take us up to lib wid Him
An' wash us pure an' white,
So, what need we to care, my chile
If we're as black as night.”

JOHN S. HOLLAND,
Courtesy—Crisfield Times.

Crisfield—Continued



THE CROW'S NEST

Far from being a crow's nest, this stately old homestead, still hale and hearty though well over 100 years old, is one of the most delightful places imaginable. The property of Mr. I. C. Sterling, (Uncle Lum) who has lived there for 83 years, it has always been owned by the same family.

The last occupant before Uncle Lum, bought it from his wife's family. This purchaser, by the way, was the second husband of the first owner of the property; all of which provides a very interesting little story. The first owner was brought home sick by one of his friends; the illness was fatal, and in due course of time, this good Samaritan married the widow of the man whom he had assisted to his home. The widow, who must have been a very charming woman, had six children at the time of her second marriage. Of the second union four children were born, and despite the fact that she was thirteen years her husband's senior, the couple lived happily together for many years.

The Crow's Nest was originally part of a land grant to one Benjamin Somers. It is now occupied by Uncle Lum Sterling and his two nieces—Misses Gertrude and Harriet Somers. The house is filled with many beautiful oil paintings—the work of Miss Gertrude. A sister of Uncle Lum is now in her 94th year. The lawn is adorned with beautiful shrubbery—many rare plants and trees, and giant boxwood bushes—long past the age of 100, lend a Colonial touch to the spacious lawn and flower garden.

A LEGEND OF OLD SOMERSET

In the year ——— quiet reigned on land and sea. There was a lee—after wretched days and nights of the horror of warfare, and one could lie down in peace, knowing that their scalp would be in the same place as on retiring. Folk went abroad on horse back, roaming the forest and fields. It was the passing of the month of Thunder Moon that a drought lay waste the fields. Vegetation died, feathered songsters drooped for the want of water. Cattle sickened.

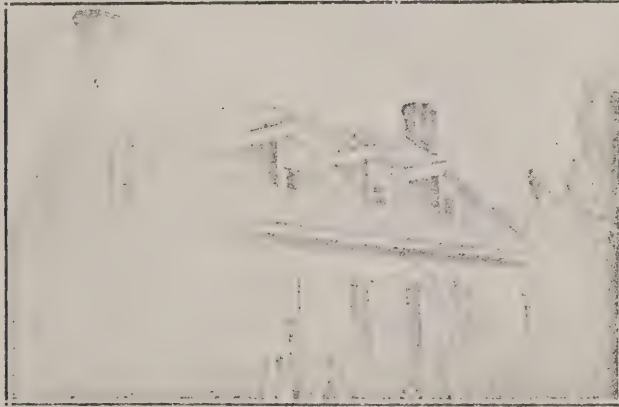
On the estate of Capt. ——— was a well where one could see the springs filtering through the side of the moss covered brick. The fame of the old well was known far and wide. Travelers stopped to quench their thirst and water their steed. A fragment of a once mighty tribe of Indians on their way to the famous Black Water River (Pocomoke) where the water freshened when it reached inland, stopped to ask for water from the well to fill their bottles of skin.

Crisfield—Continued

The master ordered them to move along. His little daughter overheard her father's refusal, ran after them and brought them back to fill their bottles with cool water from the well. They continued their journey to the river. On account of the intense heat and drought an epidemic of fever raged. The little girl was a victim. Grief stricken parents and servants kept vigil, waiting for the end.

Suddenly on the still night the soft beat of the tom-tom was heard. Capt. — was very angry and again was about to order the Red Men to move on, when the tender hand of his wife pointed to the sick child. They watched from the window to find out what these painted warriors wanted, and saw them sit down in a circle about the well asking the Great Spirit that the life of the child be spared. To the muffled beat of the tom-tom that was kept up all through the night, until the crimson gold rays of the sun pierced thru the pines, that looked like sentinels. There was a flood of glorious dawn above the trees. The Great Spirit had answered their prayer. The little girl would recover, the crisis had passed. These silent friends of the little girl crept away. Their mission had been fulfilled.

JOHN S. HOLLAND, Crisfield, Md.



MAKEPEACE

Makepeace was built by John Roach, immediately following a survey of the property made in 1663. The building was occupied by the Roach family for a number of years, and then passed by purchase to one Robert Moore, who in turn sold it to Jacob James Cullen. It was owned by the Cullens and their descendants until the third generation, after which it was sold to Capt. Elijah Sterling, whose son Luther inherited it, and whose widow, the late Mrs. Mary Chelton, occupied it until her death in 1936.

It is now owned by her sons—Edmond and Elijah. The families who have been connected with Makepeace are the Roaches—Gumbys, Atkinsons, Cullens, Cheltons and Sterlings; all prominent names in Somerset county.

The glazed bricks used in the building were brought over from the mother country. It has immense chimneys, with fireplaces at both ends of the building.

When this old mansion was built there was an Indian settlement across the creek composed of three hundred or more members of the historic Pocomoke Tribe, and Makepeace derived its name from an Indian Princess named Manoka—which means "Make peace."—contributed by

KIRK STERLING, Crisfield, Md.

Crisfield—Continued

PHILOSOPHY & REMINISCENCE

Surely, de good Lord visits Somerset
In de early spring,
When de cherry trees are bloomin',
An' de early robins sing.
For de new earth smells o' sweetness
Dat is holy to de touch;
An' I know de Lord loves Darkies—
Dat's why dey've got so much.

Now I's a poor old nigger
What is drawnin' nigh de grave,
But I loves my Eastern Sho' lan'
'Cause I wuked here as a slave.
An' I ain't got no complainin'
Of dis humble life o' mine.
Wid its sunshine and its shadow
Dat I'm puttin' down in rime.

My Ole Massa was de finest
Dat ever owned a farm,
An' de colored folks all loved him
For he never did 'em harm.
An' de nigger buyers travelin'
To de South thru Princess Anne,
Could never tempt Marse Henry (Ford)
To sell one colored man.

An' den dere was Miss Lizzie—
Who was sweet as honey dew,
In fact, she was most an angel,
Just puffed thu and thu.
She used to call me "Elzy,"
An' to wuk for her was joy—
'Cause she had de whitest manners
For de darkest colored boy.

Now when de evenin' shadows
Steal across de Eastern Sho',
And creep in thu de windows
To paint de cabin flo',
Dey make de tear drops sparkle
In dis ole darkey's eyes,
While he strums upon de banjo
Dem ole southern lullabies.

Marse Ford's long gone to Jesus,
An' sweet Miss Lizzie too,
An' soon I's goin' to jine 'em—
Maybe 'fore de season's thru,
For de good Lord visits Somerset
In de early spring,
When the cherry trees are bloomin'
And de early robins sing.

LITTLE ARBUTUS

A Song

1

Little Arbutus, fragrant Arbutus,
Hiding your modest heads
Neath leaves and mold in the woodland
old,
Where my beautiful love lies dead.
How often together in bright spring
weather
We have hunted your blossoms sweet,
Where pink and white you blushed out of
sight,
Neath the dead leaves under our feet;
I know you must love her growing above
her,
For your radiant faces show
You have not forgot the time and the spot
Where we plighted our troth long ago.

Chorus:

Little Arbutus, fragrant Arbutus,
Earliest blossoms of Spring,
Of my love and I in days gone by
What memories you bring.
I only pray that some glad day,
Somewhere beyond the skies,
In bright Spring weather we may pick you
together,
In the gardens of Paradise.

3

Little Arbutus, fragrant Arbutus,
Your tiny sweet faces seem
So coy and bright so flushed with delight,
An emblem of youth's sweet dream.
But the bunch that I press to my lips today
Is faded and withered and dead,
A mate to the one that lies hidden away,
Under the casket's lid;
But the roots come through when sunshine
and dew
Come wooing the young green sod,
And I fancy she's planted Arbutus to grow
In the beautiful Gardens of God.

KATIE M. QUINN,
Crisfield, Md.

Crisfield—Continued

THE OLD STONE STEP

BY MRS. SARAH J. WHITTINGTON

Many the years that have come and gone,
Since last I looked on the dear old home—
Home of my childhood—and now once more
I stand on the threshold again as of yore;
Many the storms that o'er it has swept
Since last I stood on the old stone step.

How vivid the memories now crowding my brain,
As I gaze on the dear old home once again;
Time, the destroyer, has left not a trace
Or sign of the past in the dear old place;
Nothing but ruin around me is strown,
Nothing is left but the old step stone.

Silence and solitude now linger here,
No sound of a voice or a footstep is near;
Call, and the sound rolls on, and still on,
And echo alone answers, all are now gone;
And thru my sad heart the shadows have crept,
As I cross once more the old stone step.

The trees are all gone, and the cool pleasant shade,
Where oft in the days of my childhood I played;
The walls are now crumbling where the ivy then clung.
The windows are shattered where the wild roses hung;
Its wings are all gone, deserted, alone,
No reminder is left but the dear old stone.

Where are my friends, and can it now be
The dear loving faces I no more shall see?
This hall by their voices with music was filled,
Their voices now silent, that music now stilled.
The halls are now empty, the music has flown,
There's nothing remains but the old step stone.

Their footsteps o'er this stone oft would clink;
The family chain is now severed link by link;
Their once active feet no noise shall e'er make,
They in the sleep from which none ever wake.
With a sad breaking heart, and eyes that wept,
I laid my head down on the old footworn step.

This old stone step a memento shall be,
It carries the mark of a century;
Time, frost nor floods can never erase
Those footmarks engraved in its rugged face.
On my heart thou art graven forever to dwell,
Old footworn stone, a long farewell!

Contributed by MRS. RENA C. DAUGHERTY,
Crisfield, Md.

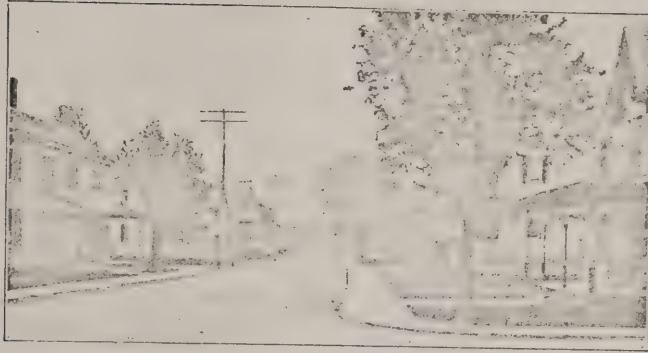
VERSES BY W. C. THURSTON

The joy that fills today
With bright and sunny spots,
Is a sign that God remembers
And sends—For-get-me-nots.

To write the smallest poem
Requires a master hand,
But our Savior wrote His message
On a heap of shifting sand.

Delmar

Delaware—Maryland



Main Street

As an incorporated town, Delmar is deserving of more than passing notice. In fact Delmar is two towns in one. It is about evenly divided between Delaware and Maryland, and takes its name from the two states. It was born in 1859, at which time the railroad extended its tracks to that point.

The town has two Mayors, two city councils, two schoolboards and everything else in duplicate appertaining to the unique situation of two towns in one—and everybody happy.

State street is the dividing line between the two States, and down its center runs the old Mason & Dixon's line, which has probably been referred to more than any survey in the U. S. Delmar has been jokingly referred to as "Yankee Doodle and Dixie." As early as 1859 there were doubtless some heated discussions between Secessionists and Abolitionists, but the years rolled on. In the fullness of time the Johnny Rebs died off—the Yanks intermarried with their southern neighbors, and now, with the exception of the invisible State line, Delmar is all one family.

The Blue Hens chickens are still loyal to the mother State, and pictures of Robt. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson are treasured by many of the older residents. But the war is over, peace abides, and this quiet little city with many charming homes and beautiful Churches, pursues the even tenor of its way.

As to why the town was not built in either one State or the other, no one seems to know.

NOTE: To State Senator S. N. Culver of Delmar, Delaware, we are indebted for the information that Delmar's divided allegiance is due to the fact that the Railroad originally stopped at the Delaware line, and homes were built here and there without any thought of a future incorporated town.

Delmar—Continued

DELMAR

Delaware - Maryland

Delmar is a town with two faces—
Nestling on the Mason-Dixon's line,
And a dear old homey place it is
Where everybody's generous and fine.

One side lies in bonnie Delaware—
And the other's in Sunny Maryland,
But one side or the other
Is home-sweet home,
And home is always grand.

To you it's just a Railroad center
Where you run to catch the train,
But we, who know and love it,
Wouldn't trade it—
For "Frankford on the Main."

On either side are splendid schools
Both modern and complete,
Where boys and girls with dreamy eyes,
Make ready—
The outside world to meet.

And would you think in our town
Where the trains go rumbling thru,
That students are winning scholarships,
Aye, and medals for merit, too.

We have the usual community Clubs
That do their bit in many ways,
And no petty jealousies come between
To mar the peace of perfect days.

We are proud of our Railroad town,
And ready any time to take its part;
And who can blame a Railroad man—
When he says a train—his train,
Has the first place in his heart.

CLEMIE HEARNE WEST.
Delmar, Delaware & Maryland.

The Eastern Shore strawberries;
Are the sweetest that grow.
None other can equal them
And this much we know;
The garden wasn't closed;
It moved to the Sho'.
Transplanted from Eden
(When Eve lost her flowers)
Father Adam first tasted
These berries of ours.

Delmar—Continued

THE CHURCHES OF DELMAR

Once upon a time a well known cynic said that the Bible was the only book a man would be ashamed to be caught reading. A sad commentary on the faith of those who profess to believe in the old book from "kiver to kiver."

Therefore it was refreshing when a little note came in from Delmar with the plaintive request, "Won't you say something about our Churches." Who could resist an appeal like that?

The Churches of Delmar are not ivy covered—they have all been built since 1859. Some of them are small, but they are dear to those who look to them for spiritual comfort. Delmar says "We are a little town of many Churches." And Delmar is proud of them. The denominations represented are six in number. The Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Protestant, the Old School Baptist, the Missionary Baptist, the Episcopal and the Holiness.

They have a common faith—they are all hoping for the same eternal home. And the fact that Delmar is proud of her Churches is sufficient proof that they are all working toward the realization of their hopes and dreams—sustained by a faith almost sublime—that has remained undimmed thru the ages.

There is nothing unusual about the Churches of Delmar except the fact that they are proud of them. The buildings are kept in good repair; they are well attended, but there is nothing to distinguish them from the average Church in the average community—unless it is their love—their loyalty and devotion to the cause for which they stand that led them to pen the little note—"Say something about our Churches."

If the Churches of Delmar are enshrined in the hearts of the people, they were not built for show.

There is around and about them a mysterious something that we cannot weigh nor measure. Some invisible power that binds and holds, and sustains them in their hour of need. Well might Delmar be proud of her Churches.

"According to your faith so be it unto you." Delmar flings her challenge to the world and to all the hosts of evil—when she sends her message thus—"Say something about our Churches."

This is the message of the Delmar Churches to all the sons of men—

"To those who mourn and comfort need—
To every man of every creed;
To all the friendless who need a friend;
To all who tire ere the journey's end;
To all the homeless—to all who pray,
To all who'd walk with Him the way;
To all who've sinned—
From Calvary's hill
Is heard again—"Whosoever will"
Finds here a welcome—and open wide
The door to peace—with love to hide.
There is a name—there's only one,
To this—His Church, He bids you come
And kneel with us in prayer and praise;
In the name of Jesus, it's He who says
WELCOME To the Churches of Delmar.}

Denton

By MRS. H. E. RAMSDELL

Denton, the county seat of Caroline county, located on the east bank of the Choptank river, was originally named Edenton, in honor of Sir Robert Eden, proprietary Governor of Maryland. When Sir Robert failed in loyalty to the colonies, the "E" was dropped and the town became Denton. It is a coincidence that the county was named for Sir Robert's wife, Lady Caroline a sister of Frederic Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore.

The county had several different locations, as well as names. The first was Melvin's warehouse, about one and a half miles north of the present site. Here was located the Courthouse and a tobacco warehouse, as well as a jail, store, and a few other houses. Here great hogsheads of tobacco were received from the planters, weighed, stored, and stamped for shipment. Court was held here from March 1774 until October 1777, when Bridgeton, now Greensboro, succeeded in having it moved there. Later it was moved back to Melvin's warehouse for a short time, when a permanent location was decided upon.

Four acres were bought at Pig Point and the name was changed to Edenton and then to Denton. In 1790 all the belongings of the county Court were moved to Denton and a Courthouse built soon after. The building was modeled after Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and was in use for a hundred years. Just a short distance away a building was erected for a market place, where green produce, eggs, beef and pork were sold. Here also slaves may have been sold.

In 1813 a number of citizens prayed to establish a bank in Denton, and the general Assembly enacted the proper measure. Denton has three banks at this time. The first factory located here in 1835; it manufactured plows. Today the industrial life of the city is represented by several canneries, flour mills, a button and a garment factory.

In the early days it was necessary to open two or three gates to traverse the length of Market Street, which then ended at Fifth St. To cross the river, ferries were used as there was no bridge. The first bridge was built about 1811. A causeway between the town and the river had been built about 1792. This first structure was a tollbridge to all persons not residents of Caroline county.

Sometime before 1860 there was a stage line started between Easton and Felton, Delaware, with Denton as one of the stops. The first steamboat came up the Choptank river before 1850. When the Negroes saw it coming they all hid—for fear the waves would drown them.

The first Academy was organized in 1826, and was conducted in the hall over the market house until a building was erected in 1835. The next building, later used for a primary school, is now a Club house. In 1901 a brick high school building was erected, which is now the primary school. The present high school building was built about twelve years ago.

In the year 1801, Quakers living near Denton asked for the privilege of erecting a meeting house which was built the next year. It was called the "Neck Meeting House," and was used for services until about 1890. It is still standing.

The first Methodist Church was called Moore's Chapel, and stood just back of the site of the present building. The first sermon in this Church was preached by James Moore, for whom the Church was named. It had a gallery for the use of slaves.

Records show that a Catholic mission existed in this section prior to the erection of St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, which was built before 1831, the land for which was deeded by Benjamin Denny to Ambrose Marshall in 1824. From Bohemia Manor in Cecil county, and from St. Joseph's Chapel in Talbot, Jesuit fathers came to serve the mission. Other Churches in the town are the Methodist Protestant, the Brethren, the Pilgrim Holiness and two colored.

Denton—Continued

TREASURES ALONG DENTON BY-WAYS

A by-way is a friendly sort of road—a place to meditate and linger in and visit again. Such are the white sand roads about Denton—not the highways but the by-ways, reflecting something of the kindly hospitality of the town itself.

They are leisurely roads that wind about through a garden country where the palate is continuously titillated by visions of luncheons in Schraffts, for the fields nourish the makings of salads; strawberries, peas, cucumbers, tomatoes, melons. Even the material for biscuits and cake is not lacking for acres of golden wheat stand ready for harvest. But a trip to Schraffts will be unnecessary for a visit to the nearest farm-house will almost invariably send one forth with a full basket.

So genuine is the hospitality of these folk that one is loath to wander on along the roadway. The glass of milk has been so refreshing, the Maryland biscuit so appetizing. But the coil of road urges one on to discover the treasure around the next bend.

And now the way leads from fields to woodland, from sunlight to shadow, from salads to symphonies—for here in the woods there is a quiet harmony of sense, especially in the early hours of a summer morning when the breeze is freighted with the perfume of magnolia, when the dew-swept foliage flashes with a myriad jewels in the long shafts of sunlight and the air is a-quiver with bird-music. Then it is that the spirit, spellbound, cries with Edna St. Vincent Millay,—“Lord, I do fear

Thou’st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me, —”

But new surprises are waiting. An opening glimmers light among the trees and a grassy trail leads far back within the woods—an old lumber road cut by the farmer years ago to haul out the winter fire-wood. The age of the trail may be judged by the extent to which it has been obliterated. How gently the wild reclaims its own, wooing back, the first years with fine grasses and moss interspersed with yellow cinquefoil and violets, assuredly a carpet too delicate for mortal feet. Perhaps it is the path to Happy Valley and if I wait I shall discover fairies dancing in the moonlight.

Farther along the trail the moss and violets are replaced with trailing vines of black-berry and wild grape, and then again through successive seasons by pink moccasin flowers, baby pines and the shrubs of laurel and azalea. Pass along an old woods trail on a summer noonday when the air is warm with the fragrance of pine and wild grape blossoms and breathe the breath of Arcady!

The colors in the carpet of the lumber trail possess the magical property of never fading, but only changing dye, for when summer is gone with its festoons of great white morning-glories which creep among the pine needles, over the sunken trails, even twining about the trunks of the pines, autumn has come with spirals of goldenrod and blazing star and mushrooms of varied hue. In winter, red partridge berries glisten through the snow and there are glimpses of delicate fern moss and minute lichens—some, the cladoniae, candelabra-shaped, with fiery red tips, others with the delicate tint of coral.

Reluctantly I leave the old wagon-track and take my homeward way. But I know that I may return again and feel confident of the same bounty and friendliness, whether it lies within the home of the farmer or among the moss-covered remnants of a half-forgotten trail in the heart of the woods.

JOSEPHINE BARRY,
Third St., Denton, Md.

Denton—Continued

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

Dedicated to the
DENTON JOURNAL

Once upon a time a stranger
In a strange land
Walked with weary feet
The streets of a city
That knew him not
And cared less.
Sick at heart with that malady
Which attacks the stranger
In strange places,
He longed for old friends
And familiar faces.
He missed the friendly handclasp
And cheery greeting of those
Who loved him despite his faults.
Seeking consolation—
He wended his way
Among the hurrying throng
To the post office
And asked for his mail.
Thru the grated window
The obliging clerk passed out
An oblong package wrapped in brown
paper
And tied with "O. N. T."
Eagerly he broke the wrapper
And unfolded to his delighted gaze
The DENTON JOURNAL.
It was only a small-town newspaper,
But it was a good paper
That told about calves for sale,
And carried advertisements
Of saltfish wedged in between
Marriage notices.
But it was a clean paper—
Filled with the little homey things
That touch the heart
And make life worth living.
It brought home nearer
And revived sweet memories
Of days gone by.
The stranger smiled
And hummed softly to himself
A little tune
As he tramped the streets
With lighter heart.
And all good impulses that kept
His feet from straying—
Came crowding back,
Because his home paper
Came in the mail
Wrapped in brown paper
And tied with "O. N. T."

W. C. THURSTON.

BOXWOOD

Oh, grand old boxwood,
Standing sedate
On the last remnant
Of an old estate;
Do you sigh, as you stand
So patiently there,
For the hoop-skirted ladies
With powdered hair;
The gallant lads
With their steeds so fine;
The music, the dancing,
Laughter, wine?
Perchance, instead,
Your memory dwells
On the enchanted tinkle
Of silvery bells
On wintry nights;
As down the lane
The merry parties of sleighers came
With cheeks aglow
From a dashing ride
Far over the snowy country side.
And when summer moon
Bathes the earth with light,
Do you go back
In memory's flight,
To the limpid tones
Of an old guitar,
As on the river drifting far
Down the winding, sporting stream
The lovers floated,
In moon mellowed gleam?
All, all, are gone,
And you stand alone,
Hearing the airplane's muffled drone;
Or the impatient honk
Of a hurrying car,
Hushed is the song
Of the old guitar,
But still you grow proudly there
Bathed in the same sweet smelling air,
The moon is as bright
As in days of yore,
The same wild birds
About you soar.
In winter, you wear
The same mantle white;
In summer, the flowers
Are unchanging bright.
It must be with all of these;
And your beautiful ancient memories
You're able to stand with dignity—
The symbol of stability.

CAROLINE PHILLIPS REDDEN,
Denton, Md.

Denton—Continued

"AN ARTIST IN LIVING"

In and about the lovely little town of Denton there is much of which the people are rightly proud—the natural beauty which is hers, the traditions of an honored past, promises for the future. With a pardonable pride quite maternal, she flaunts the achievements of her children, who "rise up and call her blessed."

One of these is Sophie Kerr, the novelist, to whom Denton still is home. The romance of "Painted Meadows" is not one whit more interesting than the human interest story of Miss Kerr's own life. Both romance and heroism figure in the long years of work and study that marked her upward climb to fame.

Her publishers describe her as "An Artist in Living;" what greater art could one acquire? On the outskirts of the town, reposing in quiet dignity, her childhood home is pointed out. Carefully preserved against the ravages of time, and surrounded by the arbor vitae and holly hedges planted by her father, the magnolia and judas trees still flower in fragrant profusion.

Unspoiled by success, this gifted writer loves it all. In the world of letters her place is secure and, in her heart, there is a place no less dear—the hometown in the green land along the Chesapeake that will ever prize her famous daughter, Sophie Kerr.

AN OLD MILL AND AN OLD TOMBSTONE IN OLD CAROLINE

One of the most interesting things I was taken to see on my visit to the Shore last week was an old mill on Linchester Lake, near Preston, once known as Murray's mill. It was built in 1681 and is still operating by water power from the lake and from Hunting creek. In a great flood some years ago it was washed away from its original site on the far side of the lake to its present location on the near side and was set up and put in operation again right where the flood landed it. The old mill stones and cogs and grinding machinery are still in use, and the day of my visit Miller Langrell was grinding both corn and wheat—and, ah, what a fragrance filled the dusty atmosphere floating up and lost amid the dark beams and rafters fastened together with wooden pegs!

As we passed on to Preston from our visit to the mill a pause was made to show me a tombstone reclining near the road that had been rescued recently from a nearby swamp, the inscription showing that it was the tomb of Sophia Dickinson, grandmother of Charles Dickinson, who was killed in a duel with Andrew Jackson in Kentucky. B. B.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY Of Denton

When God had made the world—
And rested in the shade
Of the trees that bloomed in Eden,
Ere the earth knew plow or spade.

He looked upon the firmament—
The twinkling stars and sun,
And knew there yet remained
Great work that must be done.

He knew that potent forces
Must strive with might and main,
Where man had lost his paradise—
To bring him back again.

He needed loyal helpers—
Strong, brave, and unafraid,
Who would give their hearts to him—
Willing, cheerful, undismayed.

But He did not call the angels
And send them down to earth,
No, He chose a better way—
He knew a woman's worth.

And there in lovely Eden,
As He rested in the shade,
He designed a task for woman—
There was born the Ladies' Aid.

From that great day to this
They have nobly played their part,
And God, who loves them, knew
He could trust a woman's heart.

And when comes the final reckoning—
With hosts in white arrayed,
Close by the throne you'll find 'em.
For God loves the Ladies' Aid.

W. C. THURSTON.

Denton—Continued

REFLECTION

When the mists roll back
From the river,
And the sun comes crashing thru!
'Tis then nature's searchlight
Is turned on my neighbor
On the farther bank,
I see her little home—
Its cozy porch—vine covered;
The line of clothes
Already out to dry;
Her cows, her goats, her sheep,
Her new planted shrubbery;
Her boat held securely
At its tiny mooring place;
And then I hear the guineas,
The turkeys, the chickens,
The ducks. Hark! I also hear
The voices of children;
Yes, they are coming out
To do their simple chores
Before they start to school.
All is security!
But what does my neighbor see
When she looks across
At my dwelling place?
Solitude and orderly monotony;
I was not chosen
For the big things of life!

CAROLINE PHILLIPS REDDEN,
Denton, Md.

I WISH I HAD A KITCHEN

I wish I had a kitchen
All shiny white and green—
A very little Kingdom
Where I could reign as Queen—

A pair of handy cupboards
Full of glowing pots and pans,
And room for flour and spices
In rows of little cans—

And a broad low window near, with
Ruffled curtains, trim and white,
And a glorious red geranium
Stretching upward to the light—

I'd cook our meat and spinach
And make little cakes and such,
And even washing dishes
Wouldn't matter very much!

MRS. GAIL F. COOPER,
Denton, Md.

From the Loom—1932.

JIMMY KNOTTS' BIRTHDAY

I know a certain little boy,
Just six years old today;
His cheeks are red, his eyes are blue,
His spirit bright and gay.

The Knottsy look I see in him
Is so much like his father!
The Smithy look I also see
Belongeth to his mother.

The first grade boy has started out
To learn his lessons well;
He'll learn to write, he'll learn to read,
He'll even learn to spell.

'Twould be a joy to teach this boy;
To train his little mind,
To teach him things he ought to know,
The treasures where to find.

Now, baby ways are far behind
And small-boy ways are wrong;
The bat and ball, the shout and call,
To big-boy ways belong.

A spirit bright will guide this boy
On to the upward quest!
He'll know the right, he'll know the wrong,
He'll know which way is best.

The part I think this boy will take
Will be the better part;
For I know his training, sound and sure,
Will guide his youthful heart.

LAURA NELVIN, Teacher,
Denton, Md.

TWILIGHT AT SEA

The twilight hours like birds flew by—
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea.
For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

Born at St. Michaels, Md., Feb. 3, 1819,
Died Louisville, Ky., May 3, 1852.

Contributed by Mrs. Howard Melvin,
Denton, Md.

Denton—Continued

THE GREAT CHOPTANK

Beautiful river, winding away
From Caroline's uplands down to the Bay;
Thy banks set in green when Summer is
on,

In yellow and russet when Summer is
gone.

Now aimlessly swirling 'mong barnacled
piles,

Now stealthily creeping 'round low-lying
isles.

Washing the roots of great poplars that
lean

Where lily-pads float, a carpet of green.

Flow gently old river, theme of my song,
In vision thy current bears me along
To the years of the past, to ages long
spent,

Ere mortal beheld thee, and solitude lent
A charm unenjoyed. Thy banks were as
green

And lily-pads laid under great pines that
lean

A flower-flecked carpet, and wide marsh-
es spread

A banquet at which the wild life was fed.

Thou wert old ere the Indian his shell
mound began,

When by his squat village thy deep wa-
ters ran.

From thy shelly depths he sustenance
drew,

On thy bosom—his highway—he impell-
ed his canoe,

He heard the dull boom of the drumfish
afar.

The cry of the loon the night silence jar,
He saw the grim hawk poised over thy
tide,

The silent brown otter from th' reedy
bank slide.

The swish of his arrow, the twang of his
bow,

The waterfowl fluttering the red deer laid
low,

The gliding canoe, the rude paddle's
splash,

The stealthy approach, the death-dealing
flash

Of his spear, flint-tipped, delighted the
heart

Of the savage, of rude nature a part.
He came, lived, and vanished, leaving only
a trace

In legends and relics—a mystical race.
The charm of thy beauty his rudeness
o'ercame,
And his poetic fancy gave thee a name.

At all times, in all seasons, beauty is thine.
In color reflected, in wide sweeping line,
When thy fair bosom the morning mists
veil,

When reflecting the cloudlets that over
thee sail,

When the moon's silver sickle hangs low
in the west,

Or full tips with gold every dancing wave's
crest;

In movement majestic, obeying a power
Above thee, felt but unseen when lower
The storm clouds, but benign, full of
grace,

When in the far blue she shows her calm
face.

O river of romance, to me shalt thou be
A type of humanity, as in thee I see
A beginning obscure in the shadowy glades
Of the forest, so the primeval shades
Of the unexplored years curtain from
men

Man's beginning. The twilight of legend,
The poetic myth, to man's origin lend
A mystical charm, till history's pen
Links present and past. What future
will be

In eternity's lost, as thy stream in the sea,

W. S. CROUSE,

Contributed by Mrs. Crittenden Harper,
St. Michaels, Md.

TREASURES—

This book is like a treasure-chest,
Where riches can be found,
For every word is like a gem
Within these pages bound

They're polished bright with feeling,
And glow in shining praise,
Their worth is in their truthfulness
Which deep within them lays.

Genuine facts of history,
Bits of old folk-lore,
Illustrations, verse and song—
All are treasures from the Shore.

MERLYN KERN.
Denton, Maryland.

Easton

TALBOT COUNTY

With shores bathed by the sapphire waters of the Chesapeake Bay, its fertile fields penetrated by broad salt water rivers, Talbot County is a panorama of fertile fields, magnificent highways and pine-clad reaches of woodland. Easton, its capital, is in very truth, "the delightful city."

Settled a century and a half before American independence, once the chosen dwelling place of the Indians, whose graves and implements alone remain as relics of a dead past, the heaven of mariners from all over the world, as well as the "rendezvous ideal" of buccaneers, Talbot County is indeed a land of legends; legends that have sprung from the passing panorama of life, romance and reality. Today this garden spot of the Shore is inhabited by a hospitable, progressive people who will remember its past as long as grave stones, legend and fireside records keep memory alive.

Originally known as Talbot County Courthouse, Easton's history began as early as 1700. At one time Oxford was an aspirant for the Courthouse privileges but Easton was finally chosen. In March 1785, an act was passed to build a town. A new Courthouse was built some years later on the site of the old one, and was not completed until 1794. On the 17th day of June 1712, the first Court was held in the old original building. A tavern or "Ordinary" was established for those who attended the sessions of the Court. This caused a settlement to spring up, but it was not incorporated until 78 years after the erection of the original Court building.

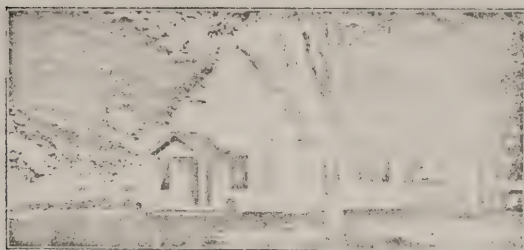
On the 25th day of November, 1765, the people assembled to attend Court, but this was the year of the passage by the British parliament, of the celebrated stamp act which with other oppressive measures brought on the rupture between the colonies and the mother country. The Court refused to hold its regular session, thereby refusing to recognize or comply with the act, which required that all Court papers have the obnoxious stamps affixed.

The first person to conduct a hotel in Easton was Elizabeth Winkles. In those days Easton boasted a population of 428 whites and 212 blacks. 10 miles from Easton is Wye Mills and the famous Wye Oak. The age of this noble tree is estimated to be about 400 years. It is 18 feet in diameter, has a horizontal spread of 140 feet and its height is 89 feet.

Among the outstanding places of interest in the vicinity of Easton are Radcliffe Manor, built in 1749, the Old Friends Meeting House, built in 1684, and the famous Wye House which was one of the early estates, and which is perhaps one of the most beautiful places on the Peninsula.

Easton is rich in folklore and tradition. It is a city of homes; reverently it honors a glorious past, and yet keeps step with the progress of the present.

Easton—Continued



OLD FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE

Easton, Md. Erected in 1682

Probably the most interesting Church building in the State is the Third Haven Meeting House of the Friends at Easton, in Talbot County. The charm of this ancient Church is found in its utter simplicity. Begun in 1682, two years were consumed in its construction. The rafters and clapboards were hewn out of the forest with a broadax. Small and unpretentious, it has endured for over 250 years.

Some of the windows still contain the original hand-made glass—bulging and irregular on its surface. There is an atmosphere of spirituality about it that speaks louder than the splendor of stone and steel—or brick and concrete. Its plain wooden walls and rough-hewn rafters testify to something invisible and enduring.

Records of marriages, births and deaths have been kept continuously from 1676 to the present time. These records are filled with many interesting incidents of a day long gone, couched in curious old English words and phrases. Estates of deceased members were administered upon thru the business meeting, and any differences between members adjusted.

William Penn visited this Church in 1700, and letters and epistles from him were afterward received and read in the meeting. The record also reveals that the Indians often came and sat in reverent silence—seemingly to feel at home in the peaceful atmosphere.

Surely, this religious society of Friends has not lived in vain; for its influence has been far-reaching—even unto the ends of the earth. It has become a shrine, and tourists eagerly seek it out when visiting the Eastern Shore. During the past several years over four thousand pilgrims have signed their names in the visitor's book. Regular quarterly meetings are still held in this ancient edifice.

"If love and truth and dauntless faith
Can shed an influence round,
Then these are consecrated walls—
And this is hallowed ground."

JUST A DRUG STORE

There is a drug store at Easton. Nothing unusual about that except that it is a drug store. It does not sell hardware, hard liquor, soft drinks, or serve lunches. It operates as a drug store.

The proprietor is Percy P. Cox, who has been in the same store for 44 years. It was first established in 1869. No slot machines, radios, or other nerve-racking devices lumber up the place. It is eminently respectable and reliable—as a drug store.

Easton—Continued

SONG OF THE EASTERN SHORE

De sof' crab cum fum Marylan',
En as dat stall ah pas',
Ah smack mah lips, he ulk so gran',
All packed in green sea gras',
He seem to say: Oh! cum away
From the hot en fussy town;
Why doan yo' go to de Eastahn Sho'—
Way down by Tangah Sound?

De Eastahn Sho', De Eastahn Sho',
En de ol blue bay wheh de salt wins blow,
En de sof' crab swim when de high tides flow—
Oh! cah-hy me bac to de Eastahn Sho'.

Ol terrapin lay on his bac',
In de market-house today;
He peep et me fro a teensy crac'
When he see me pas' dat way,
En he seem to call from de market stall,
Ah'm dess from Marylan',
Why doan yo' go to de Eastahn Sho',
Wid its beach ob yellah san'?

De Eastahn Sho', De Eastahn Sho'!
De terrapin cum from deh Ah know,
He start dem homesick dreams to flow,
Oh! cah-hy me bac' to de Eastahn Sho'.

Oh! de Eastahn Sho' am de Mastah's Lan',
Eden wan't so nice;
De good Lawd made dis spot so gran'
It's dess lak Paradise,
Fish en crab in de summah-time,
An de sof' crab grow so fat;
Wintah an de oystah's prime—
Wil' duck an mus'rat.

Oh! de Eastahn Sho', De Eastahn Sho'!
A shanty home an an ole bateau;
Gimme dem—an de town may go—
De Lawd's own lan am de Eastahn Sho'.

Author unknown—
Contributed by R. B. DIXON, JR.,
Easton, Md.

God's moments are our centuries;
His flats are our mysteries;
Time writes a never ending scroll,
We read one line as though 'twere all,
And make that line enough, forsooth,
To satisfy our quest for Truth.

Two centuries and a-half have flown,
Third Haven's scroll still writ upon;
This meeting house to passing host

Upon Time's scroll must not be lost,
And thankful they who worship here
This building stands from year to year.

God writes upon the living scroll
His message to the human soul.
The house not made by human hand
Is where He bids man understand
That, with attentive inner ear,
His still small voice each one can hear.

These beautiful hymns, sung to the tune of "Faith of Our Fathers," were written by Mr. Wilson M. Taylor, for the Third Haven Meeting House of the "Friends" at Easton.

Easton—Continued

ST. MICHAELS IN 1812

Here's a story of old St. Michaels
Down on the Eastern Shore
A tale many a reader I feel quite sure
Has never heard before.

Of how, when news was received that the
British
Were coming to fire the town
The patriots were up and ready
To defy the British Crown.

"Let every man light a lantern
We'll hang on limbs of highest trees"
Sang out the patriot leader
And we'll not give a sneeze.

Well the stately ships of the red coats
Halted just long enough
To waste their ammunition
And thought they'd treated us rough

As they fired their old nine pounders
And then sailed quietly on
Thinking that old St. Michaels
Was leveled and dead and gone.

But reader don't you believe it
For while balls came hot and quick
The only bull's eye that they hit
Was one of few houses of brick.

When tourists visit St. Michaels—
They are very likely to call
At the house which is always known
As the "House of the Cannon ball".

A few days after the Red Coats
Had made that illustrious call
A patriot found embedded in earth
A British Cannon ball.

Which was taken a few miles from St.
Michaels
And hung on a great big oak
And to this day there's a little town
Which is called the Royal Oak.

By E. M. C.
Easton, Md.

OUR ATTIC

How we loved that dear old attic
How I loved to climb that stair
How the shades of the departed
Seem to linger everywhere

"Granny greets" wheel in the corner
Almost hear its whirring now
See my granny with her knitting
And her same unwrinkled brow.

Tucked away in distant corner
Is the little trundle bed
Then a chair I'll always cherish
Could I now but rest my head.

Rest in silence and in memory
Or by old melodian stand
While our Mother played and we sang
Moses in the "Promised Land".

"Go down Moses" we adored it
Then the chests and boxes there
Filled with priceless quilts and linens
Do you wonder that we'd stare

At each piece and at the china
Lowestoft not valued then
Relegated to that attic
Naught to them but later when

* * * *

Some would come who knew their value
Parcel out with care and thought
All the things in that old attic
Oh the thrills that each piece brought!

In that attic when as children
We dressed up in silks and lace
Played charades and sang in "Opera"
Deemed it then as no disgrace.

To haul out those lovely blankets
For our curtains, grope around
Into the cloth covered boxes
Till the things we'd wanted found.

So we now in retrospection
On that happy childhood dwell
And the memories lingering with me
Out the pale of words to tell.

By E. M. C.
Easton, Md.

Easton—Continued

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY

A little bird came to my window-shutter
One lonely morning at the break of day,
And from his little throat did sweetly utter
A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous mission,
No solemn measure nor artistic rhyme,
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys, a thousand stories,
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide,
A hallelujah to the morning-glories
That blossomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending
He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane,
Then heavenward his little bill extending
Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
And pour thanksgiving from a tuneful tongue,
But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,
Nor human lips such song!

At length he flew and left me in my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender words once more,
And though I early waked for him each morrow
He came not nigh my door.

And though from early dawn to twilight hour
I hear the hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
In vain I seek through leafless glade and bower
The bird that sang in May.

But once again, one silent summer evening,
I met him, hopping in the new-mown hay;
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven,
The bird that sang in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dawning pleasures,
They charm a moment, and then fly away.
In vain we sigh and seek those missing treasures,
The birds that sang in May.

This little lesson, then, my boy, remember:
To seize each bright-winged blessing in its day,
And never hope to find in cold December
The bird that sang in May.

WILLIAM BROMWELL

(Trappe, Maryland).

Contributed by WM. R. PHIPPS,

Easton, Md.

Note: William Bromwell, the author of "The Bird that Sang in May" was born at Trappe, Maryland. He was a tutor at "Wye Heights" and also in the Goldsborough family whose family-seat is "Otwell" in Talbot County. Governors Phillip Francis Thomas, elected in 1847, and who served also in the cabinets of Pierce and Buchanan, took Bromwell to Washington as his private secretary. Here Bromwell made the acquaintance of Judah P. Benjamin, United States Senator from Louisiana. He later became the Secretary of State of the Confederacy and took Bromwell with him. Mr. Benjamin forsook this country and went to reside in London. Later Bromwell, who had been entrusted with the Seal of the Confederacy, joined him. Benjamin cared for him until his death. There is a legend that the true Seal was never returned to this country. However, when one visits Richmond, Virginia, one is faced with facts to the contrary.

Easton—Continued

A TRIBUTE

In many respects the outstanding citizen of Easton, Maryland, is Wilson Moore Tylor. His quiet, intrusive manner and engaging presence makes one soon realize that he is in the company of a Christian gentleman and a scholar of rare gifts.

Mr. Tylor is naturally reticent and shuns publicity; but the facts of his life testify to his descent from a line of Hollanders on his mother's side and an equally respected line of English Quakers on his paternal side. He inherited from his mother the artistic and poetic gifts, and from his father the deep sense of religious values. He was born in Caroline County but has spent a large part of his life in Talbot County. He has been a teacher—in the public schools, and principal of Marshall Seminary, Saratoga, N. Y., and principal of a school in Easton. For many years he has been in the editorial association with the Easton Gazette; and is the author of books and numerous articles, and a poet of rare gifts.

As a spiritual force Mr. Tylor's life has counted large in his community. Associated for a life time with the Third Haven Meeting he has been an inspiring leader, chiefly by the quiet but intense fervor of his deep religious experience. A man who walks with God, in peace and serenity, and knows the exceeding abundance of joys the world cannot take away.

To know Wilson Tylor is a blessing; and to be able to say "He is my friend," is to feel an enrichment in one's life that gladdens and inspires. I rejoice that Wilson M. Tylor is my friend.

EDGAR T. READ, Fawn Grove, Pa.

WHERE HOPE BEGINS

Where Hope begins, beyond despair:
A brighter clime and softer air,
A greener grass and firmer ground,
Where nature-voices sweeter sound,
And wider skies are blue and fair.

Strange flowering trees their blossoms bear
O'er roaming peacocks free from care;
In peaceful acres these abound,
Where Hope begins.

Hope catches hearts in Beauty's snare,
And banishes Sorrow to her lair;
Only Youth and Joy are found;
Anger's voice in Mirth is drowned,
And Love reigns o'er this kingdom rare,
Where Hope begins.

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

Note: This poem was written in September, 1930, and dedicated to Mrs. William J. Starr, the owner of "Hope", a beautiful estate in the Miles River section of Talbot County. In commenting on the rondeau, the old French form of verse in which this poem was written, and which happened to be a favorite form of Mrs. Starr, she said that the poem seemed to catch the essential quality which she had tried to infuse in life at "Hope".

Easton—Continued

THE OLD HOUSE WITH THE INDIAN WINDOWS

There are still to be found in Talbot County, Maryland, a number of old and very interesting houses whose buildings and traditions carry one back to the early days of our colonial life. I saw one such recently. It is undoubtedly about three hundred years old. Its heavy brick walls are sound to this day and the hipped roof suggests an Englishman as its builder and first owner. The house stands on the brow of a beautiful gentle slope, at the foot of which flows the Choptank River deep and strong in its currents. It is about one quarter of a mile wide at this point and twenty eight miles from the mouth of the fine old river. As one enters the house the really fine paneling impresses one at once. This is in excellent condition and gives an air of distinction to the old rooms. Three of the rooms are beautifully paneled. How well those men of long ago built their homes. It would seem that they had given to the work some strength and courage and patience from their own spirits and so built in this case a house that has had courage to stand these three hundred years and still is firm and strong. The wife of the present occupant as she let us in asked, "Have you seen the Indian Windows?" We replied, we had not, and were much thrilled by the prospect. As we approached the panelling seemed to be closed and firm but when touched in the right way opened and back of it about two feet, eight inches, we saw the brick outside the wall, the space between the two making a roomy closet. In the outside wall had been cut a small window which was closed with a thick wooden shutter. There was a similar window in the second floor room immediately above. These she told us were the Indian Windows. They hugged close to the broad brick chimney. At once we could picture the anxious care which the builder of the house placed these secret windows so that they would command a long view of the Choptank River. In this closet concealed from those without and within the house he could watch for any enemy approaching and if need be shoot him down from his sheltered post. There were those he knew who might steal upon this home that he had built which held all of his possessions and all those he held dearer than life. Doubtless this early settler was one of Claiborne's men who came in 1627 to these shores. It is believed that the old house stands on what was an Indian camping ground as so many of their camp utensils and arrows have been turned up when the fields have been tilled. The times were very unsettled. He might be attacked by Indians who still believe themselves rightful owners of these beautiful hunting grounds. The savage might at any time float up the river and attack him. Besides the Indians, he knew the armed forces under Giles Brent sent by Governor Calvert of the Maryland colony to dispute by force Claiborne's title to the large grant of these lands which had been given him by the Virginia Colony; might steal upon him and attempt to dispossess him of his home and land. If either Brent or the Indians should succeed he and his family would be driven off homeless and desperate, so we standing there three hundred years later could see very clearly what a safeguard these Indian Windows had been to the brave settler and his family.

Our visit and examination of the old house brought up the past very vividly and reminded one that this great busy nation of today was three hundred years ago very simple in its habits of living and that its brave citizens frequently had to defend their homes and loved ones with their lives.

On our return to town after seeing this old house in its quiet peaceful surroundings and heard the constant noise of the passing automobiles or the roar of an airplane overhead it seems almost impossible that we are not now more than three hundred years away from those days of simple living and high adventure. Could the Claiborne settler return to the scene of his home he would find that the land that slopes so gently to the old river has been planted as an orchard.

MRS. JOSEPH B. SETH, Easton, Md.

Easton—Continued

THE NURSE

Dedicated to that distinguished company—The Nurses of the Shore

When God made a nurse that rib wouldn't do,
So He took from the sky a bit of its blue,

From an angel He borrowed the purest of white,
To fashion a robe of shimmering light;

The fragrance of flowers and the strength of the vine,
With a tender compassion did her fairness entwine,

The hush of the twilight and the beauty of dawn,
The soul of a mother and the grace of a fawn;

Of fire and snow—and stardust and light,
The mist of the valley and the quiet of night;

The roundness of moon and the quiver of leaf,
The softness of touch that banishes grief,

Of these—the Lord God, in the first blush of time,
Created a woman in His image—divine.

Then freed from all sin and removed was the curse,
When God made the woman whom we know as a nurse.

W. C. THURSTON.

ODE TO TALBOT COUNTY

In good old Talbot County
On the Eastern Shore, I trow,
Where the nabob lives in clover,
And the farmer drives the plow.

Where the golden sun in setting,
Paints the landscape far and wide,
And the closing day of summer
Draws her mantle—as a bride;

Where the moonbeans rest in splendor
On the ever rolling wave,
And the nights are turned to gladness,
As the shadows they enslave;

Where the mocking bird and robin,
Sing anon their silvery lay,
And the whippoorwill and owl
Chant the closing of the day;

Where the roses and the violets
Give their fragrance to the air,
And the dewdrop on the lily,
Paints it fairest of the fair;

Where the woodlands on the hillside
Glisten with rustic hue,
And the meadows and the valleys—
Give to the poet his cue;

Where the fields are ever teeming
With bounteous crops of grain,
And the peal of distant thunder
Portends the coming rain;

Where the rivers rushing onward
Have a mission to perform,
And the foaming crests above them
Seem trembling with alarm;

In this land of milk and honey
With its doors thrown open wide,
It is here that we are resting
On the crest of life's full tide.

" 'Tis here that weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives—
And friendship never dies."

HOWARD HAMMOND,
Royal Oak, Md.

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Elkton

Elkton was a place of importance many years before the revolution. It was a grain-shipping center, and because of its location at the head of the Elk river, was known as the "Head of Elk." The town was officially incorporated as Elkton in 1787. The postoffice was established about 1800.

Elkton is distinguished by the fact that it was the birthplace of the Bentztown Bard, which event occurred—says our informant, in a log house on Bow street. One is not surprised, it was just like the Bentztown Bard to do a thing like that. America's greatest sons were born in log cabins, and it is eminently fitting that the best loved man in Maryland—the sweet singer of the Sun, should have chosen for his entrance into this world, that staunch symbol of America—the log cabin.

The very atmosphere of Elkton seems to be conducive to poetry. Quoting Mr. McKinsey, "Elkton was at one time the center for a colony of exceedingly efficient literary aspirants." "Here came Emma Alice Browne, the poetess, to meet friends and relatives. Here came Amelia Welby, who had immortalized the Chesapeake Bay with her poem, "Storm on the Chesapeake." There were other distinguished names, well known in the business and social life of that time.

Among the old places of outstanding interest, there are Partridge Hall, built before 1750. Tobias Rudolph House, built in 1768. Hoily Hall, built in 1802. It is now a modern progressive little city, but the Bentztown Bard says of it, "It is a town so sweet with fragrant memories that there is really no room for conventional history."

Maryland is essentially a land of poets, and picturesque Elkton has furnished her quota. Among the many well known writers of verse residing in Elkton, may be noted Miss Orvilla Gilpin, who was signally honored by being asked to contribute a poem to the King Edward VIIIth, Coronation Book of Verse. Mrs. David Frazer, and others. Miss Mollie Howard Ash is the well known Genealogist of the city. At Chesapeake City Mrs. Mahlor Stanley writes her declaration of independence—"One Hundred Per Cent Marylander." Bless her heart, we feel the same way about it; so does the Bentztown Bard, Miss Gilpin, Mrs. Frazer, and all others whose good fortune it is to live under the blue skies of Sunny Maryland.

CHESAPEAKE TWILIGHT

Sunset has ringed the world with mist,
The bay is touched with amethyst,
The day is almost done
For, two by two, the grey cranes go
To harbor in the marsh, below,
Across the setting sun.

Each silver schooner lies at rest
Her tall spars black against the west,
Each weary sail is furled,
Above the wind, a last gull calls
While night like benediction, falls
God's blessing on His world.

GENEVIEVE HINMAN FRAZER,
Elkton, Md.

EASTERTIDE

By ORVILLA ADELE GILPIN

Deep in the presence of the Eastertide
The promise of new hope and peace abide;
The flowers of the field whose beauty last
The woodland's call whose notes in joy
are cast.

The sunlight and the mountain top are
mine

The moving sea and shadows of the pine
And trees that lift my soul to Heaven,
stand

To lead me on across the burning sand.
As night to morning turns, and then the
day

Again becomes the darkness on its way,
So life in its full beauty, too, shall fade
In order that a greater crown be laid
And with it sheaves of lilies from their
fold

For whiter altars at the Cross of Gold.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT MARYLANDER

I live in a quaint little village down in
Maryland

With the Elk river flowing by my door;
There are many other streams,
But always in my dreams—
It's the dear old Eastern Shore.

I was born and bred in Dixie,
Where the Red Man's arrows used to fly,
Now it's streamered line cars—
And way up in the stars,
The airplanes go droning by.
When my work is done in Dixie,
Let me rest with the Red Man gone before,
'Neath the weeping willow tree
Will be Paradise to me
Down on the Eastern Shore.

MRS. MAHLOR STANLEY,
Chesapeake City, Md.

Federalsburg

Federalsburg, Maryland, U. S. A.—a little Eastern Shore town, like thousands of other little towns—but because it is the one in which I live, I think it is ever so much nicer. And also, because I love to wrap all my feelings in dreams of the past and of the future, even as I walk along our modern Main Street, I sometimes think how it must have looked when, instead of pretty houses, busy stores, churches, bridges, neatly clipped lawns and all sorts of friendly folks, Federalsburg was only an Indian settlement with tepees and camp fires, squaws with papooses strapped on their backs,—Indian braves in all their war paint sitting around their fires on the banks of the little stream There is nothing here now to remind us of these far off days, but even so, there is something rather unusual about our town. Perhaps it is the way it is laid out—with the long Main Street beginning at the foot of Hillcrest Cemetery and ending at the Railroad station—rather symbolic, like the beginning and the end of life. I love the thought of Hillcrest, standing guard as it were, over the town, from its gently sloping hill, so comfortingly close to the teeming life of the town—like a reassuring reminder to the folks, that when they must go, they will not have to go very far and will remain forever a part of the soil they loved.

Federalsburg is a town of everyday folk, the kind that goes to make the backbone of a great nation—a town of laughter and tears, of hard work, little loves and little feuds, pretty babies and naughty kids, struggling youth, handsome middle age and satisfied old folks, lovely girls, attractive women, strong men—a sprinkling of would be wickedness—only skin deep—, a rather wistful hankering after sophistication that looks slightly ridiculous to more experienced eyes—but a town also altogether able to pass the test of courage and fortitude and endurance, of floods and fires and epidemics. A chimney catches fire and immediately the Volunteer Fire Company turns out en masse to help—someone is ill and the whole community is concerned—there is a flood and everyone takes it bravely on the chin and helps his neighbor and makes light of his own misfortune.

Still, all this does not make Federalsburg really different from other small towns, but there are other things

Federalsburg has a Mayor who is a real Philanthropist—a man who has served the community in his official capacity for more than twenty-five years on a nominal salary which he turns back immediately into the public exchequer, for the express benefit of his pet philanthropy! the happiness and welfare and safety of the youth of the town. He has donated great strips of land and had them converted into lovely parks, with play grounds, swimming pools, lovely walks—a place where children can play safely away from dangerous traffic—and we are so used to the kindness and generosity of our Mayor that I fear we are taking it altogether too much for granted.

And on our Main Street, there is a house, a pretty, old fashioned house, which shelters countless treasures of antique furniture, old glass, priceless china, hand made quilts and hand woven rugs of exquisite patterns and workmanship—delicate carvings and engravings, but most astonishing of all a RUSSIAN SAMOVAR. A real one, which bears an inscription in Russian and upon which are engraved two likenesses of Russian Czars. A beautiful, incongruous thing, something before which one wants to draw a chair, and relax and dream A person could easily be hypnotised by the dull gleam of its brass, into seeing figures, moving like shadows of the past . . . for who knows whence this beautiful thing came from, what happiness or tragedies it has been a witness to. Couldn't it have been the last Romanoffs themselves who drank tea poured from its paunchy little brass tea pot—whose aristocratic hands tended the charcoal fire—? I can see gentle faced Nicholas II sitting before an open fire in his summer palace of Tzarkoie-

Federalsburg—Continued

Selo—his pretty daughters grouped around him—a tall Cossack entering the shadowing room, carrying in his strong arms the precious burden of the frail heir to the tottering Russian throne, the young Czarevitch—and I can see the beautiful, sad eyed Czarina hovering around the boy as he is being lowered into a soft couch—and there is a little laughter, a babble of young voices—a pretty maid in Russian National costume manipulates the Samovar, fills the tank with water, and the tea ball with fragrant tea picked and packed especially for the Czar's family . . . And soon the little gauge jumps up and down, steam whistles insistently, the water is boiling and poured over the tea and the first draught of the amber liquid is for the Great Czar of all Russians—and he smiles kindly as he takes the tall glass in its silver holder—a rather pitiful smile—his eyes look upon this beloved family of his with deep tenderness and affection—and his black beard hides the weakness and irresolution of his mouth and chin . . . All this and so much more I can see in the gleaming sides of the Samovar on Main Street . . .

And in our town there is a man who built himself a tiny castle into which he has piled his dreams—helter skelter—a tiny castle with a pointed roof, stained glass windows—an open fire place, queer paintings and drawings on the walls—a grand piano heaped up with a strange medley of music sheets, hymn books—Chopin Sonatas and Army songs—there is an incense burner that fills the room with a pungent mist and spreads drowsiness around while the bright flames in the fire place lick the dark recesses of the chimney—small treasures are scattered all around—from far away places—India, China, Africa, Turkey, Mexico, South America . . . The castle is too small for its occupant and his fantastic dreams and they spill out into a yard filled with bright concrete blocks—vividly painted bird's houses, colored stones—tiny pools—weeping willows, flowering shrubs—like the castle of the Dwarfs in Snow White . . .

And at the other end of the town, there is another dreamer, who lives in a stately mansion, with pillars and arches and porticos and conservatories . . . a house also filled with art treasures, jealously guarded—dreams that are not allowed to go forth and live . . .

Things like that make me love this town—for although it appears cynical and hard boiled and rather common place, I do know that it holds dreams, and visions—and hearts capable of great love and lofty aspirations—great devotion and all these things that go into the making of history and romance—things that will eventually find their rightful place, later, in the musty records of the history of our times—to be read by future generations.

MADELINE L. de FRIES DION,
Federalsburg, Md.

Good impulses come knocking at my
heart
With every morning sun,
And I am happy all the day
If I open just to one.
Bid every doubt and fear begone,
Put by all foolish pride;
Where love is King no caste or creed
Can e'er our hearts divide.

Galena

Galena was incorporated in 1858. It was known as "Downs' Cross Roads" as early as 1763, and was later called "Georgetown Cross Roads." (1803.) Never knew why it was called Galena.

FRANK RUTH

OLIVET

The M. E. Cemetery, Galena, Md.

Tread lightly, I pray thee, ye sons of the earth,
Refrain from indulgence in frivolous mirth;
As here on these marbles you view the last page
Of Life's fitful drama—last act on its stage.
God's acre—ah yes—where the past looms above
All else of the world with a passionate love;
Where mem'ry flits over a cycle of years,
Recalling their pleasures—their deluge of tears.
God's acre—ye sacred, ye bless-ed retreat,
Who dare would pollute thee with unhallowed feet?
No voice from your fastness—no tongue ever calls—
The Echoes are quiet—a dread silence falls.
A silence supreme, 'tis the hush of the dead
That lulls the night winds as they sweep over head.
The stars hold their vigil through summer and frost,
Keep watch o'er our loved ones—the friends we have lost.
The birds of the forest and those of the glen
Sing sweetest when 'bout thee; and often 'tis then
The owl in the gloom from his perch up above
Gives heed to the slumber of those that we love.
Our loved ones lie here 'neath the turf and the rose,
As they sleep through Eternity's quiet repose;
The angels seem present, seem hovering near
The sod that enshrouds them—protecting them here.
Sleep on my belov-ed,—no dreams come to you
Of him who is waiting reunion with you;
About us, between us the deep Hidden Mist,
Through which we'll soon meet in one long endless tryst.
Sleep on my belov-ed,—nor trouble nor fear
Disturbs the calm rest of the Glorified here;
Sleep on through the ages where years you have lain
Awaiting the day when I'm with you again.
God's acre—ye blessed, ye holy retreat,
How near you must be to God's merciful seat;
I love thee, ah yes, 'tis your dust and your mold,
The bond that affection will never withhold.
So,—bring me at last to this spot on the hill,
When to me the Old World has forever grown still;
Just lay me aside of my kindred, my own,
For here would I rest with the loves I have known.

FRANK H. RUTH.

Galena, Md.

Greensboro

In November 1791 the General Assembly of Maryland authorized the purchase of "any quantity of land not exceeding one hundred acres contiguous to Choptank bridge." This was to be surveyed and erected into a village to be called Greensboro and takes in what was originally known as Bridgetown. Bridgetown was the site of the county court which was held there for four sessions—November, Dec. 1778, June 1779, Oct. 1779, March 1780. These sessions were said to have been held in the Almshouse.

On the Main street of Greensboro adjacent to Four Corners stand two Ailanthus trees, separated by less than six feet, their sturdy trunks and towering tops telling of the passage of time. The story goes that almost a century ago when the house was built what is now the sidewalk formed a narrow front yard. The owner brought home his young bride and together they planted two slender trees, one on either side of the gateway.

Time passed and the slender trees grew until their massive trunks and overhanging branches formed an archway beneath which swung the gate. As the years rolled on the hand of time rested heavily on the house, on the inmates, on all save the trees, which stand like faithful sentinels casting their shadows on the third generation who stand beneath at the Ailanthus gateway. One of the oldest buildings in Greensboro is the Tilden House, probably erected about 1844.

THE FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE

On the South side of the town along Maple Avenue may be seen a plot of ground marked by two marble slabs—these are of a comparatively recent date—1862 and 1864, but they serve as a landmark and carry the mind back to the days of long ago. Folklore tells of the burying ground—The God's Acre of the Quakers—that lay there.

Greensboro is rich in history, folklore and legend, but space is not available here to tell the story. For these brief excerpts we are indebted to "The History of Caroline County," edited by Edward M. Noble at Denton, Md.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Gone are the good old days—

Long dead the "Rubes" and "Hicks;"

Town lots are now for sale

In what was once the "Sticks."

The bootleggers have a union—

And all the girls drink booze;

Cows give prophylactic milk,

And pug dogs are wearing shoes.

We swallow our days in capsules,

And the race is on with time,

It is "hello," "howdy," "goodbye all!"

A dollar is less than a dime.

The women are wearing mustaches—

The men are shedding their legs;

Only one thing's left of the good old days—

Thank God for ham and eggs!

Greensboro—Continued

TIDEWATER TOWN

Past the sleeping town, the sleepy river flows,
Flows and ebbs in turns of lazy tides.
High banks and alternating lowland meadows lie
On either hand, and marshy islands, old river bottoms.
Spring time trails the sweet arbutus over banks,
Sweet perfumes and bird calls fill the sweet drugged air.
The herring from the sea return to their homeland;
And many blunder into fish nets set
Cleverly in the cluttering well staked hedges.

High on the bank the town's life ebbs and flows—
A pleasant, sluggish current of unhurried business.
High tide on week-end nights,
Low tide on hot midsummer afternoons
When the hot sun glares and whitens
Antique buildings 'round the old "Four Corners."

The children grow, but few escape to the
Brisk, clear air of Northern cities:
They learn to dream in Tidewater Town.
Long lazy afternoon the little shavers stroll,
Learn river lore, practice shooting,
Drift on Mother Choptank, poling ancient boats.
Leaning on the bridge rail, fire-fly-flecked nights,
They wonder, wonder, and dream their lives away.
Little they care—life's tide seems always full
By our sleepy river, "Stream of Many Curves."

LEWIS M. CROSS,
Greensboro, Md.

Goldsboro

Goldsboro, near neighbor to Greensboro, had its inception in the completion of the Railroad in 1867. Despite its newness—as compared with the older towns, Greensboro is not lacking in that peculiar charm associated with the Eastern Shore towns. Slightly digressing, where else but on the Eastern Shore would you find a name as musical as "Dogwood College." Reading it, one does not visualize austere schoolmasters and dry-as-dust lectures, but ivy covered buildings come to mind, low rambling structures flanked by masses of dogwood blossoms, more beautiful because of the cross made by the Devil's teeth. "Barcus" is a name to conjure with, Charles Dickens comes back from the past, and the age-old query of "What's in a name?" answers itself in "Bee Tree." The Caliph of Bagdad would have enjoyed a stroll thru Caroline county.

Hebron

Hebron was established in 1890, it was named by the late General Joseph B. Seth, of Easton. While it is a town of brief history, it is not unmindful of the traditions of the past.

Two venerable landmarks standing nearby, the old Spring Hill Church in which services are still held, built in 1773, and old Green Hill Church, erected the same year, are well preserved to the present day.

Bishop Stone served the Spring Hill Church for many years. This weatherbeaten structure was the center of intellectual, moral and social life of a high order in early Colonial days. The Church contains the antique altar, furniture, high box pews and balcony for slaves used during the ante-bellum period. Spring Hill Church is officially known as St. Paul's P. E. Church.

Quantico, six miles from Hebron, according to tradition, was once an Indian village. The name means "A Place of Dancing."

Quantico has a haunted house, but the ghost has not appeared for several years. Ghosts do not thrive in progressive communities. After the burning of the old Tavern at Quantico—where the Virginia Reel and the stately minuet engaged the attention of the landed Gentry, and a duel was likely to be fought at any time, the ghosts vanished. Ghosts must have an atmosphere. No self respecting ghost would live for a minute amid the din of commercialism—the tooting of automobiles, and the constant hum of the wheels of industry. Enter progress—exit ghosts, goodbye peace, and enter strife. Hebron is of the present—Quantico follows suit.

With every gain there is a loss. Around and about the old Churches flows the swelling tide of commercialism. Progress stalks the streets in seven league boots. Sky-scrapers appear as if by magic. Walk-a-thons and the tin horns of modern invention bellow their raucous message to the denizens of Sodom and Gomorrah. Bank balances mount—and everything is on the "up and up?" but the ghosts are gone—they departed with the lazy elegance of a day long past.

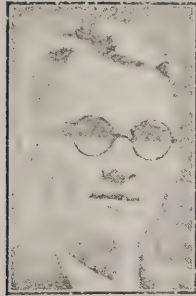
A bright sunshiny morning—
And goodbye, care, you're gone;
To the music of our heartbeats
The world is moving on.

O happiness my heart
Is filled to the very brim;
When the door to love was opened
Happiness walked right in.

Once cares encamped about me
Until my heart was sore,
But now I've learned a little trick;
I won't let 'em in any more.

There's nothing finer here below
When things have gone amiss,
Than the light that shines
From your cottage door
And a woman's welcome kiss.

Hebron—Continued



REV. G. ERNEST WUNDER

Rev. G. Ernest Wunder might be just an average preacher—be that as it may, there is a colorful highlight in his career, a human interest story well worth the telling.

Placed in a home near Hebron in his early youth, he was adopted by Purnell B. Melson, and grew to manhood in the neighborhood of Rockawalkin'. He attended the little country school, and that, together with life on the farm, constituted his educational advantages.

As a young man he had the usual run of jobs such as railroading, and clerking in a country store. But something stirred in the depths of his soul, and he determined to enter the ministry. How he did it, no one knows; he says little about it, but he graduated from the Theological Seminary at Westminster and took over his first small charge. After several successful pastorates, he was assigned to the Methodist Protestant Church at Hebron.

If there were lifted eyebrows when it became known that "Ernest" Wunder was the new pastor—no one mentioned it. "One of the boys" was coming back to the only home he had ever known. But not as a boy—not as a wanderer or a prodigal, he was returning as the pastor of an established Church. He was coming back to preach to his old schoolmates, to become the spiritual leader of boys with whom he had played on the streets of Hebron.

The good people rallied to his support. His work prospered. In two years time the income of the Church was doubled, and 140 new members were added. The parsonage was improved at considerable cost, and the debt paid in full. Plain and unpretentious, his life is an inspiration to any studious ambitious boy.

Loved and respected by all who knew him, the one-time barefoot boy playing in the streets of Hebron, is today the loved and honored pastor of one of its best Churches. He enjoys the unique distinction of being a prophet with honor in his own country.

Hebron—Continued

"NEW ST. GILES"

The Eastern Shore of Maryland is full of strange contradictions, and almost every community has at least one spot which carries the imagination of the traveller back to the leisurely and gracious mode of living of a bygone day. Such a place in Hebron is "New St. Giles", the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Bounds. So let us enter the older part of the garden by way of an old iron gate and passing through an arbor built of native cypress and covered by grape vines, view the original garden which is admirably adapted to its surroundings. Natural resources have been utilized by outlining several flower beds with boxwood, and grouping them about the few old apple trees which are the sole survivors of a former orchard, and are now covered with ivy. This garden is rather formal in design, and similar to those found in many parts of England. The velvety grass and beautiful shrubbery, among which is to be found tulip and star magnolias, willows and honeysuckle, contributes to the English aspect of the scene.

To one side of this garden is found a small sunken garden which is paved with old red bricks and which one enters by way of an aperture in the surrounding brick wall, which is covered with honeysuckle vines. This is a charming retreat in the summer, with its splashing fountain and sheltering apple trees. Passing to the end of the old garden, we pass under an arch and crossing a tiny rustic bridge which spans an irregular pool, we enter the newer garden. Another arbor of native cypress traverses the entire length of this section, and is covered with luxuriant rambling roses and Virginia creeper, with honeysuckle covering the fence along one side. Various shrubs are planted at intervals along this arbor, such as magnolias and the decorative white flowering peach trees. As we emerge from the far end of this arbor, the sunlight falling on the well kept grass and bright colored flowers presents a vivid contrast to the shade we have just left. The owner feels that a completed garden is a tragedy, and will probably continue to add to this until it covers a large portion of "Old St. Giles", of which it is a part. The garden presents a brilliant panorama of color from earliest spring, when the first crocuses and cowslips contribute their delicate blossoms until late fall when magnificent chrysanthemums break forth into a stirring symphony of color.

Midway of the newer part of the garden is a silvery gazing globe mounted on a pedestal which serves as a focal point and from which one can look down long vistas of sunlight and shadows to either end of the long, narrow garden. Two rows of perfect retinsporas march in soldierly precision down the entire length of the center of this garden, and at the far end, near the older part, is another pool of formal design, with an urn at either corner and a bird bath at one end. We again cross the little rustic bridge, and entering the older garden, we find our way to the little sunken garden, where we pause for a moment in contemplation.

As we linger for a little in this secluded spot, a wave of nostalgia sweeps over us and we think wistfully of the days when this very garden was a part of "Old St. Giles," the original grant of which is in the owner's possession. However, the shadows are falling across the grass giving the garden that air of intimacy which comes only at twilight and dawn, and so we leave this enchanted place with the feeling of having spent an hour in the Maryland of two centuries ago.

ELMER F. RUARK, Salisbury, Md.

Hurlock



Where the Roads Cross

When the B. C. & A. Railroad crossed a branch line of the Pennsylvania at a certain lovely spot on the Shore, a name was needed for this union of the rails—known in railroad parlance as a “Junction.” Such outlandish terms as “Oshkosh” and “Waxahachie” being unknown in that section of the civilized world, those in authority very sensibly decided to use a name of local color. According to tradition a choice was made in this manner.

There were two large landholders in the neighborhood, Mr. Andrews and Mr. Hurlock; two oak trees of equal size were selected, and Mr. Andrews and Mr. Hurlock were each given an axe and told to chop. The first one felling a tree was to be the name chosen. Mr. Andrews had a sharp axe, but Mr. Hurlock’s tree was the first to fall. Therefore we have a delightful little town of Hurlock named for one of the sturdy sons of the Shore.

That’s the way to name a town—why name cities for dead Kings and forgotten Queens? The better plan is to pick out a good man—or woman in the community and then go ahead with your naming. Hurlock displayed more good sense than many of her sister towns on the Shore. Think of the good Eastern Shore names that might be utilized in naming future cities. For instance, the old reliable cognomen of Brown—there you have Brownsville; easy to say and very respectable. Gordy—Gordyville. Even Governor Nice would lend a hand—Niceville would be a beautiful name. The Sterlings in Crisfield—there’s a name to conjure with—Sterlingtown—think of all the splendid qualities it implies. Crisfield—home of the Sterlings, is another town that was rightly named. John W. Crisfield fell in the river at that point, shook the salt water from his broad cloth coat, and remarked that he had been baptized in its service. Thereafter the place was Crisfield. Then we have the Whites—what would be better or more appropriate than White City? Think of the soft alliteration of Toulson’s Town; follow that with Pusey’s Pike and you are getting somewhere. Speaking of patriotism, civic pride and other abstract virtues that look well on paper, why not make a practical application of it in naming our towns and cities. Let the name of your home-town mean something. Of course, we have a Goldsborough and a Hurlock, but local names are conspicuous by their absence in a great many places.

Hurlock—Continued

Delmar is sensible—named for two States. Ocean City is correctly designated. Fruitland is not bad, and Berlin is good, but your scribe knows some tongue twisters in the State that could with impunity be re-molded nearer to the heart's desire.

Easton is a soft and pleasing sound, but it could have just as well been Nobleton—Nobletown, or just plain Noble. And Cambridge? that Rose of Sharon on the bank of the Choptank could have had a choice of many names—what would you suggest? Are we overlooking Salisbury? no indeed. Salisbury's crooked streets and narrow avenues might have been included in Balltown—Busterville, Waller's Wish, or whatnot. Centercross would have been fine—or just plain Speedville—Speedway, or Killer's Corner; to these might be added Noisy Nell—Hold Fast & Brag or Preachers' Peace. Something's got to be done about our misplaced names, and the sooner the legislature acts the better. We propose to make a national issue out of the whole thing. The election of the next President of the U. S. will depend upon names—just plain names. Pocomoke City has changed hers so many times she is probably ready for a new one. As for Snow Hill—there never was any hill and very little snow. Snow Hill is deserving of a name in keeping with the rose-garden fragrance that is exclusively hers.

Speaking of names, the old folks knew their stuff—just keep on reading;

Sharptown

Sharptown is one of those young-old places that are still growing up. It is considerably over one hundred years older than the county in which it is located. Thus it will be seen that the Nanticoke river and Sharptown, on which it is situated, were both in place and doing business at the same old stand long before the county arrived. The Nanticoke of course, is the oldest of the trio, but her exact age is unknown.

Sharptown was named for Horatio Sharp, Provincial Governor of Maryland from 1753 to 1769. It was founded in 1760.

JERRY

I have a little pussy cat,
And Jerry is his name,
We fill him full of Calo,
But he's hungry just the same.

He lies beneath my father's chair
And doesn't wink an eye,
And if my father steps on him
He doesn't even cry.

Jerry is a nice cat,
I am sure you will agree;
He washes both his face and hands,
As every one can see.

He prowls around the neighborhood
Almost every night,
And comes home in the morning
As soon as it is light.

NOREEN NICHOLS.
Age 10.

Mardela

To Mr. S. R. Henry—the poet, lawyer, farmer and philosopher of Mardela, our thanks are tendered for a very comprehensive sketch of that delightful little town. Mr. Henry says—

Mardela has a book full of history if one had time to write it. It has changed its name many times thru the years, and was originally part of a land grant to Lord Baltimore in 1632. It was settled by English Catholics—Episcopalians, about 1634.

It was first named Baron Crook—then called Barren Creek, and finally took the name Mardela because of its proximity to the Delaware line. Mardela has a mineral spring, the waters of which are said to cure everything except a bad disposition. Mr. Henry very obligingly wrote out the analysis of this magic water, but the terms were too technical. But on the dark of the moon, if one will drink of the water at Mardela springs he will have good fortune for a year and a day.

In Colonial days the Indians would journey to the springs of Barren Creek, on the old Oxford City trail, now known as Mardela Springs, to bathe in the waters which were supposed to possess medical properties. The name was changed to Mardela Springs because of the proximity of the springs to the Maryland-Delaware boundary line.

The story is told of an old man in the neighborhood who had lived to such an advanced age that he tired of life, and requested his two sons to move him out in the country where he would be beyond the reach of the magic waters that were keeping him alive against his wishes. They very obligingly did so, and in a few days the old fellow passed peacefully away.

Returning home with the body, the boys crossed a little stream that trickled from the springs. When the front wheels of the wagon touched the water the old man revived, raised up in his coffin, and sadly remarked—"You hadn't oughto done it, boys, you hadn't oughto done it."

One touch of the magic water on the wheels had brought him back to life. Whether he made another journey in quest of death, our informant did not say. More than likely he became reconciled to his fate and is living to this day.

Oxford

Oxford is reputed to have been first settled in 1635. Legendary data has become so timeworn that these figures can not be verified. The settlement was possibly made a few years earlier. The original name was Thread Haven, English merchants being the first settlers. This also was the original name of the river on which the port of Oxford was located. The name became shortened and slurred in provincial speech until Tred Avon was the accepted term.

Oxford was originally laid out by a woman, Mrs. Margaret Lowe. Mrs. Lowe was a philanthropist of unbounded charity and when she died was buried with military honors. The town is reputed to be the birthplace of Robert Morris, the revolutionary financier, who so loyally aided Washington in his time of great need. Near Oxford is a "Lover's Spring," so called because of the fact that those who drink of the waters will love the one who offers the potent draught. This is not generally known as the townspeople desire to keep it a secret. They fear a congestion of traffic resulting from a race by the love-lorn to reach these magic waters.

Ocean City

The child-heart of America

A Fairy city of Make-Believe.

Where the boy that lives in every man
May bury his toes in the shifting sand,
And laugh again the old clear note
That echoed across the pasture lot
When he dreamed of being a man.

A land where memories come drifting back
From honeymoon days—down a shining track;
When the world was bathed in a golden glow
And hearts were young in the long ago.

A magic city by a shining sea—
That captures and holds the heart of me;
The capital of fun in a weary land—
And the laugh of the world
On a stretch of sand.

A city of homes like unto all
American cities—large or small;
But a certain something it holds in fee
Makes it a land of mirth and glee.
What is the secret? Why, can't you guess?
Try once more, is it food or dress,
Or the miles and miles of laughter and smiles,
Or the laughing—chaffing, hurrying crowd,
Or the stately dames on the boardwalk proud?

No, you haven't the answer yet;
It's the child-heart spirit,
Where the fume and fret
Are banished with care and vain regret;
While youth comes back adown the years
To quicken the pulse and dry your tears.

It's the boy again in every man;
The lure of the sea that breaks on the sand,
It's tender memories to man and maid—
It's youth renewed and time's hand stayed;

And best of all—it's the welcome true,
To America's children—to me and to you,
From a beautiful city that Queenly stands
With open arms and outstretched hands
To welcome all to her shining sands.

W. C. THURSTON

Pocomoke City

Pocomoke City is the most delightful place imaginable—in which to work or loaf or play. It has a few ghost stories, but they are like ghost stories everywhere—shopworn and musty. There may be buried treasure—there usually is, but Pocomoke City's most precious metal is the gold in the hearts of her people. The coinage of kindness and courtesy may not be legal tender, but it passes anywhere.

"Some take their gold in minted mold—
And some in harps hereafter,
But give me mine in tresses fine—
And keep the change in laughter."

A natural tendency to rime is responsible for the above verses, but Pocomoke is both historic and poetical. If all history was seasoned with a little poetry it would not be such dry and tiresome reading. According to Mr. Edward J. Clark, the youthful editor of the Worcester Democrat, Pocomoke City had no Boswell to record its beginnings, and perhaps it is better so. If anything conspires to make Jack a dull boy, to our way of thinking, it would be idly turning the pages of the past. Mr. Clark even hints that the pioneers—the first fathers of Pocomoke City, might not have been well educated. On that we agree, and we hazard the guess that none of them ever saw a graded school. It is well.

If they were not familiar with the fine arts, they knew the worth of honest labor. They tilled the soil and builded homes; they erected Churches; they practiced the simple virtues, and left to their descendants the Pocomoke City of today. As they left it, it was a city in the making, but they laid a foundation on which their children's children are still building.

It appears that a certain Colonel William Stevens, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, received a grant of land from Lord Baltimore, and was the first owner of the ground on which Pocomoke City now stands. In 1670 Col. Stevens established what was known as Stevens Ferry, and boats transported the people from bank to bank. Stevens Ferry was the center of business for the whole section of county—known then as Somerset.

There is another story to the effect that a New England trader came up the river with a load of rum and cheese, and the good people drove him off. Very likely a true story—Pocomoke people don't like rum to this day. But the yankee trader moved his vessel to a higher point, and pitched his tent on what is still known as "The Hill." It is presumed that the settlement grew from this solitary invader, and in 1683, or thereabout, the name of Meeting House Landing was adopted, because a Presbyterian house of worship was erected on the lot now occupied by Clogg's Garage. This house, according to tradition, was built by Francis Makemie.

About 1700 a tobacco warehouse was built, and the name of the settlement became alternately known as Warehouse Landing, and Meetinghouse Landing. In 1848, the name was again changed to New Town.

In 1878, by a petition to the general Assembly of Maryland, it became Pocomoke City. Pocomoke—an Indian name, means "Abounding in Fish," or "Muddy Waters." Another version gives it as "Troubled Waters." The story is also current that the Pocomoke river—in certain dark and troubled spots—has no bottom. Any city that has changed its name 5 times and still prospers, is deserving of more than passing interest.

Pocomoke City—Continued

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The author of this delightful sketch, the late Jeff Milbourne, was born at Shelltown, near Pocomoke City, September 21st, 1846. A resident of Baltimore for over sixty years, "Uncle Jeff" never wavered in his affection for the Shore. It was his life-long dream to "go back home," but the old plantation was gone—the friends of his youth were dead, and the Shore that he knew—the simple leisurely ways of living, had changed with the changing times. He died several years ago at the home of his daughter in Baltimore.

—EDITOR.

Dancing

The old fashioned square dances, waltz, polka, marzurka, barn dance and the old Virginia reel were the popular dances on the Eastern Shore during my boyhood days and from the newspaper accounts they are again becoming popular in Europe. They were perfectly harmless and differ vastly from some of the dancing of today.

The Winters

The winters back in the days of my early boyhood were no doubt much colder, earlier and longer than they are at present. Snow storms were greatly more severe and frequent, altho I was but nine years old I distinctly remember the great snow storm during the extremely cold winter of 1855-56. It was similar but much more severe than the winter in Baltimore 1917-18. Pocomoke river and sound were frozen over so thick that the people drove double teams over it from Williams Pond at the mouth of the river across the sound to Saxs Island on the Virginia side. The people built ice boats in the shape of small scows with iron runners propelled by using the sails of other boats. They would make from 40 to 60 miles or more an hour—it was great sport. We would go down on the sound and cut holes in the ice (which was eight or more inches thick) and tong up oysters. We had a blinding snow storm lasting for several days with a terrible gale of wind and drifting snow almost completely covering up the houses and had to cut and dig our way out to get to our store, stables, barn, chicken coop and other out door buildings. After a few days we had a heavy rain on top of the snow which froze so hard that you could drive double teams and sleighs over it with safety. Ice skating in those days was much more popular than now. People in Baltimore at that time would skate and drive double teams on the ice on the bay to Annapolis. No doubt but what the city folks suffered more than the country ones, but why should the latter worry about the bad weather when they had so many beautiful things to make them happy and look on the bright side, with little to do but to look after the stock, etc. and have a good time, no worry about bank accounts and the falling due of notes, but plenty of corn meal, flour and potatoes in the barn, smoked hams, dried beef and salt fish, etc. in the smoke house, poultry and eggs in the chicken coop and nice fat cows in the barn yard to furnish plenty of milk and butter. Diamondback terrapins, barrels of fruit and oysters, kegs of apple jack, cider and home made wine in the cellar and a number of muskrats hanging out on the outer to be made tender and sweet. Old Aunt Priss, our grand old cook in the kitchen, with plenty of hickory, oak and pine wood in the yard, the open fire places to toast our toes, bake sweet potatoes, roast oysters, ash and johnny hoke cakes, play checkers or dominoes, tell stories, sip a little sweet cider, read the Bible, have family prayers, go to bed, one little happy family with no cares and sleep like a top.

Pocomoke City—Continued

During the above storm, my father had an imported sow with thirteen pigs. The storm completely covered the pen and it was several days before they could dig them out and instead of finding them frozen to death, but their breath had melted the snow around them making a cozy little house, they were all alive and comfortable except one little pig we could never find.

My father was a dyed in the wool Democrat and often entertained the party leaders. I remember on one occasion during a presidential campaign he gave an oyster and clam bake. The people came from all directions in their horse and buggys, some by foot. It was a great day for Shelldown. They met about four o'clock in the afternoon, opened their meeting. Speeches were made by Hon. John W. Crisfield, Hon. Isaac D. Jones and Hon. James W. Dennis of Princess Anne and Hon. Doctor George R. Dennis of Kingston and a humorous address by Wm. H. Riggin better known as "Devil Bill" of Shelldown. He was noted as the story teller of the Eastern Shore a perfect mimic and a terror to his neighbors in playing all manner of jokes on them. I remember a little toast given by Mr. Crisfield.

Here's champagne to our real friends
And real pain to our sham friends.

At night he had bonfires on the main street or road of Shelldown about one-fourth mile long from one end to the other and baked oysters and clams by the cart loads with plenty of Maryland biscuits, ginger cake, crackers, roasted sweet potatoes, hard and sweet cider, apple jack, home made wine, etc., all had a jolly good time until after ten o'clock.

We celebrated our victory as we did our Christmas and fourth of July with oyster and clam bakes, bonfires, shooting crackers and boring large holes in big chunks of logs of wood filling the holes with gun powder and applying the torch, which could be heard many miles.

The first naval battle on the inland waters of America was fought at the mouth of Pocomoke river near Shelldown. Trouble arose between the territory of the colony of Virginia and that of Maryland. The two expeditions met at the mouth of the river and the first battle was fought. Maryland scored a victory. It is claimed that this victory was the first time Maryland's flag floated to the breeze.

JEFF MILBOURN.

THE ARTISTIC IRONWORK ON THE DOORWAYS OF THE OLD BEVERLY MANSION NEAR POCOMOKE

The lovely lantern overthrow of "Beverley" on the Pocomoke, Maryland, has furnished inspiration for gates, overthrows and railing groups in all sections of our country. From Charleston to Boston you will find eighteenth century and early nineteenth century designs that owe their origins to this entrance group.

The ironwork at "Beverley" dates from 1775. It is beautifully wrought of Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron and is in a perfect state of preservation after 162 years. The quaint bird's head finials on the newels are one of its interesting features. The sturdy but very ornamental brace which extends from the overthrow to the wall, across the railing, is unusual.

We are told that this ironwork was made in England, a special order for the owner of "Beverley." If we did not have this information we might think that it was the work of S. Wheeler, who made the graceful South Gate of Christ Church, Philadelphia, and was proud enough of his excellent work to sign and date it, "S. Wheeler, 1795." That

Locomoke City—Continued

is, if Mr. Wheeler also made the elaborate wrought iron suspension rod, with its ornamental cross, which was put up in the same church some years before the South Gate. Beneath the cross is a length of chain which ends in a hook. And the "hook" is the elongated neck and head of this same strange bird. It seems an odd decoration for a church, though it is a graceful hook, as hooks go. If the bird is a swan, this must be the ugly duckling.

A similar bird is perched atop the stand for the bell on Sheaff House, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania. This bird has the same head, an attenuated neck, and long-feathered wings and tail. The bell is on the outside of the house and was used for calling the farm help—corresponding to our Southern plantation belis, which are still used. It is of Pennsylvania-German workmanship.

It would be interesting to learn how many of these bird designs there are in our early iron work—and just what inspired them. The birds at Westover are part of the crest, but these birds have no apparent armorial significance.

The very ornamental lantern overthrow is particularly suitable for the straight, square brick house of "Beverley." The curve follows the line of the fanlight, and the scrolls are very effective, seen against the brick.

READING PUDDLE BALL

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR THE EASTERN SHORE

One hundred per cent for the Eastern Shore—
And not an ounce short weight;
One hundred per cent for the land we love—
Say, folks, the feeling's great!

One hundred per cent for the Eastern Shore—
And proud to own her name,
One hundred per cent from coast to coast,
That's the way to play the game!

One hundred per cent for the Eastern Shore—
The garden spot of the State,
I'm doing my best to measure up—
And, say, the feeling's great!

One hundred per cent for the Eastern Shore—
In affection warm and true,
One hundred per cent is the mark I've set,
Say, neighbor, what about you?

W. C. THURSTON

Pocomoke City—Continued

SOUL-GLOW

(Dedicated to the memory of Edith Stevenson)

Gently, sweetly, softly, with spirit born of light,
She followed life's well-beaten path
And made its borders bright.

One may be sure she never dreamed how exquisite,
how rare,
Her quiet poise, her sunny smile,
Her love of playing fair.

Beams of warmth and beauty unconsciously were
shed
Where'er she went, whate'er she did;
From her the shadows fled.

E'en the darkest shadow, to mortals known as
death,
Retreats behind a shining veil,
A vapor,—time's spent breath.

Bright, so bright her spirit's glow! Living
still, its flame
Leads us, too, back with her
To God from whom it came.

EDNA BENTLEY HANCOCK,
Berlin, Md.

WAR

Flags flying—banners waving
Men in Khaki marching by
Beat of drums and bugles playing
Spirits soaring low and high

Souls yearning—hearts breaking
Thus they left us for the fray
Courage flaunting through leave taking
They were sent to save the day

Shrapnel flying—bombs exploding
Life a veritable hell
Horrors ending—signal floating
War is over—all is well

Flags flying—banners waving
Men in Khaki marching by
Beat of drums and bugles playing
Spirits soaring low and high

Souls yearning—hearts breaking
Men returning—but not all
Courage flaunting—through heart aching
Even though the worst befall

We today have lived that story
Not a dream but true and real
When our heads with age are hoary
We will still its memory feel

We would fain forget the sadness
From the Past which is no more
And would fill our hearts with gladness
As we fasten Memory's door

But the memory lingers—lingers
Leaving with it lessons too
Pointing out with many fingers
All the things that we should do

Let us then be rid of War
Rid of all the hate and greed
Send our Dove of Peace afar
Bearing Love—the World's great need.

MRS. KATHERINE POWELL,

Sept. 17, 1937

Pocomoke City, Md.

Pocomoke City—Continued

THE MARYLAND TREE

I like a good old shady place
On a long, hot summer day;
When the sun is staring you in the face—
Whether you work or play;
When the maple leaves are moving not—
And the sand is fairly scorching hot,
I'll tell you what, it's nice to be
In the shade of a Maryland Maple tree.

I like a good old shady place
Like most of the people do;
The shade of a tree just suits my face
Between the hours of nine and two.
When the locust in the tree yells out,
And the temperature stands one hundred
about,
I'll tell you what, it's nice to be
In the shade of a Maryland Maple tree,

I like a good old shady place
When I get a little lazy,
And the bees are humming with airy grace
And flirting with the daisy;
When the hottest summer days have come,
Working man or just plain bum,
I'll tell you what, it's nice to be
In the shade of a Maryland Maple tree.

I like a good old shady place,
And no better was ever made,
Where you can rest and cool your face
And sleep for an hour in the shade;
The soft green grass is just the stuff,
And the ground, you know, is warm
enough;
I'll tell you what, it's nice to be
In the shade of a Maryland Maple tree.

I like a good old shady place,
And I guess I always will,
The shade, you know, just suits my taste,
When the days are hot and still;
When you come home from work at noon
And it's just the hottest day in June,
I'll tell you what, it's nice to be
In the shade of a Maryland Maple tree.

I like a good old shady place—
That God set aside for me,
And I am so glad He didn't waste
That great big Maple tree,
Now if I die on a summer's day,
When I am buried and put away,
I want my grave right there to be
In the shade of a Maryland Maple tree.

REV. J. W. WOOTTEN,

THE POCOMOKE FAIR

I've just returned from the Pocomoke
Fair,
And although they say "There's nothing
out there
But the merry-go-round, a good horse race,
The same exhibits in the same old place,
Some cheap fakirs' tents, a black minstrel
show,
A dance to which decent folks do not go,
A new place to eat where the food's a
treat,
And a chance old acquaintances to meet,"
I saw there much that my interest stirred,
And read some life stories not told in
word;
For the hand of time writes in every face
Tales God Himself hasn't power to erase.

Thought and emotion with exactness fine
Record the true tales that our characters
sign.
Amid the mixed throng were faces which
beamed,
While others there were with lines of care
seamed.
I saw the sure poise of the victor's soul;
Traces of weakness, unlearned self-con-
trol;
Virtue's rare beauty, with spirit serene;
Marks of strange viciousness, brutal and
mean;
Charity sweet and real kindness of deed;
Lines of injustice and miserly greed;
Truth making radiant the plainest face,
And lack of it marring appealing grace.

I noted the etching of wisdom keen,
And that of ignorance with haughty mien;
Old age in youth, and youth in old age—
Nature demanding her just wage.
For, "What a man soweth, that shall he
reap."
The harvest is sure though memory sleep.
Despite regrets and all penitent tears,
Ev'ry seed grows in the field of the years.
Regardless of anguish and earnest prayers,
We can not reap wheat when we have
sown tares.
Volumes of victory, and of lives misspent
I read as alone through the crowd I went.
The Law Immutable was written there
In letters of life at the Pocomoke Fair.

EDNA BENTLEY HANCOCK.

Preston



Main Street

Preston is deserving of a better slogan than "The Biggest Little Town In The U. S. A." That snappy phrase might have served its purpose had not Newton Jackson applied it to Salisbury ten years ago. Perhaps, in the fullness of time, the bigness of Salisbury outgrew its smallness, and Preston acquired the copyright in fee simple. Be that as it may, the frisky Miss Salisbury is indebted to Preston for one of her best citizens, our highly efficient "guardian of the peace", A. C. Hubbert. Salisbury's rapid growth is attributed to the fact that she is constantly importing good men from every town on the Peninsula. Doubtless she hopes in time to recruit additional material from Preston, not excepting the versatile Max Chambers.

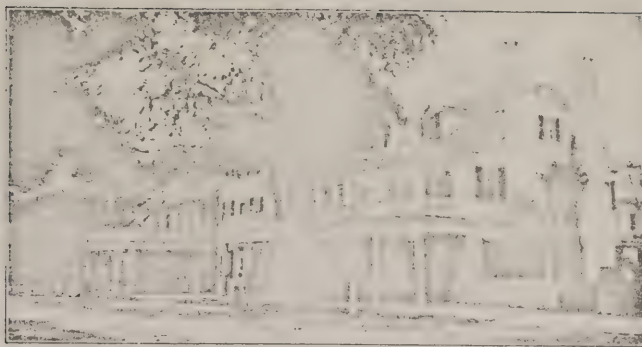
Whether or not Preston is the biggest small town in the U. S. A. remains to be seen, but her Chamber of Commerce membership—106 out of a population of 401, is a record not equalled by any town in the world. Preston has another record-breaking achievement to her credit, the breezy little circular issued by the Chamber of Commerce under the name of "Proof." It is the most concise—informative, easy to read and attractive brochure of its kind ever published. Reading it, one begins to realize the significance of the statement—"The Biggest Little Town In The U. S. A." Plitudinous as it may sound the indications are that Preston is right. It is not an old town, it is not a metropolitan center, but there is bigness in Preston that cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents.

There is progress in Preston, the broad perspective of a happy home-loving people. In and about its environs are many places of historic interest; beautiful colonial homes with ancient boxwood gardens where legends of the past still live. And "Everywhere on the Shore is only a breath away."

In the naming of the town there is romance and human interest. Quoting the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, "Preston derived its name from a Baltimore lawyer who came to town about 1856 during a political campaign. He so impressed the natives that they immediately petitioned the post office department for a permit to change the town's name from Snow Hill to Preston, as there had been considerable conflict with the mails between Caroline Snow Hill and Worcester's Snow Hill."

The town received its charter in 1893. Its origin dates back to 1848. The name of the town's newspaper—the youngest on the Shore—is the Preston News, established in 1937.

The religious life of the community is represented by the following Churches—Church of the New Jerusalem, Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Episcopal, Lutheran, and Friends. The story is told that treasure hunters have found gold coin along the banks of Hunting Creek—not far from the old Nanticoke Indians Trail. But the real wealth of Preston is in the fertile fields that skirt the borders of the town. There is gold, gold in abundance—far exceeding in value the yellow metal, the pure gold of moral soundness in the hearts of her people.



Washington Hotel

Princess Anne

(FOUNDED IN 1694)

FAMED IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE

LIFE AT PRINCESS ANNE

Few country towns are more delightful places in which to be than Princess Anne, first settled because of the meeting there of trails which led between the sparse little settlements in the great wilderness that was Maryland. Records have been kept from 1605 and among the earliest firms established there was Stewart and Gale, later Stewart, Gale & Jackson.

Princess Anne is a picturesque little town, with an air of elegance and long establishment. Residences there have wide and beautiful lawns about them and there is a sense of cheerful business activity conducted without bustle. Pleasant courtesy marks the demeanor of young and old.

The Delmarva Trail passes thru the town and the traveler may alight and find a welcome at the Washington Hotel, which was an inn before the Revolution, and sleep in a bedroom built in 1775.

As early as 1694, the court of Somerset county ordered a plat of 200 acres of the Beekford estate bought, upon which there might be built a governing town for the county. The records tell that 25 acres were actually purchased in 1732, and that was the nucleus of the beautiful place today. It is beautiful. Prince William Street is two city blocks in length. At the head is the East Glenn estate which somehow has failed to gain the notice of searchers. At the other end of the street, or the foot, stands the Teakle Mansion. This great old place, built before 1800 is today a show place of colonial America. It should never be forgotten by Marylanders that it was the owner of the home who gave to the country Thomas Jefferson, and all for which he stood. John Dennis, the builder of Teakle House, went into the convention that nominated Jefferson for the Presidency in 1800. When he arrived as a delegate, the meeting was at a deadlock. The Maryland delegation was a tie. Dennis, without hesitation, cast the vote that nominated Thomas Jefferson and made possible his election.

Romance Cast in Teakle Mansion

It was within the walls of the Teakle Mansion that the Judge Curtis family lived, and here Townsend cast nearly all of his famous romance. Every man, woman and child

Princess Anne—Continued

of Princess Anne knows in just which room each of the acts of that drama were pictured.

Teakle Mansion, one is told, is a portion of the original Beckford grant, on which there is now standing the original manor house erected by Peter Dent in 1679. Standing before this wonderfully preserved relic, it is almost inconceivable that it has stood there alone for more than two and one-half centuries. From Beckford's door, there has gone someone in every need of America. In every one of the calls of the recurring wars, there has been an answer. Many of the plans of the United States in the making were conceived and shaped in this old place.

Courthouse is Most Perfect

As a visitor wanders about Princess Anne, he notices the straight line of Prince William Street, and if he remarks upon it, he is told that the original line of the street was the shortest distance between the knobs on the front doors of Teakle House and East Glenn. This same Prince William street crosses the main thoroughfare or the Maryland State road at the Somerset County court house, which is the most perfect of any in rural Maryland. It is of a pure straight-line architecture, built of brick, with a colonial doorway in the front and porticoes upon the side.

Inside the records of Colonial life are treasured with mother-like care, and how very proud the Register of Wills and the Clerk of the Circuit Court are of their priceless parchments! In the courthouse they speak of the 1600 period with familiarity, while the Eighteenth century is as but yesterday.

TRIBUTE TO JOSHUA W. MILES

By DR. L. P. BOWEN

(written in his 96th year.)

Both Dr. Bowen and his friend, Joshua W. Miles, are affectionately remembered by many people on the Shore. The venerable old Preacher and Poet did not long survive the Passing of his life-long friend.

A man of force and character—

Our native orator;

His going has left a vacancy

Upon the Eastern Shore;

The loftiest oak in time must fall;

Death comes alike to one and all.

Since first, fine old Judge Stevens

Towered by the Pocomoke,

And incoming civilization

The Western wilds awoke,

The light has never failed us yet;

Strong men have lived in Somerset.

Strong men have founded Churches—

Strong men have planted schools,

Strong men have built Courthouses,

Where jurisprudence rules;

With homes that thru the years have
stood,

Adorned with peerless womanhood.

Miles joins the great procession

Of men of mark that rise,

And grace the generations

That filed into the skies;

A Christian lawyer that has stood

Defending too—the law of good.

Farewell, my friendly Joshua,

Farewell awhile to you,

Who always helped my heart to preach

When you were in the pew;

A noble sample of a man—

A worthy son of Princess Anne.

Contributed by Mrs. J. F. Somers,
Crisfield, Md.

Princess Anne-----Continued

PRINCESS ANNE

There's a little country village down upon the Eastern Shore,
Far away from noisy cities with their rattle and their roar;
England's flag was proudly waving o'er the land when it was built,
And the blood of English brothers had by brother's hand been spilt.

Then the English King was ruler, and the settlers to a man—
Were so loyal that they named their little village Princess Anne.
She was ever small and dainty, and the girls were very sweet,
And the men were honest citizens, as ever one would meet.

The streets were wide and shady, and the gentle summer breeze,
Brings coolness as it wanders thru the tangled green of trees;
And her houses stand in dignity, each one apart—alone,
With its green lawn all about it, like a Monarch on his throne.

But the years are bringing changes, for the old familiar face
Of full many a dear old citizen is missing from its place.
And the quaint old shop which once held all that one might well desire,
Have been eaten by the flaming teeth of many a raging fire.

Much is altered—something lingers—and I wander back again,
But I now must walk down "Main Street," and I loved the old town lane.
And the tides of Manokin river flow a trifle weak,
Yet it seems to me but yesterday I fished along the creek.

The "Beckford" house is standing yet, enwreathed by stately trees,
And the "Teackle Mansion" also, but to counterbalance these,
You've two modern fireproof structures handling cash for one and all,
And they're hardly things of beauty—neither is your new town hall.

And the stately old brick Courthouse, where we used to have our shows,
And the mossy-roofed "Clerk's Office" by its side; well, so it goes.
You've a gorgeous modern building where the legal ducks may quack,
But it's rather new and shiny, and I want the old one back.

Both of us are older, village, and as down life's track I roam,
I've a kind of sneaking feeling that I ought to come back home.
For the most of those I knew are resting 'neath the Church yard sod,
And I miss the well known footsteps from the paths their feet have trod.

Then when age comes calling to me, and I enter the last race,
I'm sure I'd meet him gladly with a smile upon my face;
If he beckoned me from paths wherein my youthful footsteps ran,
I would rest in dreamless slumber there in dear old Princess Anne.

Author unknown,

Contributed by MRS. J. F. SOMERS,
Crisfield, Md.

Princess Anne—Continued

ST. ANDREW'S P. E. CHURCH (1692)

Miles and miles of fragrant real old-country roads. First you rise to imitation hilltops from which peaceful pastoral stretches unroll to meet a distant blue-veiled skyline and then suddenly, you roll into the beautiful little historical town of Princess Anne, down on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the "Garden Spot of the World" to all true Marylanders.

This is a preface to a visit to old Saint Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church at Princess Anne—that venerable shrine of Episcopalian history.

St. Andrew's is one of those rare, beautiful edifices, not so often visited because it is away from the beaten track. It is just a square or so from the Teagle House and stands in the midst of the stones marking the place where former worshippers are sleeping. It is, of course, brick, with the regulation cone roof and gables and with a later day tower. In accord with the spirit of the town, every little essential to worship is placed so that every chord of harmony is touched. Looking toward the white marble altar, backed by the field of gold, the Mosaic of Magi, created by Gorhams, of New York, is in perfect lighting. The Three Wise Men and the Mother and the Child are each clear and distinctly outlined.

Queen Anne Gave Communion Set

Once a year a vestryman goes to a safe deposit vault at one of the banks and brings to the church the communion service, presented by Queen Anne to this congregation in appreciation of the honor done her daughter in the selection of her name for the little Colonial town. Never is this precious relic left alone while it is without the safety of the vault.

Gaunt, austere, yet benevolent with age, rises the great tall tower of the church against the blue of the summer sky. It catches your breath and your imagination.

The massive church boasting the tall cross-like tower, its turrets and ancient windows and its beautiful arched lines of architectural beauty seems to tower over the little Somerset County seat at its feet with everlasting quality of a mountain. Men may come, and men may go, but it broods on forever.

Founded around the year 1692, Old Saint Andrew's Church is today the Parish Church of Somerset Parish. Ivy covered and sombre the venerable old structure stands its head raised with pride over the green fields of Old Somerset County and winding Manokin River.

Sheepskin Ledger

When Princess Anne was laid out in Colonial days, the Washington Hotel was built on lot 15, by John Doan, and evidently for an inn. Zadok Long, before buying the house in 1797, had rented the property and conducted it as a tavern. An old ledger made of sheepskin and kept by Long, was found in the attic of the hostelry and now is kept in the safe as a valuable relic.

The ledger bears the date 1780 and contains the names of some of the original settlers of Princess Anne. Their scores for entertainment were sometimes paid in pounds, shillings and pence, or in "hard money" as it was then called, or in farm products and among notable persons who have enjoyed the hospitality of the old house was the famous barrister, Luther Martin, the first Attorney-General of the State of Maryland; Samuel Chase, the "Signer" who came with his father the Rev. Thomas Chase, rector of Somerset Parish in 1740; Governor Carroll and Governor Winder. It was while sojourning at the Washington Hotel that George Alfred Townsend wrote his fascinating romance of Eastern Shore life, "The Entailed Hat."

Upon the walls of the lobby of the Washington Hotel hang portraits of all the Presidents of the United States from George Washington to Calvin Coolidge.

Princess Anne—Continued

SOMERSET COUNTY AND THE EASTERN SHORE

Somerset county was in the beginning known as the "Eastern Shore," and included all the land lying below the Choptank river. In 1666 this county was created and it was given the name of Somerset County in honor of our 'Deare Sister, The Lady Mary Somerset.' Its boundaries were set out exactly in the proprietary proclamation: 'Bounded on the South by a line drawn from Watkin's Point to the Ocean on the East; Nanticoke river on the north and the Sound of the Chesapeake Bay on the West.' In 1742 the county of Worcester was created on the seaboard side of Somerset, and again in 1867, land was taken from our county for the erection of Wicomico. Somerset may indeed be called the 'Mother County' south of the Choptank.

The Teackle Mansion

Across the west end of Prince William street stands the Teackle Mansion, built in 1801 of brick and after the design of an English castle. The mansion stands on land that was originally part of "Beckford," bought by Littleton Dennis Teackle, president of the Bank of Somerset, who built the mansion which is about 200 feet across the front and a fine example of early American workmanship, not only in construction but in interior decoration.

The house has a central building and two imposing wings. As unusual as its architecture, is the fact that the mansion belongs to three different families, each owner holding a deed to his individual part.

A Presbyterian Pioneer

A patron saint of Somerset county is Francis MaKemie, "Father of the Presbyterian Church of America," who came from Ireland as a pioneer missionary in 1683, and whether he established the first Presbyterian church in Snow Hill (then Somerset county), or Rehoboth, always has been a matter of friendly rivalry between these two places.

At any rate he established five churches and Snow Hill is proud of Makemie Memorial Church, a church which Presbyterians all over the United States united with the people of Worcester County in building as a monument to one whose name stands for intrepid courage and piety. Francis Makemie worked his way through Maryland and settled at Onancock, Accomac County, Va. A monument and funeral cairn have been erected near Jenkins Bridge, at the spot where he and his wife, Naomi, and his family are believed to have been buried. The figure represents the celebrated divine with his hand raised in blessing.

Family History

The Teackle mansion reaches back into the dim recesses of the past, but the last is irrevocably linked with the future. In the building of this little book, we acknowledge with grateful appreciation the support and encouragement of one of Salisbury's fair Matrons, whose mother was born in the old Teackle Mansion.

Ed.

Queenstown

The Queenstown News of April, 1909, carried a very comprehensive historical sketch of "Old Queenstown," by Rev. G. Croft Williams. We are greatly indebted to the Editor of the News for the loan of such an interesting document. It is a matter of regret that we can not print the sketch in full, but no attempt has been made in these pages to go very deeply into the history of the Shore. The subject is inexhaustible.

Queenstown, like Princess Anne in Somerset, is older than history. Quoting Mr. Williams—"The first settlers in this part of the country probably emigrated from Kent Island during the dispute waged between Claiborne and Lord Baltimore. From the situations of the oldest settlements and the lay of the old highways we conclude that Queenstown was the center from which population radiated more than two and a half centuries ago."

"In 1706 the General Assembly created Queen Anne's County out of Talbot and Kent, this part of the county formerly belonging to Kent."

The county-seat was named Queens Town in honor of Queen Anne, the English sovereign, for whom the county was also named.

There were great doings in those days, and according to our historian "Executions were conducted in Gallows Field, whose name remains as the only reminder of the exercise of the law in those days." We also learn that a whipping post was erected in Queenstown, and on Aug. 26th, 1718, an unfortunate woman was given twenty lashes on her bare back till the blood appeared. Other implements of punishment were the stocks, the pillory and the branding irons.

In 1748, a man stood in the pillory with the word "cheat" on his back, while he was pelted by the populace. His crime was giving "short measure." The branding irons were seldom used, but according to the stern code of that period, they were considered necessary. Inasmuch as the year 1748 was before the day of anesthetics, one is led to believe that the branding process was not altogether painless. The offenses for which men might be branded were perjury, seditious libel, manslaughter and thievery.

Tobacco was the medium of exchange, and in 1713, one Samuel Hunter conveyed to Richard Hammond lot No. 42, the purchase price was 15,000 pounds of tobacco.

The Free School made its appearance in Queen Anne about 1732, erected as near the center of the County as possible. "Visitors were appointed to direct the school and were instructed to purchase 100 acres of land and erect on it a schoolhouse and residence for the master." The salary was \$100.00 per year.

"Had you stood on Prospect Hill, on a certain day in 1817, you would have seen what was then a strange sight. A little boat with side paddle-wheels came puffing up the river. The "Surprise" was her name, a very appropriate one, commanded by Capt. Spencer. This was the first steam-boat to enter Chester river.

Another interesting item states that "Joseph Hartley," an itinerant Methodist preacher, was apprehended in Queen Anne's county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, for preaching the gospel; he gave bond and security for to stand his trial at court. He was then obliged to desist from preaching in that county; but he would attend his appointments, and after singing and praying, he would stand on his knees and exhort the people till his enemies said they had as lieve he should preach on his feet as on his knees."

Salisbury

Beautiful, serene, charming, and altogether fair, Salisbury sits proudly on a slight eminence overlooking the lazy waters of the Wicomico.

Strength and wisdom, and grace and beauty are hers. The roses of love are twined in her hair—her eyes are fixed on the heights ahead.

Achievement is hers; progress is hers, and to none does she crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.

Independence is hers—so far as independence may be achieved. Wealth is hers, and from her loyal sons and daughters, love in its fullness abides and blesses.

Advance criticism of this publication was to the effect that it would be “top-heavy with Salisbury.” Why not? if Salisbury has been favored—there’s a reason. Salisbury is home, and what is dearer to a man than his home! No one knows better than we the sin and shame that hedge her about; and no one knows better the inherent kindness of her great heart—the strong under-current of religious feeling that beats in her breast.

No one knows better her virtues and her vices, and no one is quicker to forgive her faults and sing her praises, than we who have lived within her bounds for the past twenty five years.

Without her wholehearted cooperation this little book could not have been built. We do not hold that she is any better; that her streets are wider or her grass any greener. We only know that we love her because her name spells home. She is a living, vital part of the Shore—all of which is fair enough to tempt any man to build his home within its bounds, and say with conscious pride—“Thy people shall be my people and thy Gods shall be my Gods.”

Every town and hamlet; every lake and stream, and every flower bordered nook is ours. We hold it in common as a gift from heaven, and the high privilege is ours to call it home.

With a full heart, we echo the sentiment of that poetic soul, who exclaimed—“The Chesapeake Bay on the West, the Atlantic Ocean on the East, and God’s Country in between.”

EDITOR.

Salisbury—Continued

1732—1938

Salisbury is a young thing—petted, loved and hated by her fair sisters of the Shore. ‘Salisbury Town,’ for that was her charter name, was born Aug. 8th, 1732. With a colorful pageant—long to be remembered, her 200th anniversary was celebrated Aug. 8th, 1932.

From Miss Maria Ellegood’s delightful little book—*A Sketch Of The Early History Of Wicomico County And Salisbury*, we learn that the town charter is ancient, unique, and interesting. George Washington and Salisbury should have been schoolmates—they were born the same year.

Salisbury has been located in three counties, and one of its older residents declared that he had lived in three counties, and yet had always lived in Salisbury.

No attempt has been made to incorporate in these pages any considerable amount of historical subject matter. This has been fully covered by Charles J. Truitt’s “History of Salisbury,” and the accurate and informative sketches found in Miss Ellegood’s smaller edition already referred to.

According to the late Dr. William J. Holloway, many native Salisburians may trace their origin back to the Celtic inhabitants of Britain prior to the Roman conquest. Today there is the purest strain of Anglo-Saxon blood flowing in the veins of the inhabitants of this city and county than may be found elsewhere in the United States. It is to be hoped that Salisbury appreciates this testimony to the blueness of her blood, and will govern herself accordingly.

Further quoting Dr. Holloway, whose unremitting labor brought to Salisbury the State Teacher’s College—“When the Emperor Claudius invaded Britain A. D. 43, Roman Legions established on the grassy hills Belage (Later Wiltshire) A mighty fortress which they called Sorbiodium. Cerdic, founder of the West Saxon Kingdom, fixed his seat of government there. In the beginning of the 6th century, by the Celtic element, this settlement was called Sarum; by the Saxons, Saresbury; and eventually by the English, Salisbury.

About 1220 the inhabitants of old Sarum moved down into the fertile Avon Valley, two miles distant, and there established about the new Cathedral a New Sarum, or Saresbury. In such manner was the modern city of Salisbury, Wiltshire, England, founded.

After Charles II ascended the throne and following the abortive Penrudocke rising on his behalf in 1665, many prominent residents of Salisbury and Wiltshire—some of them leaders under Cromwell—emigrated to America and settled on the lower Eastern Shore of the Palatinate of Maryland, that they might enjoy peace, personal liberty and happiness. Joined by their countrymen, who at first had settled in other provinces, they sought to perpetuate here the customs, mannerisms and names familiar to Anglo Saxon history. The story of their achievements forms a colorful chapter in American history, and parallels the history of the city of Salisbury.”

Salisbury—Continued

Thomas W. H. White, Sr. ("Capt. Tom.") was an original character. Born in Wicomico County May, 1831, he was lumberman, sailor, farmer and poet. His *Books Of The Bible Condensed In Verse* was probably written in his 80th year. A man of strong convictions, his homely philosophy is still quoted. His name was a synonym for honesty and integrity, and no man in the county was held in higher regard. His death occurred in September, 1923.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE CONDENSED IN VERSE

THE OLD TESTAMENT

We have Genesis and Exodus, with Leviticus and Numbers, too,
With Deuteronomy—five books of Mosaic teachings true;
Also Joshua, Judges and Ruth, with First and Second Samuel,
First and Second Kings, and First and Second Chronicles, with Ezra showing
Immanuel.

Nehemiah, Esther, Job, with Psalms and Proverbs many;
By Ecclesiastes, the Son of Solomon, and Isaiah taught to any;
Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel and Daniel true,
With Hosea, Joel and Amos—great things are brought to view.

Also Obediah's prophecy and Jonah's indiscretion,
With Micah's word of God and Nahum's Lordly vision.
Habakuk and Zephaniah, while Haggai asks addition,
Zechariah exhorteth repentance and Malachi religion.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke make display of facts,
Then we have St. John and his teachings through the Acts.
Next comes Epistle to the Romans, with First and Second Corinthians,
Galatians, Ephesians, and letter to the Philippians.

Colossians, First and Second Thessalonians, First and Second Timothy seen
With Titus, Philemon and Hebrews, Paul's letters are fourteen.
Then comes Epistle of James, First and Second Peter's version,
First, Second and Third John, with Jude and Revelation.

The object of this writing is to so condense in rhyme
That the Books of the Bible can be learned in little time;
And what additions I have made through this rhyming course
Is done as points to memorize and press the mind with force.

OLD TAR.

(CAPT). THOMAS W. H. WHITE

Salisbury—Continued



Robt. P. Grier, Sr.

Theodore Roosevelt

WHEN T. R. CAME TO SALISBURY

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the days when surveyors used white oak stumps, fence posts, and ditches, as guides in laying out and describing land for court records, the owners of those tracts in Wicomico, Worcester and Somerset counties added to the color of the proceedings by the names and titles they gave their property.

Names such as "Punishment", "Hard Luck," "Taylor's Hardship," "Chance," or "Puzzle,"—which appear on deeds of property in these counties—may have reflected the quality of the land or the moods of the owners. In that case there is evidence that some of the tracts brought prosperity to their owners who gave their farms such titles as "Choice," "Dale's Delight," "Lankford's Delight," "Buck in Time," or "Pointers Gift to Purnel."

The deed on "Punishment" on record in Wicomico County courthouse is dated 1867, bearing the names, William R. Parker from John White. Another, "James Choise" was dated 1868.

Fruitland's early history is brought to light in a deed on the property of George W. Rider, described in a record dated 1868 as "three-quarters of a mile of Forktown." That was Fruitland's original name.

A certificate and plat of a water survey for Nathaniel Covington dated 1868 is typical of the surveys made to determine areas for oyster planting in the Nanticoke River. C. C. Donaho figured as one of the early surveyors.

Salisbury—Continued

Deeds of property near the Pocomoke swamp and the Pocomoke River section show dates of 1695, 1741, on up to the late 1800's. A deed for "Nothing Worth" owned by Francis Joyce was dated 1695. It was a tract of 225 acres.

Others of this period and later in the Pocomoke area included "Bachelor's Adventure," "Puzzle" owned by James Ward, "Potatoo Swamp" Nathaniel Brittingham, "Piney Heap," Ezekiel Brownhill, "Job's Chance," and "Long Island."

"Smaller Neglect" showing a patent date of 1814 was owned by Peter Smullen and "Rotten Quarter" owned by Nathaniel Brumley, was dated 1759.

Courtesy of the SALISBURY TIMES.

THE LONE PINE

Where the waters of Wicomico river
Lazily wash the sands,
Lashed by the storm and winds—
An old pine stands;

For one hundred years or more,
It has stood erect and strong,
Watching the seagulls pass—
Hearing the whippoorwill's song;

There on its lofty perch
Overlooking the friendly river,
It stands—untouched by time,
As tho 'twould live forever.

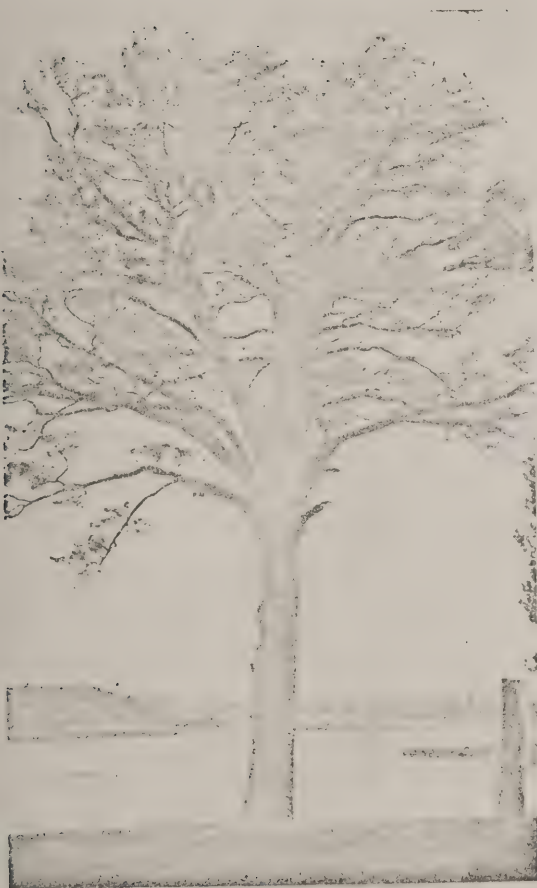
Like a sentinel at his post,
So straight—so strong and tall,
I say for thee, oh noble tree,
Pray God, you'll never fall.

THOMAS W. H. WHITE, JR.

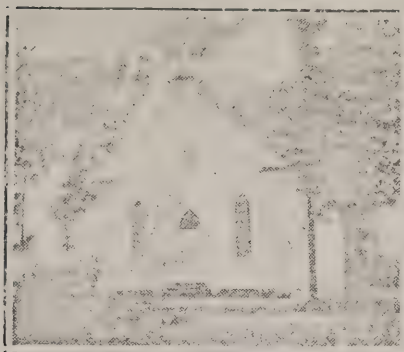
AUTUMN ON THE FARM OF EUGENE M. WALSTON

When golden autumn days have crowned
The trees with red and yellow,
And apple boughs are bending down
With fruit all ripe and mellow,
The farmer, then sits at his ease,
His joy is running over,
When looking upon the fields—he sees
The great dark heaps of clover.
The spacious fields of Indian corn—
Their ripened stalks are waving.
And heavy ears are bending down
All ready for the saving.

RONIE B. VENABLES,
Eugene Walston homestead,
Mount Hermon, Md.



Salisbury—Continued



MOUNT HERMON CHURCH

The fiftieth anniversary of Mount Hermon M. P. Church was celebrated in Oct. 1938. Rededication services were held in the Church, and a delicious dinner was served at 12-30 o'clock. Fifty years is not long as we measure time, and the staunch little Church is not ivy-covered nor gray with age, but it is well beloved by those who find within its walls that peace which comes to the children of God. Bravely and nobly it is playing its part in spreading the gospel of the lowly Nazarene.

Many prominent families connected with the early history of the Mt. Hermon Church still are well-known names in the county. This includes the Walstons, Smiths, Fooks, Hammonds, Parkers, Perdues, Hastings, Collins and Tilghmans. The Rev. Frank M. Volk of Pittsville is pastor of the church.

It was during the pastorate of the late Rev. George McCready in the year 1886, that the members of Parker's Chapel realized that they needed a larger church, and they decided to build a new edifice instead of enlarging the old building. When it was discovered that the Methodist Protestant Conference had no legal right to the land upon which the chapel stood, Mr. Eugene M. Walston, superintendent of the Sunday School, gave the congregation a deed for an acre of land from his farm. It was upon this tract of land that the present church was erected.

A TRIBUTE TO THE EASTERN SHORE

Were I to journey in foreign lands,
And to roam the wide world o'er,
No fairer home would I desire
Than Maryland's Eastern Shore.

'Tis a goodly land, 'tis a favored spot,
'Tis the garden of the world;
On a better land, in a fairer clime,
No banner is yet unfurled.

Its beauties, too many are yet untold,
But they lure on every side—
By the verdant hill, the gentle stream,
And down by the ocean wide.

In bowers of festive green,
In sturdy oaks and stately pines,
Its grandeur dwells serene.

The scarlet berry in springtime comes,
The luscious peach in June;
The golden wheat and melon sweet
In their turn to follow soon.

The blushing rose, its dainty leaf,
With fragrance fills the air;
While lilacs wild and violets sweet
Are nestling everywhere.

Here sports and pleasures too abound,
Beneath the pale moon's light;
Under beaming rays of summer sun,
As clothed in a mantle white.

Their names on fame's historic roll
It's noble sons have traced;
While stations high and banquet halls,
Its daughters too, have graced.

Its lovely maids of modest mien,
Their beauty rich and rare,
In country, village, or town I ween,
Are the fairest of the fair.

The homes where love and peace abide,
Which discord ne'er comes o'er,
Are next to Eden in their joys
On the beautiful Eastern Shore.

S. KERR SLEMONS.

(Written in 1897)

Delmar, Md.

Salisbury—Continued

AN OLD FAVORITE

The people nowhere feel so bright
As on the Eastern Sho'.
And troubles nowhere seem so light
As on the Eastern Sho';
The Chesapeake comes rolling by—
All kinds of game is soaring high,
And sportsmen here are very nigh—
Around the Eastern Sho'.

The days are nowhere quite so dear
As on the Eastern Sho'.
Nor birds so filled with song and cheer
As on the Eastern Sho';
The flowers nowhere bloom so sweet—
And nowhere maidens dress so neat
For style and beauty seem to meet
Down on the Eastern Sho'.

The people here all treat you right,
Down on the Eastern Sho',
The skeeters even are polite
Down on the Eastern Sho';
The place to live—if you can?
That heaven prepared for mortal man,
Is surely fashioned on the plan
Of the good old Eastern Sho'!

ANONYMOUS

Everybody, it seems, takes his pen in hand and writes of the Eastern Shore. Eastern Shore poems came to us by the score—two score. They came from far and near—white and colored, old and young; we found 'em stuck under the door—jammed in the mail box, and every day a new one arrived. Some were good and others just half good, but with one accord they all sang of the Eastern Shore. "Sang in tones of sweet emotion—songs of love and songs of longing."

Whatever may be said of the Eastern Shoreman, irrespective of where he is, or who he married, where he lives or what he does, he is loyal to his native land. He feels—and rightly so, that the world revolves around the Shore.

To him the "Golden Shore," is the Eastern Shore, and all the beauties of the "Promised Land," were fashioned after a pattern borrowed from Sunny Maryland.

There is something about the Shore that makes people love it; it can not be defined, nor weighed or measured, but it is here. Staid old Yankees from New England—highly sophisticated New Yorkers, and big broad shouldered sons of the middle West, feel it coming on just as soon as they cross the Mason & Dixon's line.

The National Convention of the Quota Club made the Welkin ring with the tuneful strains of "The Good Old Eastern Shore" in Denver, Colorado. P. Dale Wimbrow, red headed, freckled face son of the soil, author of the rollicking melody referred to, who was born in Whalleyville and lived everywhere, has lifted up his Whalleyville baritone and sang it to forty million music lovers—from Maine to the Everglades of Florida. According to Dale, there are only two people in the U. S. who haven't heard it—one is deaf and the other has no radio.

Salisbury—Continued

If you talk to Dale about the Eastern Shore his voice gets husky; he's a sentimental cuss despite his 190 pounds. If you deride the Shore his face gets red, and to continue at any length would be dangerous. When Dale is dead he'll be famous in Whalleyville—which is something to look forward to. He is so typically Eastern Sho' that you can't tell the two apart. He is just as lovable as the Shore itself—and more unreliable than the weather; (Eastern Sho' weather) but he's got that Eastern Sho' way about him that makes you like him whether you want to or not.

Speaking of the weather, if the day is fair, it is "regular East'rn Sho' stuff," but if it is bad it is not SO bad, and anyway, it is only the tail-end of a storm that drifted in from the South or middle West; Same thing with Dale; when he dons his company manners and is just himself, he is the most genial—the gentlest and kindest soul on earth. Ask him to twang the Six string Uke (his own invention) when he wants to write a poem and he will tell you to go somewhere. But like the weather, he soon clears up, his freckles disappear, the tintinnabulation of his Ukulele fills the air with sweet sounds, and everybody is happy.

Dale is the Shore's greatest asset, but the Shore doesn't know it. From Boston to Baltimore they are fighting over a handful of dust that was once Edgar Allen Poe. He got \$10.00 for writing the Raven. Dale may never write so rythmically of a bird with sable plumage, but he can do more things than Edgar Allen ever heard of.

Does he play the violin? he does. Did he make his own instrument? he did. Does he write his own radio programs? he does. Does he write both words and music to his songs? he does. Does he paint in oil? he does. Does his artistic ability include carving in wood? it does. Has he any other accomplishments besides those mentioned? He has, details upon application. Will he ever marry and raise a family? He is already married to a superb woman, and they have two lovely children. One, by the way, is Peter Dale Wimbrow, Jr.

Is he popular? if you know him, you like him; dig down a little—just beneath the freckles, and you'll find the gold of his character untarnished. Become well acquainted with him, and you'll love him as your own son, or brother, or as one Eastern Shoreman to another; and that is sufficient. Will he ever grow up? no, he is the eternal boy.

He is the Shore's own son, and never—nowhere, has he ever been ashamed to own her cause or blushed to speak her name. And why all this about him? to save the expense of chipping in on the cost of a marble sarcophagus when he dies. These are his flowers—right now and here, lavishly spread at his feet and carelessly thrown at his head, by one who has laughed with him and sorrowed with him; one who has supped with him when "a sardine and a cracker" were a royal feast.

Friend of his? always and forever; reserving the friendly privilege to lambast him—upbraid him, argue with him, contradict him, hate him one minute and love him the next.

I understand the varmint—
Sometimes he saveys me;
And that's what makes a man your friend,
So far as I can see.

EDITOR.

Salisbury—Continued

STRADIVARI REINCARNATED

Years ago John Hopkins bought a fiddle—an ordinary red fiddle with four strings. When Mr. Hopkins played (he was not a professor then) the neighbors filed a protest.

The fiddle had a squeak in it, and John, as he is known to his friends, had an ear for tones. He took that fiddle apart to see what made it tick and why it squeaked when it should have made sweet sounds. Maybe he found out; maybe he didn't, but he learned something about fiddles. Finally, he decided to make one. Stradivari made good fiddles, why not he?

From that unpretentious beginning the Hopkins Master Tone fiddles evolved, beg pardon, we should have said violins. From old houses and musty lofts he gathered choice pieces of curly maple and well seasoned spruce. Slowly the Hopkins Master Tone violins emerged. The neighbors ceased to complain and the mocking birds hushed their singing to listen.

From far and near music lovers, and those who like to tuck a fiddle under their chins, came to finger the Hopkins Master Tone—full fashioned by hand from back to belly, everything except the strings. There is one that he will not part with—caught in its graceful lines is the soul of Stradivari.

He has discovered the secret of the ancient violin makers, and is reproducing today the sweet thrilling tones of the old masters; aye, even to Stradivari himself. Who knows but what he is Stradivari reincarnated.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE

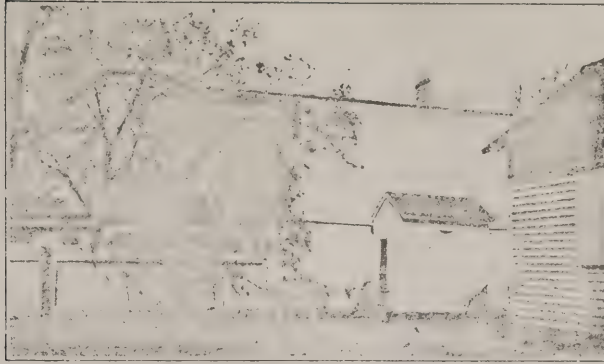
In January of this year—1938, some ladyfolk of Salisbury had a party. There were twenty four present, and a good time was had by all. But no drinks were served—no cigarettes were smoked, and no swear words were sworn. The good ladies were all comparative young women—and in no wise prudish or old maidish. Salisbury is always breaking a record on something.

On one of his visits home, the versatile Dale Wimbrow was persuaded to give a concert for the benefit of a small struggling colored Church. Being highly appreciative of his effort in their behalf—and determined to give him the benefit of "all his entitlements," their advance notices referred to him as "The Honorable Mr. Peter Dale Wimbrow, Esquire."

Uniting with the Church when he was ten years of age, the late Eugene M. Walston, participated in the congregational singing for a period of 75 years. He also gave the land on which stands the little Church at Mount Hermon.

A woman was moaning the loss of her husband—who had left her bag and baggage—She was assured by the fortune teller to whom she appealed—that he would come back. Two friends discussing the situation—One of them—"He will not come back," And why, asked the other—did you see him, No was the reply, but I saw the woman.

Salisbury—Continued



Jail yard where Patty Cannon was buried

PATTY CANNON — SLAVE TRADER —

Character in "Entailed Hat"

Comely in appearance and possessed of unusual strength, Patty Cannon was a well known figure on the Eastern Shore 100 years ago. The story of her life is a strange medley of pathos, humor, romance and tragedy. The place of her birth is not known, but it is thought that she was born on Canadian soil.

Her father was the son of an English Lord who succumbed to the charms of a Gypsy woman, whom he married. This rash act so angered the Lordly father that he drove his wayward son from the palatial mansion, and forbade him ever to enter it again. Emigrating to the U. S. the scion of nobility and his Gypsy wife engaged in smuggling, but were soon betrayed by one of their own number. Patty's father assassinated his spying friend, and was hanged for the act.

The parental combination of Gypsy and royal blood throws an illuminating light upon the career of this extraordinary woman, who captivated nearly every man she met.

Alonzo Cannon fell victim to her charms and married her. After their marriage the young couple built a house on the Delaware-Maryland line, a part of which is still standing, not far from Federalsburg, Md.

Patty enjoyed a reputation for making good men bad and bad men worse. The meagre record of her activities fully justifies the description. One of her chief pastimes was robbing the mail. This was a comparatively easy matter in the old stage coach days. As a counterfeiter of money she had no equals, but her safest and most profitable enterprise was stealing and selling slaves.

She trained her henchmen to steal Negroes in Maryland and Delaware, and ship them to the slave markets of the south. The heart-breaking separation of mother and child, or husband and wife, was all in the days work; and yet, strange as it may seem, she was a devoted lover of children.

The root of all Patty's crimes was the love of money. She negotiated to sell her own granddaughter into slavery for \$500.00 but the plan became known and the girl fled to safety. Patty, enraged at the disappointment, called at the slave dealer's door and pretended to have the girl in her charge. As he opened the door and stepped forward into the darkness of the night, Patty thrust a huge horse pistol against his heart and pulled the trigger.

Salisbury—Continued

She was finally apprehended by the authorities, arrested and put in jail at Georgetown, Delaware where she was kept in chains. But Patty never came to trial. She was determined not to let the law take its course, and swallowed a poison which she had concealed beneath her clothes. The body was buried in the jail yard, but was dug up about twenty years ago. Some of the people in Georgetown claim to possess parts of her backbone; a gruesome relic of the past.

OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH

ERECTED 1820

No one ever sang a song about it;
The charm and quiet of its sacred sod;
Its plain brick walls and straight-backed
benches;
And over all the silent peace of God.
About it lie the well worn streets;
Where patient hands, now long at rest,
have wrought,
The shadows fall with soft caressing
touch,
And on the breeze a scent of pine is
brought,
Here are level graves with low white head-
stones,
Where wild birds sing and flowers bloom
and nod;
Here with hopes fulfilled, loved forms lie
sleeping—
Who sought and found the matchless
peace of God.

Adapted from the "Friend's Meeting
House at Pennsdale." By Clarence L.
Peasley.

SILOAM BAKE

Be Advised—All Saints and Sinners—
Let all who sleep, Awake,
Send word to the Biscuit Eaters
And those who love Good Cake—
And cross young husbands crying
For Pies like mother-used-to-make,
And everybody and all their folks
With a grouch and a bellyache—
Take notice, please, tho the bank might
break,
The rivers run dry and the old Earth
quake,
Right here on Saturday,
We are holding a BAKE.
Ten o'clock Sharp is the hour and the date,
And remember folks, it is not a Wake,
But Glory be—A great big BAKE.
Things to Eat and things to Sell,
Things to Eat and things to Smell
You are invited—Now don't be Late.
But count your money and get it straight,
Then drop in Saturday to the BAKE.

The Siloam Bake, conducted by the Ladies of Siloam Church—near Salisbury, is a time-honored institution. In any emergency, pastor's salary, or Church carpet, these devout women can be depended upon to hold a bake and raise the money. And the food, why say more? it is true Eastern Sho' cooking. One taste, and you'll never miss a BAKE. Siloam Church is situated in that Fairyland of fertility—"Down on the Wicomico river." They are good people—regular East'rn Shoremen, and ye editor is proud of the fact that many of them are his friends.

REALLY ANGRY

He entered the newspaper office with a fury of gait and manner that suggested murder.

He reached the counter and took a newspaper from an inner pocket.

"I was intensely shocked this morning to read in this wretched journal an intimation of my engagement," he said.

The clerk behind the counter looked at him with some concern.

"I am almost beside myself with rage," the agitated man went on. "I cannot tell you how angry I am. I am worried. My fiancée is worried. I am dreadfully annoyed. My fiancée is dreadfully annoyed. We are all annoyed. Give me fifty copies of the paper."

Salisbury—Continued

This poetical tribute to the popular Wicomico was submitted by a member of the traveling fraternity, who prefers to remain incog. Traveling men, it seems, always do the right thing.

THE WICOMICO HOTEL

Out all day in the cold—
Facin' the wind and rain,
Workin' for the wife and kiddies,
Hungry to see 'em again.

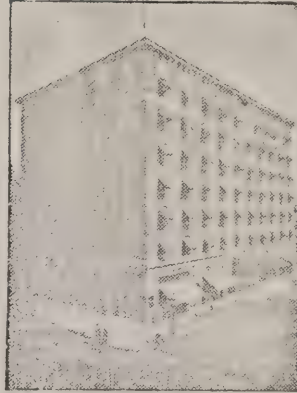
Hittin' the pike since mornin'
Luggin' a sample case,
Seven salesmen on ahead—
Seven more in the race.

Night unrolls her curtain
As soft as thistle down;
And thru the mist is shinin'
The lights of a friendly town.

Salisbury, good old Salisbury!
And right around the block,
Is the hotel Wicomico—
The place for a man to stop.

Good old Wicomico hotel
Where a man can rest his feet,
Where the coffee's worth the drinkin'
And the food is good to eat.

Some day—may it long be distant,
I'll travel—not by car—
To a country new and strange—
To a distant land and far.



And I'm hopin', fondly hopin'
For the signal, "All is well,"
But even there I'm goin' to be homesick
For Salisbury's good hotel.

TRAVELER.

OF PERFECT THINGS

A poem is a hope
Surging as the everlasting sweep of stars
Across the sky;
Singing not of things as they are now,
But dreaming how they should be
When the time we need them comes.

It dreams of perfect trees that brush the sky,
Of perfect birds that sing as others never sang,
Of melodies that live in minds that cannot speak,
Of shades that live in hearts that cannot paint;
It dreams of love firm as thunder heard,
Yet softly kept a dim remembered roll.

A poem is the power
Of perfect things to cluster in a breath,
An image never caught
Until we starve aloud for beauty we had passed . . .
And now it comes to star our span.

IMOGENE CARUTHERS.

Salisbury—Continued

SALISBURY IN "YE OLDEN TIMES"

By LIN ALLEN of Connellsville, Pa., (a former Allen resident)

When it had its big fire . . . And the hospital was at West Main and Fitzwater Streets . . . And the fire engine house was back of the jail . . . And there were red and green fancy bottles in drug store windows . . . And the busses met all trains . . . And the City Limits were where the pavement met the sand . . . And a wooden Indian stood in front of tobacco stores . . . And the Saturday night fights at the old depot . . . And the Cranberry bog was in "California" . . . And there were hitching posts on Main Street . . . And the bar rooms with their sickening smell . . . And the gas lighted streets . . . And the Italian organ grinder and the monkey . . . And Humphreys water mill and the beautiful pond . . . And well dressed men wearing ascot ties and walking sticks . . . And awnings in front of every store . . . And there were only two police—one day and one night . . . And tonsorial parlors were barber shops and headquarters for gossip . . . And gasoline was only used to take the grease spots out of the Sunday suit and to hurry a fire along on a non-paying building . . . And life size dummies stood in front of clothing stores, so natural that a "half stew" often attempted to hold a conversation or obtain information from them . . . And, when a boy, I could go to town and buy a suit of clothes and get a baseball and bat, a necktie and a pair of "galluses" thrown in for good count . . . And it was easier to get in a poker game than it was to stay out . . . And there were no moving picture shows—no automobiles—no telephones—no electric lights—no garages—no radios—"All we knew was what we read in the papers" . . . And there were no BEAUTY PARLORS, our women folk were all 'as is'—if they were pretty they were pretty and if they wer'nt, they wer'nt . . . And there were no alarm clocks—you either stayed awake or trusted to luck . . . And memory takes us back to the original families who contributed liberally to making Salisbury what it is today, some of whom were The Grahams—the Whites—The Parsons'—The Gordy's—The Jacksons—The Humphreys—The Powells—The Toadvines—The Todds—The Tilghman's—The Leonards and many others. Many of whom are gone but not forgotten.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Note: To the credit of the Eastern Shore's fair daughters, bless their hearts! they all like poetry. And when what is more—when occasion requires they lightly dip their pens in rainbow ink and write exquisite verse. When Christmas time arrived, Miss Hazel Elliott, President of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Salisbury, decided to ignore the "Five and Ten" and send the members of her Club a Christmas greeting of her own composing. To show there is no hard feelings, it is reproduced here—with the editor's thanks to Miss Elliott.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
I shall say it once again.

For I want to send the best of
thoughts to an old club friend.

It's been a joy to work with you
and know you better and better.

So may I send you one big wish,
I'll spell it letter by letter—

M-E-R-R-Y C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S!

HAZEL ELLIOTT

Dec. 15, 1937.

Salisbury—Continued

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

As set forth in this Christmas Will and Testament

A prominent young attorney of the Eastern Shore believes in being original. Plitudinous Christmas cards weary him. He determined to evolve something different. In legal verbiage he conveyed to his friends at Christmas (1937) all the joys of the season to be equally divided under the terms of his will. This unique document is submitted for your perusal.

What he has up his sleeve for 1938 is a matter of speculation among his friends. It may be a codicil to his Christmas Will, or he may issue to them a license to practice law—present them with divorce decrees—no alimony, or he may have the Sheriff serve them with a warrant for horse stealing.

CHRISTMAS WILL and WISHES OF—

IN THE NAME OF CHRISTMAS; GREETINGS

I, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this my Christmas WILL and TESTAMENT, in order, justly as I may, to distribute friendliness and good cheer among those who call me friend.

FIRST: That part of my estate which is known among men and recognized in the sheep bound volumes of the law as my property, being inconsiderable and of doubtful worth, I make no account of in this my WILL and TESTAMENT.

SECOND: Of the finer values of life, as hereinafter set forth, I now proceed to devise and bequeath, with equal proportions of my affection and esteem, to be justly divided in the spirit of PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN.

THIRD: I bequeath to you—my very good friend, Ere the sun sinks low and the day's at end,

Your equal share of those homely joys
That stir the hearts of girls and boys.

All the sweets of life it is ours to woo,
In this my WILL—I give to you.

Together with hope—as your good friend,
That happiness walk with you to the end;

A portion of faith—that too, I give,
To quiet the heart and help you to live;

And work that is honest I assign to you,
In tasks that are hard—but nobly true;

That Peace on earth to men good WILL—
The message sent from Calvary's hill—
With love overflowing your heart to fill,
I bequeath to you—in this my WILL.

As witness my hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of December, 1937

(Seal)

Salisbury—Continued

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE AT SALISBURY

J. D. BLACKWELL, President



ALMA MATER

Oh Alma Mater, standing wise and stately,
We dedicate our song to Thee;
A song of praise, a song of deep devotion,
A song of love, and endless loyalty.
Salisbury College, school of gracious beauty,
thy portals stand—an open door
Thru which we enter lives of deeper wisdom,
Oh we shall love thy name for-ever-more.

MARGARET H. BLACK.

"And gleaming columns
Radiant in the sun."

Formally opened in September 1925 as one of the State's three normal schools for the training of teachers for the white elementary schools, the State Teachers College at Salisbury has steadily grown in physical plant, in curriculum offerings, and in service to the community and to the State.

The present beautiful colonial structure was completed in 1932. The first appropriation made possible only the completion of the north wing in which the present College had its beginnings. The second, the central portion, the administrative unit including the auditorium which was dedicated by the late Senator Charles R. Disharoon in 1928, the third, the south wing including the social hall and dining room, now recognized for their architectural beauty and simplicity, and the spacious auditorium, one of the largest on the Shore.

The curriculum has met changes from time to time demanded by Maryland's educational growth, and the College now offers a four year curriculum leading to a B. S. degree in education.

Dr. J. D. Blackwell, a member of the State department of education in Maryland for twelve years, has been President of the Eastern Shore College since 1935.

Salisbury—Continued

THE GRIEF OF ISRAFEL

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT M. WHITE

By a Fellow Student in S. T. C., May 27, 1937

Winged Israfel and his celestial choir,
When first they heard this mournful mortal plaint,
Of how an worthless one bright smiles did taint
With death, were saddened, strumming slow their lyre.
They did not find it needed to inquire
Of tearful brother what had made things so,
For but to see them parted was enow.
Sad countenance, sad melodies inspire.
So Israfel, up where his like do dwell,
Is chanting still, to tell the heavenly throng
That all with those below them is not well,
And they by singing may abate this wrong,
Though great it be. And then a glorious swell
Floats down: the orbs themselves have joined the song.

LAWRENCE FREENEY
Class of 1939

TO A CYNIC

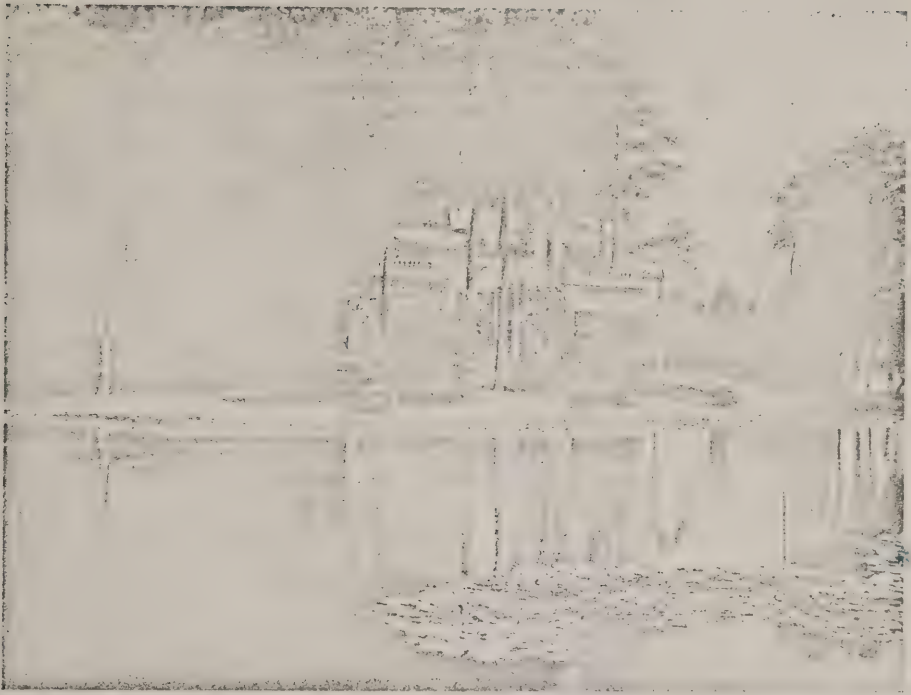
I watched a star
In the deepening sky
Watched it twinkle,
Watched it die.
I watched a moth
Fly near a flame,
Flirting with death,
As men do with fame.
I watched young loves,
Turn quickly to hate,
Watched lonely dreamers
Find dreams—too late.
I watched the world thru'
a cynic's eye,
And I watched the soul of
that cynic die.

EVELYN VINCENT.

Class of 1941.



Salisbury—Continued



TWIN LAKES

Residence of J. Howard Johnson, Salisbury, Md.

No other house is like it—
And none could ever be,

For a part of him who builded
This cottage by the sea—

Is somehow interwoven
With the walls and roof and dome,

And the soul of him is traced
In this little house—called Home.

Ah, but it's a sturdy structure—
And true in every part,

Its graceful lines revealing
The Master builder's art.

Close by—a lazy river
Winds slowly out to sea,

Past a lake with lilies covered
Where the wind is blowing free,

From strong and rugged timbers—
With brick and wood and stone,

With skillful hand he fashioned
A strong man's house and home.

No extra touch is needed
But it lingers just the same.

In the fireplace that sparkles.
And a dog who knows his name.

W. C. THURSTON

Salisbury—Continued

THAT LITTLE ROOM UNDER THE ROOF

We two little brothers are just the same age,
We sleep in the very same bed
In a queer little room where the ceiling is low,
And the plaster is cracked overhead.

Sometimes in our dreams we hear voices that call,
And sometimes we rudely awake;
For the shutters are gone and the wind howls so loud
That the windows all rattle and shake.

We boys simply stop up our ears when it rains,
It makes such a terrible noise,
It bangs on the shingles and beats on the panes,
And hours of our slumber destroys.

Our room has no paper or paint on the walls;
Our floor is as rough as a street;
We have to be careful when walking around
That splinters don't get in our feet.

Our closet is tiny and gloomy and low;
Our clothes hang in one little line;
I often come out with Ray's clothes on my head,
And Ray comes out covered with mine.

In what kind of house is this queer little room,
In winter so bitterly cold?
It's a cheap little house on a bleak little farm,
And nearly a hundred years old.

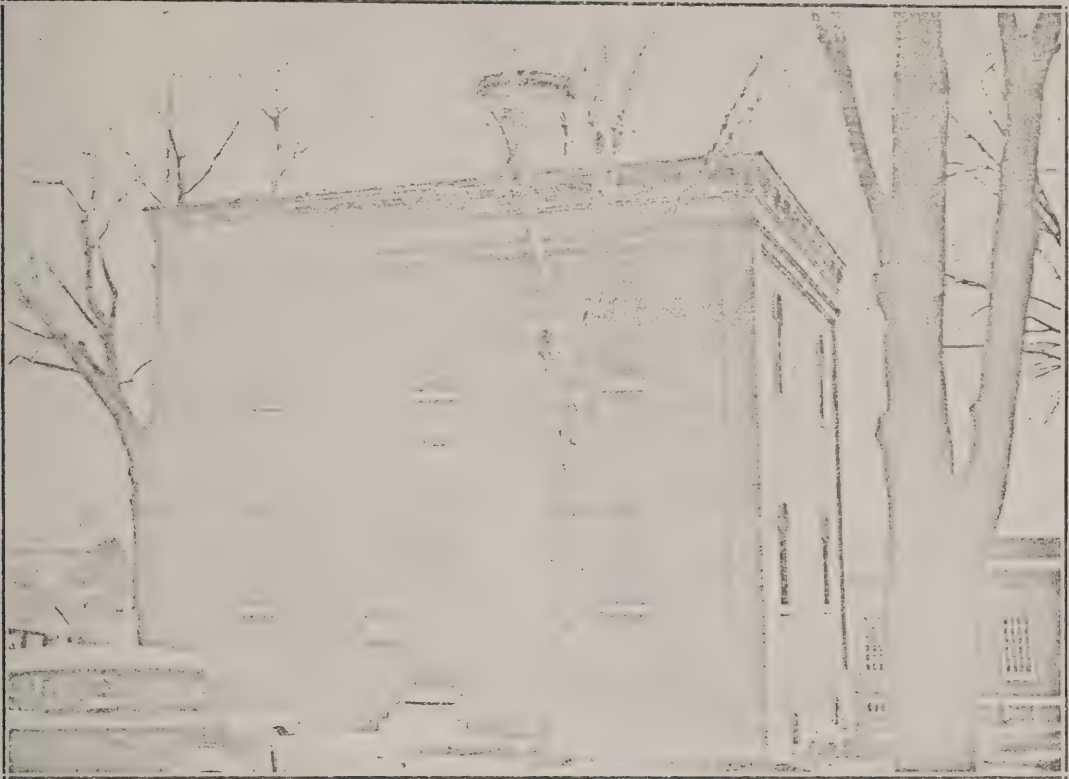
Our cousins came down from the city one day
In a car with our rich Uncle Ned,
When we showed him our room he just turned up his nose
And gave a long whistle and said—

"Your room is no good but for storing old junk,"
But really, that isn't the truth;
It's a queer little room, but a dear little room—
That little room under the roof.

MABEL EUGENIA WALLER
Salisbury, Md.

A unique feature of Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church at Salisbury is the fact that it contains what is said to be the only Church memorial window in the world dedicated to a railroad company—the Pennsylvania system.

Salisbury—Continued



REMARKS ON THE OLD JAIL

Salisbury, suddenly afflicted with a building boom, erected a new jail—the latest thing in jails. It was rumored that \$50.00 was paid to the first prisoner. Be that as it may, while the old landmark was being demolished many wept silently.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD JAIL

What memories cluster 'round it—what nights of bitter tears;
What tragedy of broken lives—shattered hopes and guilty fears;

And who will mourn its passing, and who is here to weep?
Aye, who would dig a grave for it—or one memento keep?

In all its crowded sixty years what service did it render?
Of that great host who came and went—did one go out with heart more tender?

Where thousands came to meet their fate and feel the law's hard fetter,
Was there just one to say—"Its four walls made me better?"

What high purpose did it serve—what work did it do well?
And those it harbored—did they turn to God, or keep the road to hell?

W. C. THURSTON.

Salisbury—Continued



A POEM IN BRICK & STONE

(Malone & Williams, Architects)

This new county building—an addition to the old Court House, built in 1874, is a work of art. Even the jail—on the third floor, modern in every particular, comes in for a word of praise.

According to Wicomico countians, the structure is symbolic of the new Salisbury, the city that is to be. Built on the site of the old jail, it is linked with the past, but in beauty of design, simplicity of construction, and dignity of bearing it is the County Commissioners' poetical contribution to the "Eastern Shore In Song & Story."

There is beauty in brick and mortar; there is art in stone and marble. Building is a noble work.

When our book is but scrap paper in the wastebasket of time, this building—designed by native sons of the Shore, will still be standing—an enduring picture the architects have deftly etched upon the background of a beautiful city.

Salisbury—Continued

OLD GREEN HILL CHURCH

(St. Bartholomew's)

Old Green Hill Church, a dozen miles down the river from Salisbury, was the Parish Church of one of the 30 parishes established by an act of the Maryland Assembly in 1692. The Church is known today as St. Bartholomew's, this particular designation dating back about twenty five years, when an annual observance of St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24th, was instituted.

The Church derived its name from "Greene Hill Towne," which was laid out on the banks of the Wicomico where the Church now stands. The building is located only a few yards from the river which formerly was the chief avenue of approach; parishioners sailing to Church and tying their boats at the wharf.

A feature which sets old Green Hill apart is the fact that it has carefully preserved thru the vicissitudes of 200 years, the original high backed boxed pews. Each pew is rectangular in shape, having seats on three sides. A canopy or sounding board which projected the voice of the Cleric in Colonial days is still intact and performs the same service.

Built of brick with eighteen inch walls, this historic old edifice, after two centuries, is still in an excellent state of preservation. Inlaid in the rear wall with bricks of a different color, is the date of its erection—1773.

In the Churchyard a number of graves are hidden by pine needles and vines, and only a few small stones are visible. Several large pine trees, appearing as old as the Church itself, stand guard over the building and its graves.

Not far from the Church is the birthplace of Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maryland, and later Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S.

Situated in a beautiful grove, one has only to visit this historic spot to realize the existence of tangible links in brick and stone with the hardy spirits of the past.

The tombstone of a Capt. John Parker bears the following epitaph:

"This world is a city full of crooked streets,
Death is a market place where all men meet;
If life was merchandise that men could buy
Then the rich would ever live and the poor die."

MISS SALISBURY

This is Miss Salisbury
Of Salisbury town;
A demure little maiden
With eyes cast down—
Peeping shyly between
Long lashes that veil,
Like a shadowy screen—
The sparkle and mirth
Of sweet sixteen.

A flashing glance
From orbs of brown;
Deep wells of truth—
Where never a frown
Mars the beauty
And perfect grace
Of the woman's soul
In a lovely face.

W. C. THURSTON.

Salisbury—Continued

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

In writing of the Eastern Shore one is tempted to begin with Salisbury, that miniature Metropolis, which holds so much of human interest—so much that is heart-warming, and so much that is fine and true.

Three centuries have passed since the white man first set foot upon these Shores. The intervening years were filled with all the hardships and heroism that falls to the lot of the pioneer. But the dominant spirit of the early settlers was not deterred by difficulties. Theirs was a new spirit and a new vision. Their perspective was broad as the horizon of the new land upon which they had settled.

America was fast becoming a haven of refuge for the oppressed of all lands, and the act of religious toleration, first promulgated here, was as a beacon light in the darkness of persecution. To all the right hand of fellowship was extended, and that friendly gesture prevails to this day.

We, of foreign extraction, born and bred in America, are loyal—even unto death, to the stars and stripes; we are Americans first. But, like a father's love for his favorite child, there is in our hearts an abiding affection for the Shore, a real love for its people, and a deep appreciation of the friendships we have made.

Those who have traveled far and wide boldly assert that there is no place like the Eastern Shore in all this broad land. To the new-comer—to the visitor, there appears to be an invisible something that bids him welcome—that takes him by the hand as a friend and brother, and freely shares with him a crust or a feast. Call it atmosphere if you will; call it whatever you like, but it is here. Is it any wonder then, that men love the Eastern Shore?

NATHAN CHERRY, Salisbury.

BEAUTIFUL WICOMICO

Dedicated to

Wicomico Presbyterian Church

Oh Church of my heart, Wicomico,
Nobly fashioned and true;
Faith whispers the sweet assurance—
God speaks to His people through you.

Serene in thy beauty, Wicomico,
Under the arching sky;
As a light in the window thou art,
Where the race of men go by.

Strong are thy walls, Wicomico,
To shut out all sorrow and sin;
Wide are thy doors, Wicomico,
To open and let love in.

Church of our fathers, Wicomico,
Oh dream of beauty and art;
To the glory of God you were builded,
To the service of Him set apart.

Peace is thy mission, Wicomico,
With charity that covers all sin;
The banner of the cross thy standard,
The heart of the world to win.

Oh stately and beautiful Wicomico,
Deep rooted in the womb of the sod;
Long may you stand as a symbol of love,
To draw men closer to God.

W. C. THURSTON.

Salisbury, Md., May 1928.

Salisbury—Continued

"YOU SHOULD VISIT SALISBURY"

(Courtesy of Coastal Topics)

Salisbury—a typical modern city with all the glitter and gloss of a gay Metropolis, has many interesting features that will commend it to the average visitor. Geographically situated in the center of a "Pleasant Peninsula," it is usually referred to as the "Hub" of the Shore. The diversified highways leading out of the city in every direction, fully justifies the use of the term.

Many of these delightful roads were Indian trails—cow paths, and circuitous routes that followed the steps of the primeval calf. Today they are white ribbon avenues of travel—"the road to home," and the open sesame to many romantic spots.

To the sight-seer, the Eastern Shore (pronounced Sho') is an enchanted land. Historical places abound. Ancient Churches and old homes, with boxwood gardens and venerable trees, are nestled here and there—serene in their quiet setting; apparently immune to the touch of time.

Originally an English settlement, the city was named for Salisbury, England, and many old English customs still prevail. A number of the old Churches—especially those of the Presbyterian and Episcopal faith, proudly display carefully preserved relics of Colonial days; gifts from the mother country. Among these may be noted Altar Cloths, Baptismal Fonts, and huge Bibles. The object of tender solicitude on the part of the communicants, these ivy covered structures of the long ago still serve as places of worship.

Nearly all the numerous waterways of the Eastern Shore bear Indian names. "Wicomico" meaning a place of houses. When the white settlers came the friendly Indians retreated farther and farther into the forest, leaving their quaint and musical nomenclature to become the property of the pale face.

Salisbury—the largest town on the Peninsula—south of Wilmington, takes itself seriously, but its people are the soul of hospitality and friendly in the extreme. It is not unusual in the city, if a stranger inquires the way to some place, for the native Salisburian to reply; "Our streets are so confusing, and cut on the bias that you would never find it, get in my car and I'll take you around there."

One amazed New Yorker—having been treated to this remarkable exhibition of native hospitality, exclaimed, "I have long heard of southern hospitality, but this is the genuine article." And yet this happened in a hustling modern city of 15,000 people who are wont to boast that its natural growth is pushing back the city limits several feet daily.

Keenly interested in everything pertaining to the commercial development of the municipality, and receptive to any move that makes for progress, the townspeople have never lost their simple democratic ways, and what is more to be admired, their inherent friendliness, their cordiality and courtesy to the stranger.

Within the city limits, Salisbury has little of historic interest to offer. Granted a provincial charter the same year George Washington was born, there is no record extant that the father of his country ever set foot in Wicomico county, or spent a night in Salisbury. That in itself is a distinguishing feature of the proud little city, and delightfully refreshing because of the preponderance of those pride-stricken burghs where George Washington slept all over the place.

Salisbury is ultra modern and thoroughly sophisticated. Yet with all its sophistication, its metropolitan atmosphere, and splendid hotel, while it has frequently taken the man from the country, it has never been able to take the country out of the man; all of which adds to its natural charm, and makes it one of the friendliest and most desirable spots on earth.

Salisbury—Continued

What it lacks in the way of historic shrines is amply made up for by the Shore as a whole. With headquarters in Salisbury, the devotee of haunted houses, the lover of beauty, the artist, and all others can make short excursions into the delightful countryside, and leave behind the cares that infest the day. To enumerate them here would require more space than is available. The proper mode of procedure would be to settle down at the Wicomico hotel, get a souvenir booklet of the Shore, and after a good East'n Sho' breakfast proceed to ramble.

If one likes the water, Ocean City is only thirty miles away. Historic Princess Anne is fifteen miles down the road. The George Washington hotel—where they 'sure feed you,' is rich in priceless relics of a glorious past. A stranger motoring thru the Shore, inquired of one of the colored help the age of the town? "Man, sir," he replied, "Princess Anne is older than history." Just below Princess Anne is Pocomoke City—where the river has no bottom. Whether that be true or not, the Pocomoke is known as a "Man hater," and its waters are dark and troubled—as if they guarded some awful secret.

But the A. B. C. of the Shore's attractions are yet untouched. Indian legends—war-time stories, and the folklore found in quaint little villages—half hidden from the main highway, invite the inquisitive traveler to stop and rest his soul.

Tiring of the day's routine, he may turn the nose of his Ford—or Packard toward Salisbury or Ocean City, and disport himself on the smooth turf of the Golf Course.

In the cool of the evening he may drive to Crisfield and back after dinner. Crisfield does not admit of any extended description; it is just different. Main street is built of oyster shells, and it is the largest seafood center in the world. It has a "Terrapin farm," which heads the list of many quaint and curious things.

One need not be lonesome on the Eastern Shore. When the sight-seeing is over—"when day is done and darkness falls from the wings of night," be of good cheer. No one ever died on the Eastern Shore from ennui. There is always a dance—a speaking, a lecture, a meeting, or something else just as good. Strange to say, there is still the old-time prayermeeting on Wednesday evenings; strangers are cordially invited. Going from the sublime to the ridiculous—there have been whispers—very faint, that a crap game could be found around the corner. Doubtless it is untrue.

Books could be written, in fact one has already been compiled by the former Editor of the Salisbury Times, Charles J. Truitt, telling all about Salisbury. It is a very interesting book, and the visitor to the city may buy or borrow it—just as he prefers.

The guest is always right in Salisbury—even against the parking laws. Any member of the courteous Police force waves his hand with a "go ahead," "thanks," calls out the traveler, and the incident is closed.

There isn't any sign on the outskirts of the city extending the usual welcome. Salisbury doesn't take very favorably to signs. The tourist or traveler finds his welcome when he arrives at the hotel. But there is no gushing display of company manners; guests are not fussed over—just made comfortable, and incidentally, made to feel at home—which every traveler knows is the acme of comfort.

Salisbury modestly claims to have all the virtues, and a few of the vices. Some of the virtues are slightly shelf-worn, and a few of the vices have lost their potency; but take it all in all, there is an indefinable charm about the place—an intangible something that is felt rather than seen. As much as the word has been abused—Salisbury has an atmosphere; a certain elusive something not found elsewhere.

She is industrially minded, but the hum of commerce is not the Salisbury we have sought to portray. There is another side to this picturesque little city reserved for those who appreciate the homely virtues of everyday living. The friendly side, the kindly side, the sentimental and the neighborly side. Go and see for yourself; meet these sons and daughters of the Shore—descendants of the first settlers in Maryland. Hunt for antiques and listen for ghosts in some old house built before the revolution; you will find both.

W. C. THURSTON

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Salisbury—Continued

AN AUTUMN FOREST ON THE EASTERN SHORE

Tinted leaves of wondrous hue,
Red teaberries peeping thru
Mossy beds and pine cones, too.

Brown persimmons, luscious, sweet,
Falling, beckoning, at your feet;
Old stumps offering you a seat.

Stately trees, sedate and tall,
Swaying proudly over all
Nature's beauty of the Fall.

Squirrels climbing recklessly,
Leaping high from tree to tree;
Hiding nuts from you and me.

Rabbits scrambling for their dens,
Thru the bushes, in the fens,
Caring naught for poet's pens.

Winter birds their festive song,
Never fearing winter long;
Warbling gaily in their tongue.

Here in forest solitude
Nature cries that God is good
To His creatures in the wood.

If He marks the sparrow's fall,
He will hear His children call—
For His love is over all.

In his Kingdom of the trees
God will put your soul at ease,
Who His every creature sees.

Hie then to this magic land
Tinted by a wondrous hand,
Join the woodland's happy band,
On the Eastern Shore.

A. EVERETT WILLIAMS,
Salisbury.



INTERLUDE—ON THE EASTERN SHORE

A drowsy afternoon in Maryland,
A springtime lull in the midst of May;
Dreamy voices come from far away,
The very breezes wait around and stand
With feet in velvet grasses
Idling the long, long day.

The growing season is now satiated,
The day is filled with the tide of spring,
A few more hours of growth will bring
Summer in all maturity created;
And spring will be gone with liquid grace
And fluttering wing.

Now comes this drowsy afternoon in May,
With field and orchard seeming half asleep
And half dreaming, mysterious and deep,
A lull, a languid spell for just one day
E'er the swelling tide of summer begins
Again with ceaseless sweep!

RUTH ELOISE DOWNING,
Salisbury, Maryland.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES

The personal tributes appearing in these pages just crept in—we couldn't keep them out. The Shore has produced so many fine characters, strong men and noble women, we felt that these modest tributes to their worth would not be misplaced.

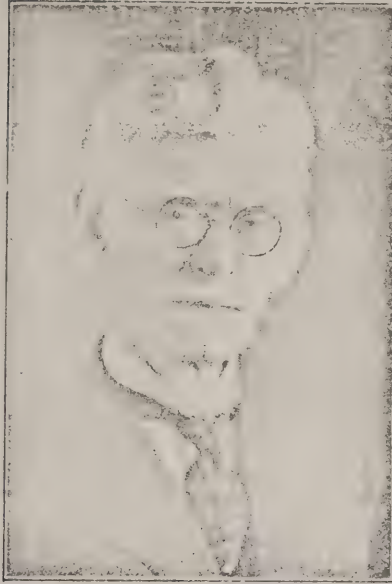
Many of them are with us at this time only in memory and the charm of a gracious personality that lives on and on. It is not true that the good men do is interred with their bones; those listed here are especially remembered for their Christian virtues and the good that lives after them.

For those who are living, and with whom we are privileged to touch hands every day—nothing else need be said. We are glad to honor them before they pass beyond our ken, and to leave embodied in these pages some slight tribute to their useful lives.

"High thoughts and noble
In all lands, help me;
My soul is fed by such,
But ah the touch of human hands,
Warm, vital, close,
Life's symbols dear,
These need I most—
And now and here!"

Salisbury—Continued

Salisbury's "Grand Old Man"—A record unexcelled in the State—Mr. Gunby has been engaged in active work for three score and eleven years.



"Seldom is it given to a man to look back along the path of his career to see it lighted from all sides by esteem, trust and affection. Seldom is it given to a people to recognize how much the life of such an one has influenced the course of their thought and their institutions."

AN APPRECIATION

Dedicated to L. W. GUNBY

There is nothing more worth while than to build one's character into the life of a community. It seems to me that so many of the fine things that make Salisbury what it is bear the hallmarks of both the genuineness and generosity of Louis W. Gunby.

What is the secret of a life so useful?

I have often sat with him in his home at the end of a day quietly watching the setting sun splashing its colors above a far-flung horizon. In the silence of that fellowship there was a revelation of life to life. His soul glistened with that without which nothing is good or great—I mean loyalty. Loyalty has moved his life into those deeds that merit the tribute of his friends and fellow citizens. Loyalty to the highest and best makes his life, as he stands in the midst of years, a citadel of strength from which float the banners of faith.

W. ALFORD BOGGS.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF DR. THOMAS H. SPENCE

"Here was a man whose heart was good,
Who walked with men and understood;
His was a voice that spoke to cheer,
And fell like music on the ear.
His was a smile men loved to see,
His was a hand that asked no fee
For friendliness or kindness done;
And now that he has journeyed on,
His is a fame that never ends,
And leaves behind uncounted friends."

Salisbury—Continued

HERE'S TO DOCTOR DICK!

Forty years we've called him friend;
And tho' he's cross as a soretail cat—
Rough as a rasp and grouchy, too,
Believe it or not—
There's brains beneath his hat.

Day in—day out, thru rain or shine,
He had little time to eat or rest,
But pain-racked bodies who felt his touch,
Knew there was a heart within his breast.

A blinding flash—a wreck and a scream!
"Somebody do something quick!"
The road was long and the night was dark,
But just the same—came Dr. Dick.

He's mended our legs and sewed up our cuts,
And hearkened to the cry of pain;
And he's gone to bed at 2 A. M.
To be called right out again.

He's brought our babies one by one;
And cured our aches and ills;
He's dosed us with the darndest stuff,
And given us lots of sugar pills.

He's been with us in joy and sorrow—
And almost—he's worn his life away—
In service, just plain service, men,
Without one thought of pay.

Swiftly the busy years roll on
To touch with gray the hair once brown;
And cross as a cat, but still on the job,
He Doctors the whole darn town.

We learned his grouch was just a bluff,
And in that manly breast—
Was the kindest heart man ever wore,
Beating strong beneath his vest.

For he's a man only God could have made;
The best ever born of woman;
Tho he snaps and snarls and grunts and growls,
Deep down inside he's human.

If we could ask of heaven today
One gift supreme for the Eastern Shore,
We'd simply say give us Dr. Dick
For another forty years and more.

Here's to the gray in your hair, Doc,
And here's to the fire in your heart;
And death to the man who dares to say
That you have not done your part.

God knows you have, and love is yours
From lives you've touched to the quick,
And here's to you—with a heart of gold;
God bless you, Doctor Dick!

W. C. THURSTON

To Dr. J. MacFadden Dick, June 1st, 1936, upon the occasion of his being honored by the Salisbury Chamber of Commerce for his life of service to this community.

Salisbury—Continued

TWENTY FIVE YEARS

Twenty five years you plugged along—
Sticking close to the task at hand,
And it wasn't all laughter—light and song,
'Twas just plain work—well mixed with sand.

You made the grade and topped the hill,
And when the road was rough,
You kept on going by force of will—
Like a regular man—you did your stuff.

Your star and compass was honest work—
That showed your tracks on the road,
A sign to the man inclined to shirk
To step up and carry his load.

Congratulations, you splendid fellow—
On the honorable record you made,
Your scratches and scars are far from yellow—
And you didn't get them in the shade.

Here's best wishes and health to you;
And strength to your good right hand,
Our hats are off—for that's your due,
To a much esteemed and worthy man.

W. C. THURSTON.

To Harold C. Hearn, on the occasion of his twenty fifth anniversary with work.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. CAROLINE GOETZ HIGGINS

We shall miss her in the morning;
There'll be tears at close of day,
We who loved her will be grieving
For a friend who's gone away.

How short the happy years, since she,
A smiling—blushing bride,
Came with us to live and love—
And in our hearts abide.

Sweet and gentle—kind and true;
A loving-faithful wife,
She walked with God from day to day,
A consecrated Christian life.

None spoke ill of her—her smile
Revealed a heart so warm,
That love was hers from every one
To shield her from all harm.

We shall miss her in the morning,
And when the lights are dim
There'll be tears, and in our prayers
Each heart will be remembering.

A FRIEND.

THE VILLAGE POET PENS A TRIBUTE TO FATHER DOUGHERTY

Into our midst there came
A Priest in sombre garb;
Friendly and pleasant spoken—
His words concealed no hidden barb
Each day his ready smile
Flashed a message true,
That serving God was love to men—
Aye, even unto you.
So human one might call him friend,
Nor quail at "Pat" and "Pard";
Content to serve—and caring naught
For worldly wealth or fame,
God drew closer to our hearts
When Father Dougherty came.

W. C. THURSTON.

A GOOD WOMAN Dedicated to Mrs. Nettie B. White

Hers is not glory—
Nor the high peaks of fame;
But this is the story—
She bears but one name—
The truest and best
Of traits that are human;
What more can be said?
She is just a good woman.

W. C. THURSTON.

Salisbury—Continued

J. WOOLFORD JOHNSON, 40 YEARS A PYTHIAN

J. Woolford Johnson had been forty years a Pythian. Constant as the earth around the sun.

His fellow Pythians felt that something should be done about it. The man was strong and healthy—seemed like there was no chance of his dying, so his Lodge brothers decided to hold the funeral anyway, and give him his flowers while he was living.

They decided on a surprise party; on the occasion of his birthday, about twenty or his Pythian friends knocked at the door and solemnly filed in.

With lugubrious faces, they announced that they came to prefer charges against him. One of their number was delegated to read the charges, which he proceeded to do. After a long preamble the specific charges against him were enumerated as follows;

"J. Woolford Johnson, twenty members of the Pythian Order solemnly state that you are guilty of a deep and abiding loyalty to the Pythian Lodge. You are furthermore accused of being a good fellow—a good Pythian, and by the grace of a good mother and a faithful wife, one of the men whom God made. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Mr. Johnson was then presented with a beautiful purse—suitably inscribed, and containing a crisp one dollar bill, which, the committee informed him was to be used to give him a new start in life. The birthday poem was then read by one of the members.

"Three score and two, brother Johnson,
Have touched you but lightly, it seems.
While the years took toll of your youth—
They left you fond hope and your dreams.
'Twas a long—hard road, brother

Johnson,
'Twould be foolish to say it's not so.
But there were bright stretches of
beauty—

And the haven of love's tender glow.
To wish you many happy returns
Would spoil what we're trying to say.
For somehow, our old hearts are touched

With the sadness and the joy of today.
J. Woolford, our friend and our comrade,
Unafraid—you are facing the west.
And today—tho it only be wishes—
For you they are of the heart's best.
We present a little gift—it is small,
But it means our affection and esteem;
Kind God, we are saying, let us keep him,
And share in his hope and his dream.
So here's to your health, J. Woolford,
For your honest old heart—a sweet song.
And lest you should be needing our love,
To make sure, we brought it along."

Dedicated to the PYTHIAN CASTLE

And the Knights of the Shore

Strong are the walls, oh castle,
As tho with iron bands—
For friendship girts thee 'round
With the strength of many hands.

A golden chain of love
These many years have held,
The Knights in a stronger bond
Than any the Smith can weld.

Within thy ancient portals
A sacred fire glows,

Bright with the friendly radiance
That every Pythian knows.

Guard well thy secrets, oh castle,
Where friend and brother meet,
And kindle anew your sacred flame
To guide their faltering feet.

Strong are thy walls, oh castle,
To bind the hearts of men
In the mystic links of brotherhood,
That does not change nor dim.

Here dwells the spirit of Pythias,
Who pledged his life for another;
In friendship—caution and bravery—
Who wears the spurs is your brother.

W. C. THURSTON.

Salisbury—Continued

WINDOW—CHATS

Dedicated to Miss Laura Lee Wailes

A wayside flower at the office window

Tea table chats are restful,
And a confab here and there—
Is a lifted straw from the camel's back—
To lighten our load of care.

A tete-a-tete at the garden gate—
In the twilight's peace and calm,
Is an anodyne of ills forgot;—
A friendly healing balm.

But daily passing to and fro—
Trudging the weary miles,
A girl at the office window
Nods her head and smiles.

Fireside chats when winter comes,
Or a walk in the early fall;
These are fine—but a window chat—
Say, that is the best of all!

The zest of life in a friendly chat;
A bow, a smile and a nod,
And what is heaven—when all is said,
But a little chat with God.

The prince of Peace invites you
To stop and chat a while;
And I'm sure He'll wait
At the golden gate—
To welcome all with a smile.

W. C. THURSTON.

SMILES

Smiles help—that's certain,
Frowns never do;

Deep inside you're hurtin'
Feelin' worse than blue;

Some one smiles—and then,
You are smiling too.

So many thing to hurt
And keep our tempers riled;

But when God had made the earth—
He rested—then He smiled.

W. C. THURSTON.

SILVER WINGS

To a Lieutenant in the Lafayette Escadrille

High, high, up in the sky,
Over the mountain's crest,
Low, low, swoop on the foe,
Beating the hawk, at its best!
Silver wings,
Wonderful things!
Borne on a brave boy's breast.

Dart, and dash! quiver and flash!
Swifter than eagles' flight,
Sending the enemy down with a crash!
Now hiding deep in the night,
Silver wings, wonderful things!
Guide my brave boy aright!

Silver wings, wonderful things!
Soon may the glad day come,
No more to rove from the land of his love.
When you bring my brave boy home,
Silver wings,
Wonderful things!
To his mother's arms, and Home!

By E. A. B.
(Mrs. Archer-Burton)

"Silver Wings", written during the turbulent days of the world war, was dedicated to Lieutenant Alexander T. Grier, then in the U. S. Aviation Service, and presented to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. D. Grier of Salisbury, by Mrs. E. A. Archer-Burton, whose book of verse, published in 1929, bore the same title.

After the war, Lieutenant Grier was the recipient of two distinguished service medals awarded by the government. One was the "Silver Star of Merit," and the other—the much coveted Croix de Guerre.

EDITOR.

"Man" is mentioned in the Bible 4,332 times while "woman" is mentioned only 536. This seems to bear out the fact that men wrote it.

Salisbury—Continued

PICTUR'S IN THE WINDOW

Paging Mrs. C. M. Freeman

"Jes' pictur's in the window",
Jim Smith, he 'lowed to me;
But Jim ain't got no vision—
His eyes wern't made to see
That them pictur's in the window
Is what the folks call art;
An' there's sump'in' 'round, about 'em,
That goes right to the heart.
Them flowers looked so natur'l
I could almost see 'em grow,
An' nod their heads to the breezes
That 'round the corner blow.
And that there little pup—
With them honest eyes o' his,
Why, I remarked to Jim,
"I could buy him as he is."
I ain't got no education—
An' I ain't setting' up as smart,
But them pictur's Mrs. Freeman painted
Is my idee of art.

W. C. THURSTON

PUNKIN' PIE

Dear Lady, your pie—
Filled with sugar and spice,
And a wee bit of punkin',
Was really very fine
A delectable edible—
And a morsel most tasty;
A delicious concoction—
(Now don't think I'm hasty)
That would tempt any mortal
To ask for a bite,
But sad was my fate—
I ate it at night!
And I dreamed of blue devils
Who screamed in their wrath
Because of the sins
Of my unsavory past.
I was drowned in the ocean
And hanged on a tree,
To be scorned of creation—

When they all came to see
The chap who was tempted—
Not by Eden's red fruit,
But a punkin' pie mixture
With flavors to suit.
I was thrust in a furnace,
And rolled in the sand—
Then banished forever
To a desolate land
Where the people ate pie
For a year and a day,
Just plain punkin' pie
Covered over with whey.
Dear Lady, your pie
Was sweeter than cake,
But it gave me, oh Lady,
Such a large stomach ache,
That never again, oh Lady, will I
Eat a dark brown concoction
That is called punkin' pie!

WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND A FELLOW

Dedicated to the husband of the woman
who made the "punkin' pie"

When you understand a fellow
And like him just the same;
When you leave off all his titles
And call him by his name.

When your friendship stronger grows
Thruout the passing years;
And you overlook his failings,
And share his joys and tears.

When you meet on common ground
As one man to another;
And you've reached that friendly plane
Where you understand each other.

When you know whatever happens
He'll be with you to the end,
Then thank the God who made you
For His one best gift—

A FRIEND.

W. C. THURSTON

DALE AND DAVIS EXCHANGE VIEWS

"Time," solemnly said Professor P. Dale Wimbrow, "is a mystery which in itself is but an immense eternal motionless present, wherein all that takes place, takes place immediately, in which tomorrow, save in the ephemeral mind of man, is indistinguishable from yesterday and today."

"I presume so," agreed Oscar Davis. "At any rate, it is what politicians fill with sound, fury, froth and musical flapdoodle, instead of horse sense and honest endeavor to make themselves useful to the public, and it is also what all you fellows consume a great deal of in relating utterly pointless reminiscences of your abysmal doings."

After this exchange of views they adjourned to the broadcasting station, WSAL on E. Main St.

Salisbury—Continued

The Students of Temple University Honor Dr. Wailes

DEDICATED TO GEORGE HANDY WAILES UPON THE FORTIETH
ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ORDINATION INTO THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

Ordained to the ministry forty years ago this week. Congratulations, Dr. Wailes; May we say a few words of appreciation, an appreciation which has grown steadily over the past six years. You are one of those rare personalities emerging at infrequent intervals that live in the thoughts and the hearts of those around you; whose very presence is an inspiration; whose scholarship changes the pattern of men's minds from smallness to greatness; whose quiet sincerity reaches instantly the souls of those with whom contact is made in classroom, pulpit or on the highways and byways of life itself.

Forty years of service and the greater part of it given to molding the youth tripping in and out of the doors of Temple University. We love you, Dr. Wailes; We know you love us.

Here in the tasks of every day,
Here in your loving human way,
Your ideals new Edens build,
Your teaching helps them to rise fulfilled,
Your vision reaching beyond the sky
Brings down to us our God on high.

F. LEONARD WAILES

They call him Counselor who came
To learn the rules of life's hard game;
To get, to hold, and then devise
The things which men most highly prize;
Broad lands, bright gold and pride of
name.

Symbols of earth's illusive fame;
Rewards for him with less allure
Than those which for all time endure.

They called him Man who came to feel,
The temper of his spirit's steel;
Who in life's drama heard him read
The lines expressive of his creed;
Who in that drama saw him play
A noble part from day to day.
And when a brother's courage waned,
By word and deed his hope sustained.

They called him Christian, they who saw
The faith which was his guiding law,
And noted his calm confidence
That Time would yield full recompense.
His early-charted course he steered,
And from its object never veered:
To reach at last man's fairest goal,
The satisfactions of the soul.

They called him Enemy who stood
Opposed to justice, truth and good,
And knew that ere they could advance
They needs must break his valiant lance.
Unmindful of the world's applause
He fought to aid the righteous cause,
Its wrongs to right, its truths defend,
And we who loved him called him Friend.

A FRIEND.

Note: Mr. Wailes passed away November 29th, 1935.

Salisbury—Continued

THE LADY OF THE TELEPHONE

She is more than five feet tall; she is 95% unmarried. She is neat—she is quick, she is never deaf nor dumb. She is invisible when most effective—she is the girl who must be consulted before you can get the telephone you want.

Though not much of a mathematician, she deals in numbers; wholesale and retail. She adds and subtracts with lightning like rapidity. The Government experts find she can answer 225 calls a minute without making a break. Gone are the days when she gave you the wrong number three times, and caused apoplexy at both ends of the line. She is Miss Efficiency personified. She is neither indifferent nor impatient; tho she deals with many men of many tongues and most irascible tempers. She is a modern miracle, and yet is not an automatum. She is just a plain human being who fully appreciates the same courtesy she is required to extend.

There she sits, this Lady of the Telephone, calm, polite, like Patience on a monument, smiling at rage and returning good for evil. From out the ruin and the wreck of worlds, comes undistributed her even tones—"Number, please." Frequently she is the bread winner of the home; In times of flood and fire she is a hero; she may be a mother, a sister or wife; she has never been treated with the respect that is due her—not fully appreciated by those inflated egos who bawl her out if she is one second late. God bless her and keep her from harm; She does more to facilitate big business than all the congressmen in Washington.

GOODBYE, MR. HASS (Charley W. Hass)

When a fellow comes to town—
To shake your hand and rent a house,
And kind'a settle down
Among us democrats and others
Who live here on the Sho';
When he proves his manly worth,
And measures up, by gosh!
We don't like to see him go.

But things will run contraywise—
Good fellows come and go;
Our children marry and move away,
Life's a ceaseless ebb and flow.
So I'm sayin' once again—
When a fellow comes to town—
An' makes his mark among the folks,
And kind'a settles down—

It dims the brightest day
To lose his friendly smile,
And say goodbye to fellowship
That we had known a while;
But what's the use of grievin'
And lettin' your feelin's show;
It's sentimental maybe,
But we are sorry—downright sorry,
To see a good man go.

Concludin' these remarks,
Which are doubtless shy on tact,
We are hopin', Charley Hass,
You'll soon be comin' back.
In true friendship, and esteem
You rated mount'a'n high,
And to tell the truth, it hurts,
It really hurts—
That we've got to say goodbye.

References: Employes of the C. & P.
Telephone Co., Salisbury.

MY DOG AND I

My dog and I are the best of pals;
We play all through the house
Until the rugs are in a heap,
And then we're still as a mouse.
Sure, better pals you've never seen
Throughout the Eastern Shore,
Than me and my dog
That answers to the name—Pluto.

GLEN CAMPBELL,
Aged 10. 404 E. Isabella St.

Salisbury—Continued

THE BABY LILA RUTH

There were endless months of waiting—

With mingled pain and joy,
And the ever-present wonder—

Would you be a girl or boy?

And then one lovely night

Into the world you came;

The weary travail ended—

And forgotten was the pain.

You winsome welcome wee one.

Your first faint cry,

Told me I'd hold you, darling,

In my arms bye and bye.

And then as each day passed—

How the wonder grew,

Each day—a leaf unfolding—

You were up to something new,

And how I loved your smile—

And your eyes so big and blue.

And I'd be waiting—waiting

For your Daddy to come home,

To tell him all the nice things

That happened when he was gone.

The first weeks of your little life

Have been the best in mine;

And I'm praying God to keep—

And guide you

With His love Divine.

MRS. SAMUEL SCHOENFELD,
Salisbury, Md.

DR. HARRY C. TULL

To whom these lines are dedicated
while he is living.

The preacher saves our souls—

The lawyer writes our wills,

But Dr. Tull, God bless the man,

He cures our aches and ills!

With soothing touch and kindly hand,

He gives us pills of pink,

And makes us feel before he leaves

We are not so sick as one would think.

Old in the game, but young in years,

He answers every call.

A dollar here and a dollar there—

To some no charge at all.

He does not boast of religion,

But he walks by the side of right,

And little children lisp his name

When they say their prayers at night.

The preacher saves our souls—

The lawyer writes our wills,

But Dr. Tull, God bless the man,

He cures our aches and ills!

W. C. THURSTON

WITH THE POETS

(The Editor gets a few flowers).

AN APPRECIATION

We've sung the praises of nurses and Docs.
Of urns and vases and old town clocks,

And forgotten the poet—who for many a year—

In sunshiny rimes brought comfort and cheer,

Where is the eulogy—where is the pride—

With love that's his due—for the old Village scribe.

S. NORRIS PILCHARD—
To W. C. THURSTON.

TO MR. W. C. THURSTON

May the happy way

In which you say

To friends—"How do you do"!

May the friendly things—

The kindly things

That every day you do—

Return in joy and happiness

To bless you every day—

And bring you joy unending

For the things you do and say.

LILLIAN BARD,
Lancaster, Pa.

Salisbury—Continued

A BIRTHDAY PARTY—10 YEARS AGO

Sept. 30th, 1928, the late Levin W. Dorman celebrated his eightieth birthday with the usual birthday party—to which all his friends in the city and county were invited. A native of the county, he had lived in Salisbury sixty two years, and at that time was still active in the business which he established in 1886.

The poetical tribute to Mr. Dorman, who was loved by everyone who knew him, was written by the village scribe for the occasion.

It is reprinted by request. Mr. Dorman died October 5th, 1931.

TO MR. LEVIN W. DORMAN

Eighty years of righteous living—
Fourscore years of purpose true;
Comes a town to do you honor—
Saying, "We had need of you."
Was it storm—you met it bravely;
Was it trouble—still you smiled.
Strong you were as men are strong;
Tender were you as a child.
Was it service to friend or neighbor—
When duty called you did not shirk;
The close of each day saw it filled
With your share of love and work.
Fourscore years of useful labor
Mark each milestone on the way,
Where you walked so close to God
That we honor you today.

Our debt to you can not be reckoned;
We can only pay in part;
In affection—deep, abiding,
From the wellsprings of the heart.
Come we today as friends and neighbors,
One by one and two and two,
Asking God to keep you with us
For the good that you can do.
Still by precept and example,
By a life that's free from guile,
Stir our hearts to great endeavor;
Cheer us with your friendly smile.
Down the pathway of the years
We can glimpse a purpose true;
Not that time would stay its hand,
But that God had need of you.

W. C. THURSTON.

TRIBUTE TO AN EAST'RN SHORE MOTHER

What shall I give thee mother,
To cheer and bless thee now?
Stern time has all too roughly laid
His hand upon thy brow.
No jeweled coronet can make
That brow to me more fair
Yet I would fain some charm bestow
To smoothe the wrinkles there.

What shall I give thee mother,
Broad lands and coins of gold?
Nay, Nay, the precious gift I bring,
Was never bought or sold.
I lay it lowly at thy feet,
All wealth, all price above,
Tis a daughter's fervent love, mother,
A daughter's fervent love.

ANONYMOUS

THE TRAVELING MAN

(Members of the E. S. T. A. and others)

Here's to the wife of the traveling man,
The woman who totes the load;
And here's to the marvelous love of her
For the man out on the road;
Here's to the faith she has in him—
The faith that keeps him straight,
And here's to the wonderful love of her
That some day he'll be great.

Here's to the charity in her soul
That covers his every sin,
And here's to the smiles across the miles
That helps a fellow to win;
So, here's to the wife at home tonight,
The woman who carries the load,
And here's to the load she has to tote,
The man out on the road!

ANON.

Salisbury—Continued

THE POETRY OF THE SHORE

The Eastern Shore Poets; their name is legion. Many are writing exquisite verses; others are living their poetry; a few are preaching it; some are weaving it into the day's work—skillfully mixing with pots and pans—and pills and potions, the poetry of unselfish service.

Poetry is not a narrow restricted term, it is broad as the universe and its ramifications are limitless. It is subject to a thousand interpretations. Not all of it is confined to the mere riming of words. Sweet, wholesome and pure, it is found in the lives of mothers—in the gentle grace of unsullied womanhood.

The whole Shore is a poem—majestic in its grandeur—rhythmic in its sweep, all embracing in its beauty, and musical as the harps of heaven. Don't turn up your nose at poetry; look for it in the wash on the line—in the curve of a road, in the tangled mass of ruins that was once a home, in the blue of Maryland's skies, and the love of an Eastern Shoreman for his native heath.

Look, and you will find it in the hearts of a home-loving people—surging, throbbing day after day as the waves beat upon the shore. Tune your heart to the lilt of its melody, soar with the lark and lift your soul in exaltation, grateful for the blessings that are yours, and feel at peace with God who made a world so fair.

W. C. T.

WHEN I AM AT GRACE
Grace M. E. Church at Salisbury

When I'm at Grace—that sacred shrine—
Oh Thou, whom men and angels laud,
I hold communion joy divine,
With Thee my savior and my God!
To dwell beneath her hallowed dome—
On earth I ask no sweeter place;
Somehow I feel I'm nearer home
When I'm at Grace!

When I'm at Grace Thy holy word
I hear from lips touched by Thy truth;
Such preaching as I have there heard
Will save the gray-head and our youth.
Her blessed walls attuned to prayer
By those who run the Christian race,
Will breathe a benediction fair
When I'm at Grace!

When I'm at Grace Thy altar rail
Doth flood my soul with memories sweet;
Oh what a host here took the trail
That leads from sin to Jesus's feet!
That precious thing once bathed in tears—
Where sinners first of heaven taste,
May it remain my heart to cheer
When I'm at Grace!

When I'm at Grace dare I describe
Each scene, and give to Thee its name;
Nay, I would fail if I but tried,
No tongue can tell—my pen is lame.
Our father bless her now I pray,
Her sins, Oh God, do Thou erase;
Lord, grant I'll feel Thy power always
When I'm at Grace!

H. NORRIS WATSON.

ARTHUR WARD

Arthur dropped out the other day—
To take a long, long rest;
Game to the end—the same old smile.
"Bye, folks," he said, "I'm goin' west."

He didn't leave a million—
Except in friendship's gold,
But that was his in heaping measure—
All that the heart could hold.

The world's apostle of sunshine—
Good humor and wholesome cheer,
He left a smile on every face,
But never a sign of a tear.

He laughed at life—and with it,
But none ever called him yellow;
He was always a boy—and friend and foe
Knew him as a regular fellow,

Arthur left us the other day,
But his boyish laugh will ring
Far down the years—till the balm of time
Takes from death its sting.

There must have been in a brighter world,
A child heart lone and sad,
And they needed Arthur's laughter
To make the little one glad.

Arthur dropped out last week—
Wearing a smile to the end;
In a fairer land—where laughter lives
We'll meet him around the bend.

W. C. THURSTON.

Snow Hill

Snow Hill, as the county seat of Worcester County, has many distinguishing features. Taking its name from a division of London, England, it is significant that there is no hill in the whole section, and very little snow. Herbert Kaufman, a well known writer who formerly spent his summers at Ocean City, said that he had traveled the world over, but he had never found a street with the atmosphere of Federal street in Snow Hill.

The quiet peace and the enticing beauty of this shaded avenue, flanked by broad lawns and masses of flowers, can not be put on paper. Snow Hill is no young upstart flirting with every commercial traveler. The dignity of age is hers, and the pardonable pride of a noble ancestry. The year of her birth was 1642, and she donned her first party dress—to receive her charter and be made a port of entry, on October 26th, 1686.

The first plat of Snow Hill was made by virtue of an Act of Assembly of the State of Maryland, November 2nd 1792. This plat showed 12 streets, which are the principal streets today. By Acts of Assembly of 1706 Commissioners and a Town Clerk were provided to govern the town, and certain building restrictions adopted, including the provision that a House should cover 400 square feet of ground, and have at least one brick chimney.

The Act also provided that each possessor of a lot taken up and built upon should pay "One penny sterling per annum to the Right Honorable Proprietary and his heirs forever," and further—that "no person living within the town shall on any pretense, keep any swine or geese within the town limits under penalty of ten shillings." Thus Snow Hill got her start in life and set up housekeeping with a clean sheet. Be it said to her credit that no breath of scandal has touched her fair name from that day to this.

Her history is replete with many changes which can not be recorded here. Calm and serene in her setting of stately trees and lovely flower gardens, Snow Hill is essentially a city of homes.

"I like to live in a little town
Where the trees meet over the street,
And you wave your hand and say "Hello"
To every one you meet.
I like to stop a minute
Outside a grocery store,
And hear the kindly gossip
Of the folks moving in next door.
For life is interwoven
With the friends you like to know,
And you feel their joys and sorrows
As they daily come and go.
So I'm glad to live in a little town
And care no more to roam,
For every house in a little town
Is more than a house—it's home."

SUNSHINE MAGAZINE.

And that is Snow Hill, the Snow Hill of yesterday and today. Her people are kind and courteous; they are neighborly—they take time to live. The homes are not for show, but for plain unpretentious living that makes for happiness. The venerable old Church—All Hallows, is kept open for visitors. An antique shop awaits the collector—where grandfather's clock still ticks merrily away. The shade trees invite you to linger, and the flower gardens actually smile—as if they were trying to say "Howdydo." Snow Hill has her poets—her rosy checked girls are finished poems, and no itinerant scribbler would dare attempt to improve upon the lines.

There is no fuss and feathers in Snow Hill; no one will rave over your coming or going, in this cultured community the refinements of life are taken for granted, and the stranger is welcomed with an easy grace characteristic of a hospitable people.

Snow Hill—Continued

MAPLETON

The Garden Clubs of Maryland concluded their fourth pilgrimage May the 8th, 1937, at the hospitable home of Misses Winifred and Nellie Payne in Snow Hill. That old English settlement, with its shady streets and spacious lawns, is in very truth the garden spot of the Shore. "Mapleton Gardens," is a scene of bewildering beauty, which is graciously shared with neighbors and friends, by the two lovely women who own the delightful old home known as "Mapleton."

This roomy mansion was built in 1881 by George S. Payne, father of the two sisters who are the present owners. Mr. Payne was President of the Commercial National Bank for many years, and at the time of his death, which occurred in 1927, at the advanced age of 92 years, he was the oldest bank President at that time in the United States. The maternal grandfather of the Misses Payne was Irving Thomas Matthews, the first Cashier of the First National Bank of Snow Hill—who also owned "Sunnyside," across the street from Mapleton. Mapleton was named for the old Matthews home at the "Old Furnace," not far from Snow Hill.

Mapleton is elegantly furnished with antique furniture—which includes a mahogany desk, and a French bed more than two hundred years old. Many valuable oil paintings adorn the walls; one of these is a portrait of Mr. Payne, painted by a well known French artist.

Mapleton was built on a part of the original "Ingleside," tract, which is now known as "Box Haul." It was on this site that a battalion of Federal troops was stationed in 1861 under the command of Major Dukes. It is said that their presence in the community caused much inconvenience, and aroused the indignation of a large number of Confederate sympathizers in the town.

It is interesting to note that the first station of the famous "Southern Underground Railway," was situated on the bank of the Pocomoke river about eight miles below Snow Hill. Miss Winifred Payne tells an interesting story of the slaves who were found on one of her father's ships—trying to make their escape. There is another story relating to the old colored coachman, who is still living at the age of 105. He had been a former minister and was fond of using big words; one day Mrs. Payne remarked upon the delightful weather, and Uncle William promptly replied—"Yes mam, it am sure nuff balmy over head, but it ain't so salubrious under foot."

The flower garden at Mapleton beggars description. Two fine southern magnolias stand at the entrance to the path which leads to the pool and the pergola, which is covered by American Beauty Ramblers and Thousand Beauty roses. Embedded in the walk that leads to the pergola, are two large millstones which came from an old Virginia water mill; these are said to be more than two hundred years old. Beyond the pergola is a semi-circle formed by shrubbery, in which is placed a comfortable seat from which one may view the panorama of beauty that meets the eye. To the east of the pergola is the more formal section of the garden. Here one may see many rare shrubs and trees, including coral berries—or Indian currants; wild plums, Japanese Magnolias, Mimosa trees, the ginko tree, or a maiden hair fern. In addition, there are many native plants, such as the crepe myrtle and a screen of native pines.

Another attractive feature is the small formal rose garden which is cleverly arranged, and many symmetrical rows of jonquils and daffodils. Several large black walnut trees are found here and there, and these have an interesting story all their own. The nuts from which they sprouted were picked up near Washington's tomb many years ago by Mr. Payne, who planted them at Mapleton. They thrived, and several of the small

Snow Hill—Continued

trees were sent to Snow Hill, England by a former Rector of All Hallows Church. Nothing was heard of them for several years, but recently word was received that one of them had borne fruit for the first time.

Thus Snow Hill, Maryland, and Snow Hill, England, were linked together by a walnut that came from the estate of the Commander in Chief of the American Revolution.

It is certain that one can not find anywhere a more happy combination of a beautiful garden, a perfectly appointed home, and a more cordial reception than that found at Mapleton. One is reluctant to leave this flowery bit of Eden, and say goodbye to the gracious hostesses whose charm of manner is unexcelled.

ELMER F. RUARK, Salisbury, Md.

"GABE" PLEADS GUILTY IN SNOW HILL COURT

Judge Spence was presiding at the trial of an old darky for selling liquor at a local "vendue" or sale, in Worcester County. When asked to plead guilty or not guilty, the old darky exploded in appeal to the presiding Judge, "Cos' I'se guilty, t'ain't no use for me to say that I ain't 'cause the Judge thar knows I'm guilty, for didn't he come right up that carriage house loft and pay me good money for a dipper of my liquor, and didn't he say, "Gabe, that's darn good whiskey for contraband."

The Judge didn't bat so much as an eyelid. He pronounced the sentence \$10.00 and costs, then turning to the clerk, he said, "charge this to my personal account, Mr. Clerk."

MY "MENAGERIE" OF FLOWERS

Do you know that in my garden
I've a "Menagerie" of flowers—
Just the nicest kind of animals
To make glad the summer hours.

They're all so nice and docile,
Of them you'll have no fear.
Come and take a walk with me,
You'll find them very near.

There stand TIGER lily, Sentinel, you see,
And by its side is FOX glove, stately as can be;
Snap DRAGONS, royal white and pink,
COW slips bending low,
RABBIT larkspur all around,
With colors bright aglow.
Many other 'sprises my garden has for you.
Come and take a walk with me
And I will show you thru.

MRS. RICHARD L. HEWARD,
Snow Hill, Md.

Snow Hill—Continued



ALL HALLOWS EPISCOPAL CHURCH

All Hallows Church, which stands in ancient dignity on an eminence, corner of Church and Market streets, in Snow Hill, is the oldest, most permanent, and most significant landmark left standing today of the early life, history, and civilization of Worcester County, on the seaboard side of the Maryland colony. At the time its construction was authorized, in 1748, there was only one brick building in Snow Hill.

A unique feature in connection with All Hallows is the location of the bell. Weakening timbers forced the removal within recent years, of both bell and belfry. Two staunch pines which grow near the walls solved a problem. A stout beam was placed across their branches and the bell was suspended there. For the years since it has remained in that shelter, its mellow tones unimpaired by changes of weather. The original levy for the building of the Church was 80,000 pounds of tobacco.

Touches of the older days are still evident—notably in the memorial tablets upon the western wall, and in far greater measure the Bible which Queen Anne presented to the parish, which is carefully preserved in a glass case near the door. Great trees flank it, the solemn beauty of the pine pre-eminent among them. Over the walls of brick, mellowed by age, an English ivy has flung a protecting mantle, the shoots of which were borne by a loving friend from the mother country. The busy tides of life touch lightly the quiet beauty of the old town on the Pocomoke, but the old Church stands today a mute but eloquent witness to the eternal truth which it has so faithfully upheld.

Berlin and Snow Hill are just fifteen miles apart, but the Purnells in Berlin are not related to the Purnells in Snow Hill. Both are old and honored names—prominent in the annals of a proud county. But, strange to say, Purnell in Snow Hill is pronounced just as it sounds—accent on the last syllable. In Berlin Purnell is pronounced Purn'll, accent on the first syllable, and woe be unto the man who accents the last. In Snow Hill Berlin is pronounced Berlin—just as it is spelled, accent on the last syllable. But, lo and behold! when you get to Berlin the pronunciation changes to Burl'in, accent the first syllable hard, and soft pedal the second. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet—in any other place, but not in Berlin and Snow Hill.

It is assumed that these attractive little towns—neighbors and friends, are strictly within their constitutional rights in deciding pronunciations to suit themselves. Eastern Shoremen usually do that anyway, and it is doubtful if any effort will be made to harmonize the pronunciation differences between Berlin and Snow Hill at this late date.

St. Michaels—Continued

AMELIA B. WELBY

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, nee Coppuck (1819-1852), daughter of William Coppuck, one of the Old Defenders in the Battle of North Point against the British in the War of 1812, was born in St. Michaels, Talbot County where her early life was spent. When she married she moved to Kentucky.

Her poem, "THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS GREW", records her early days' fond recollections of St. Michaels and historic Miles River near the town, along whose banks she loved to play when a little child. Her famous poem "PULPIT ELOQUENCE" was the result of her memories of a sermon, heard at a great revival in St. Michaels by the noted Methodist divine of that day, Rev. Thomas Stockton.

Mrs. Welby was considered one of the sweetest singers in the whole Southland in her day. She received the most unstinted praise from Geo. D. Prentice, the leading literary critic of the first half of the nineteenth century.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS GREW

O my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade;
There oft in my childhood I've wandered to play.
Flinging up the cool drops of the light falling spray,
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still;
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipped in the wave;
And then, each pale lily, that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the wave, as if stirred by a dream,
While my home 'mid the vine leaves rose soft on my view,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

The beautiful things! how I watched them unfold,
'Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold!
O, never a spot since those days have I seen
With leaves of such freshness and flowers of such sheen!
How glad was my spirit! for them there was naught
To burden its wing, save some beautiful thought
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that blew
O'er the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the gladness, that looked from my face
As I cooled my warm lip in that fountain, I love
With a spirit as pure as the wings of a dove—
Could I wander again where my forehead was starred,
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unmarred,
And calm as a child in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

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St. Michaels—Continued

THE MIRACLE HOUSE AT CLAIBORNE

Oh little house of wondrous love,
Surely the Master came,
And gave His blessing to those who built
A Temple in His name.

Hushed was the wind in the tossing pines,
And stilled was the restless sea,
When He spoke again to the sons of men—
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Oh Miracle House by the Chesapeake Shore,
We know the Master came—
To touch with love some spark divine
And kindle it into flame.

A miracle house in word and deed,
No more can the white plague harm;
When the soft sea breeze—
And the tossing pines
Lend of their healing balm.

Oh little house of wondrous love—
So long as flows the sea,
May the children come to laugh and play—
From care and pain set free.

W. C. THURSTON

YOUR BLESSINGS

Health and God's own sunshine,
Work to go with these;
A crust of bread at meal-time,
A chubby hand to squeeze.
A mother's smile to cheer you—
A home however small,
Then count life's blessings over
To find you have them all.

W. C. THURSTON.

NOW I LAY ME

Softly ebbs the gentle twilight
Silver stars gleam one by one,
Peace and rest come stealing o'er me,
Now the busy day is done.
Kneeling by the snowy bedside,
While tired eyelids droop and peep;
Children's voices lisp the story:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Simple words of faith, most holy,
Blessings asked for days to come,
Thanks to God for mercies given,
For their parents, and their home.

Ah, those scenes of happy childhood,
Graven in my mem'ry deep
Are the little drowsy murmurs:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Back through years that seem like ages,
Mem'ry haunts me like a wraith;
And my heart's forever yearning
For my childhood's simple faith.
Ah, when life is near its closing,
When the shadows round me creep;
May I use the same old story:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

St. Michaels

St. Michaels, the second oldest town in Talbot County, appears to have been built around the picturesque Miles River. With stately old homes, and beautiful shade trees, the peaceful atmosphere of the place invites the traveler to linger and rest his soul.

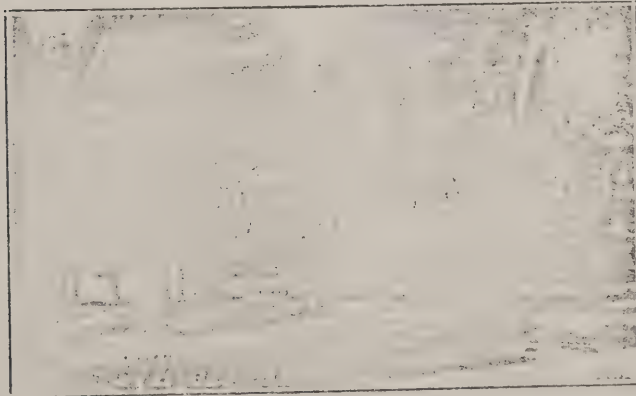
The year 1672 is as far back as there is any record of the town being inhabited, yet the place was settled some years previous to that time. It was incorporated in 1804, when, by an act of the General Assembly, the following were made the first town commissioners, Robt. Dobson, James Bold, John Dorgan, Impey Dawson and Thomas L. Haddaway.

St. Michaels also has the distinction of being the home of Amelia Welby, the sweet singer of Maryland. The home where she was born is one of the revered places of the town. It was when she was far from the scenes of her childhood that she wrote the beautiful poem, "A Maryland Village by Moonlight," with her recollections of St. Michaels as her inspiration.

. in distance away
 Rolled the foam-crested waves of Chesapeake Bay,
 While bathed in the moonlight the village was seen,
 With the Church in the distance, that stood on the green.

The soft-sleeping meadows lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold;
And the earth in her beauty forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined,
That Bay, Church and Village float up to my mind.
I see amid the azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side,
I hear the blue waves as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song.



Vienna

THE ROSE OF MARYLAND

Maryland, my Maryland!
Her name so dear to me,
With majestic, towering mountains,
Mighty rolling billows, sea;
Coal mines, bays and rivers,
Amazing sources of wealth;
Soil and climate for production;
Quintessence of good health.
The Eastern Shore, her garden spot,
Where the milk and honey flows;
A Peninsula of peace and plenty,
Vienna her blooming rose.

As you approach Vienna over the Rhodesdale road, there is a tablet bearing this inscription; "Annocokoossimon, Emperor of the Nanticoke Indians, lived about 1677 at Chicacone, an ancient Indian town, north of this point. The Indian reservation was laid out by an act of Assembly, 1698, containing 5166¼ acres." Vienna, a part of this acreage and known as Emperor's Landing. Commission appointed to lay out ports and towns in Dorchester County, met in Cambridge, ye second day of July, in the fifth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Anne of England, Anno domini 1706. Present Mr. Hugh Eccleston, Walt Campbell, John Rawlings, Francis Hayward, Joseph Ennalls, John Kirk, Tobias Pollard, Thomas Hicks, Jacobs Lockerman, Clerk.

The Christening of Vienna, then known as the Town on the Nanticoke River, took place on July 11, 1706. At this meeting all commissioners agreed, on motion of Mr. Lockerman, that the said town be named Vienna, and the name cut in a board and nailed to a post.

After this proceeding, on July 22, 1706, and by virtue of the act referred to, Col. Thomas Ennalls, the surveyor, laid out about 100 acres, including a resurvey of about 20 acres for Vienna Town—square form, with five streets, one in center, and lots; Each street about 1000 feet long.

The period mentioned, 1706, was, of course, when all the lands were under control and disposition of the Lord Proprietary, Charles Calvert.

The entire 100 acres bought by Mr. Anderson for 5,000 pounds of tobacco, then equivalent to ten shillings, approximately \$1.45, amounting to the enormous sum of \$72.50.

Communication from county to county by ferries, one at Vienna across to Somerset county; Ferryman's annual salary 4000 pounds of tobacco in casks; about \$48.00. Money locally not used at that period. In fact for nearly a century after, tobacco was the only currency in all public exchange and transactions.

Excerpts from Dr. Elias Jones's History of Dorchester County, Town of Vienna, Prior to 1709

1742—Six tribes of Indians conspired to massacre the whites, but failed.

1744—Indians began leaving the county.

1763—Building public warehouse at Vienna for tobacco; Inspectors salary 4800 pounds; about \$69.50.

1776—Vienna a thriving place when British gunboats ascended the river, and fired shot at the town.

Vienna—Continued

1812—Town prepared for defense with breastworks—company militia organized, but the enemy did not attack.

1828—Bridge built across the Nanticoke; (wood construction;) it was then the main highway and old stage coach line from Cape Charles, Va. to Baltimore and other places.

1791 to 1866—Vienna was a port of entry with the usual Collector of customs. A period of 75 years. The old custom house is still standing; The Woman's Club placed a suitable placard on this old landmark.

Due to the abundance of white oak timber, Vienna was once the center of a great ship-building industry. Many swift and shapely vessels plying the Chesapeake bay and the Atlantic Ocean were built at Vienna. In those days the oxen used in hauling the timber, were shod with heavy iron shoes to keep them from slipping on the ice.

Believe it or not, before Baltimore was founded in 1729, the site of Vienna was intended for Baltimore.

The old hospitality still prevails, and Vienna invites all lovers of quiet rivers, historic shrines, and the charm of pastoral scenes, to come and visit her.

Note: Vienna, according to Mr. James A. Higgins, the Poet-Historian of this charming little town on the Nanticoke River, is the oldest town in the State.

THE BEST THING IN LIFE

The best thing in life is life itself;
The joy of living—the thrill of love
and work; the peace that comes at eventide.
Nothing is sweeter than life—the wonder of it.
Its pain and pleasure; the glory of it. God's greatest
gift to man was the gift of life. Life is power
And achievement—it is walking hand in hand with God—
Co-worker with the Creator of the universe.

The best thing in life
Is the joy in living;
The service to God
In sharing and giving.
To work—to rest—
Drawing strength from above;
And thank Him each day
For the blessing of love.
To conquer weakness with faith,
In sharing and giving;
The best thing in life
Is the joy in living.

The Last Word—

This book was built by the J. W. Stowell Printing Co., Federalsburg, Md., who are noted for their excellent workmanship. For Mr. Stowell's protection, it behooves us to say that he did not write the copy.

Our thanks are tendered to Mr. J. P. Mowbray for his painstaking work in setting up pages and otherwise making a good job out of bad copy.

Giving credit where credit is due, the whole shop seemed to take a personal interest in the book, which also includes Mr. Stowell, the big boss himself. His eagle eye was quick to catch the slightest error, and if that error was not corrected, the roof of the building was perceptibly shaken.

If the book is not accepted as a classic, don't blame the printers. They did the best they could with the material at hand.

To the linotype operators—the pressmen—the office boy and all and everybody included, we say "Thank You"—May your shadow never grow less.

To Federalsburg, delightful Federalsburg—with cosy homes and shady streets—with kindly hearts and friendly folk, we say "Good Bye," but not for long, we'll be back—maybe to build another book, if not, we'll be back anyway just to see the town.

Best wishes, Federalsburg, and may you always retain that sweet simplicity of living, that friendly hospitality to the stranger within your gates—which make one take you to his heart and love you ever more.

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